

heartattack

#47

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STAFF:

Chuck Franco, Cole Jones, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, Nate Wilson, Mike Vos, Matt Average, Dave Johnson, Mike Ott, Marianne Hofstetter, Danny Ornee, Tim Sheehan, Kent McClard, Chris Duprey, Katy Oto, Mike Haley, Weston Czerkies, Amy Wright, Cole Barrington, Chandler Briggs, Tyler Humer, Dave Hall, Paul Kane, Jenny Mundy, and a few other people that didn't get props.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

HeartattaCk is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC cost varying amounts based on where you live:

U.S.A.: \$1.50 each (1 copy)
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CONTRIBUTIONS:

We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in HaC were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

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- #34 Tear It Up and Against Me!
- #35 Pushead/Submission Hold
- #36 Rambo interview
- #38 Education theme issue
- #39 Evasion interview
- #40 Cut The Shit & Phobia
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DEADLINES:

HeartattaCk is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. Deadlines are as follows:

January 1st •	April 1st
July 1st •	October 1st

PRINTING:

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EDITOR: Lisa Oglesby
LAYOUT: Kent McClard

I often wonder what my life would have been like if I hadn't dated that one straightedge guy who took me to my first show. Would I have even found punk and hardcore without some introductory person like that? There are so many choices and chances in life, it seems reasonable I could have been a completely different person just from making that small change. Life is a series of choices and chances, and I wonder how many I'm missing and deciding for each day.

Right now, I am on the apex of having a very different life. It's hard for me to decide what is right when I know some small decisions can change so much. Being pregnant has meant many changes already and been much more of a full body and mind experience than I had expected. It has also been incredibly normalizing. I have never felt so subsumed into the mainstream as I do now. Everything seems to be pushing me towards the normal way things are done. I can't help but want to reject things just on that basis alone, but I have fought that urge and instead it has meant a complex set of decision about what I am doing just to be different and what I'm doing that is right for me. This will only continue on through the course of parenthood.

It'd be nice to say I have a life with no regrets, but that would be far from true. As time passes, and more choices and chances come my way I'm shooting for a life of little regret. I want a life full of meaning and joy, and I try to let that guide me in my decisions. Being a part of DIY has made me understand myself, my capabilities, and my options in a very special way. You give what you get, and you can make things really great.

Standing on the edge of this cliff is actually a really great feeling. It is comforting to me to know that I have options, that I make decisions, and that I am in control of my own destiny.

...

Welcome to *HearattaCk* #47, the "work" theme issue. I was stoked to get interviews with a band, an artist, and an artisan for this issue. It's cool to hear their perspective on the things they put work into and I think it goes nicely with the folks who sent in submissions on the work theme. Hopefully people will see some interesting themes going through the different pieces and come away from this issue have more than the usual entertainment. Or, if you normally think we're crap, that you find this entertaining. — Lisa

HeartattaCk,

Hey, okay, juts a few lines in response to letters from Jan and Daniel arguing against an article from Mack.

I did not see Mack's article but, as an anarchist hardcore punker who follows the vegan straight edge lifestyle, I would like to make the following brief points. I can totally understand a world view that has a large amount of "contempt for human beings" given the horrendous levels of hatred, vindictive, and extreme violence shown towards non-human animals. It is a noble and just position to take! Watch a video of terrified puppies being beaten, held down, pinched, kicked, and cursed at by vile human scum working in HLS labs and you will see why humans are so easy to hate. Watch film of terrified monkeys in coveance labs clinging to their cages in fear of cruel and painful "tests" as a lab technician says, "Yeah bitch I have come for you, for you again and every f**king day bitch" and you will see why the attitudes of humans to animal makes them so easy to hate. Vile cruel human scum.

The facts are that humans are the species that causes the most damage to the environment and causes often unfathomable levels of pain and torture upon non-humans. I don't tend to view humans as some how superior to others as most do and this includes so called anarcho-punks. The fact that punks can get all bent out of shape when someone says just how little they think of the inhuman race gives clear example of mainstream attitudes still engrained in the punker/human psyche. The idea of human superiority is a hangover of dominant Judeo-Christian attitudes engrained in mainstream western values. (Humans are NOT beyond criticism even if you are some kind of workerist/leftist anarchist.)

I can totally understand someone harbouring hateful notions to one who once followed a vegan diet then went on to totally abandon it. The point here is that it's about children. Yes, it's about mothers losing their children. The milk in your fucking yogurt is not for you, its for the terrified calf torn from her/his mother at a few days old and locked in a tiny crate. It's about a loving mother who's heart is breaking seeing the offspring she loves be torn from her tender and nurturing touch so some scumbag so called punker can drink the milk nature intended to feed her young children. Once her young have been stolen (to go for slaughter) she will have machines attached to her breasts and her milk removed to feed to humans (punks and their yogurt). Humans are the only animals to drink milk past infancy, and the awful and bizarre fact is that it is the milk stolen from the breast of non-human mothers...

So yeah, some former vegan hardcore type who plays rock in a bar and drinks milk is a scumbag when you know the horrors of the dairy industry but then choose to turn your back shows a complete lack of compassion and typical arrogant human selfishness.

The facts are easy enough to find. Stop defending humanity and start living a compassionate life. Check out meetyourmeat.com and vegansociety.com.

Regards — Sniper, Manchester, England; eden301@vanaheim23.fsnet.co.uk

Matt and Cut The Shit/HeartattaCk readers,

We read the interview with Matt from Cut The Shit in HaC #45, and it has been an input for a debate on why many US bands are refusing to tour Italy.

Let's just leave aside childish remarks about our allegedly "laid back" culture, although many of us are still wondering if the need of having markets open 24/7 shouldn't be considered "laid back"...

At first sight, it sounds like the main complaint is that here in Italy shows tend to start too late, forcing bands to waste too much precious time. We'll have to concur that this is indeed a problem, but as everyone who has ever put up a show here in Italy knows, people DO NOT come to shows before a certain hour. As easy as it is. Some of us have been organizing shows (both hardcore and not) for many years now, and the fact is just that people do not show up before 10 PM, no matter how many efforts you might try to convince people to come earlier. Is it just bad habit? Is it a matter of different bio-rhythms? Who knows. Still, the thing is that none of us wants to have shows attended by a handful of people (leaving aside having to deal with all those who complain after being late). Many efforts have been done over the years to change this supposedly bad habit, with little to no success at all.

Anyway, we all asked ourselves: Is it really such a big issue to wait a couple of hours before playing your show? When you don't have anything else to do, and you have someone driving the van for you (which is the case of most US bands who get over here). It definitely sounds like complaining for the sake of it.

But anyway, we all feel like there's much more at stake, here. It's a matter of open mindedness, a matter of recognition, a matter of respect.

We all know that when traveling far away from home, you always have to deal with different habits, to get along with them. In certain cases it proves difficult and frustrating, but after all that's the good part of traveling. What's the point of roaming around the globe if the only thing you can do is complain about what's different (which almost automatically means worse)? While not having such a strong patriotic stance, we kinda feel that there's much more to Italy than just markets closing down at 8, and we find it kinda saddening that that's all "our" country left to those who had the chance of passing by.

We've all had enough of rice and shit that you always get in German squats, we all love pick-pocketing contests in Swiss markets, we all make fun of foreign people who can't understand our language, and so on. It's all part of the game, and if it's such a pain, you're not forced to leave the beloved East Coast.

But more than that, we also feel a lack of respect towards our efforts.

As far as we know about "the American way," you rarely get food when playing shows, and even more rarely you are provided with a

place where to crash after the shows.

I think I can safely say that ALL American bands who came over here always had food cooked for them, drinks, stuff, and a place to sleep. These things do not come for free: they require the efforts of many people (leaving money aside).

On top of that, most hardcore/punk/indie shows are organized within squats, social/cultural centers. This is not a dissertation about autonomy in Italy, so I won't get deep into it, but maybe people from abroad are not familiar with this kind of situations, and they might forget that just the mere existence of places like these requires dedication, efforts, sacrifices of many, many people.

It's a lot of fun, we love it, and we've got the passion driving us through all of this. But since there are so many bands in the world who deserve to be heard, to be helped, to be supported, we feel like our passion would be better spent for them.

So, dear Matt, the next time you're planning to tour Italy, remember how laid back we are, and do yourself a favor: stay at home and read a good book.

—Maurizio Lapenta;
maurizio@sceneboot.org; Sceneboot "Italy - DIY Community" at sceneboot.org

Dear HeartattaCk and Katy Oto,

I have been pleased to read Katy's very informative and well-written article "Punk To Break The Silence" in HaC #45. I am writing to praise the article. I'm glad there are people in the younger radical/anarchist scene who persistently do their homework on what they're writing about. Katy has used her skills and her critical thinking to prevent the radical scenes from being a safe space for sexual abuse and the opportunism of rapists.

I myself have taken stands against this phenomenon. I know (as was brought up in Katy's article) that to take such a stand can draw personal attacks to oneself. I have the unusual ability to not care a hoot when people try to evade an issue by getting personal, but I have been learning how this can take things entirely off the point, and I get tired of getting into arguments at all, even if I mop the floor with most opponents in cases where I decide to defend a point as firmly as necessary. I'm getting old, I guess.

I would like to offer HeartattaCk an article regarding the way pedophilia has, for over a century, been finding safe space within the anarchist movement. Happily there is no actual case of sexual abuse or rape in question. I would discuss certain writings by John Henry Mackay (long deceased), the very formidable scholarly work of Hubert Kennedy (alive), but most especially the signed, published writings of the famous Peter Lamborn Wilson (a.k.a. Hakim Bey). Your magazine has a young readership, and it is for that reason you might be interested. Hakim Bey is named as an inspiration by techno people, circus organizers, and anarchists in many countries and languages. I was rather surprised that, when I'd note the issue in France, where I lived till recently, the reaction to me was not at

all like it has been in the United States. I believe this is because there is no large number of direct personal loyalties there to interfere with the discussion. A Temporary Autonomous Zone may sometimes be a deliberate Temporary Sexual Tourism Zone, and this is what I would like to demonstrate in your pages.

I want to propose the article, but please note 2 things: I would be including much new material on the matter that has not appeared in my existing writings on the subject. Secondly, Katy and I have never met but were on one occasion (and briefly) on opposite sides of an issue, even though her values and basic intent were the same as my own. This was several years ago and the issue is long over with, but I realize that sometimes resentments linger and she may not wish to interact. I will have no hard feelings if that's the case, and I would not feel that your journal had any misguided editorial policy for refusing my input on her objection. As I've already stated, you folks are on the right track. Such is not the case with all anarchist groups. Some are most distinctly going the other way.

I hope you'll let me know your thoughts, and that this note finds all of you well.

Respectfully — Robert P. Helms;
qpzero@earthlink.net

P.S. For an earlier piece by me on this item (about 2 years old) see occultforums.com/archive/index.php/t-8224.html and also there's the bibliography (lacking recent discoveries) at portland.indymedia.org/en/2004/12/306871.shtml



Dear *HeartattaCk*,

In the last couple weeks I've been thinking about the 2 "women's issues" ("Vulvaluations") that *HeartattaCk* did a few years ago. I wonder what changes punk and hardcore have gone through just in these last couple years? Both in terms of women, queer folk, people of color, etc. Will some of the things that plague our scenes now be here in 5, 20, 75, 200 years? Will the aspects that are fucked up in society still permeate us, or do our resistances render themselves real and affecting—truly threats to what we hate and want to change?

We still have so much to learn, so much work to do. Part of that, a strong part to me, is creating awareness and educating each other. One of the ways I do this is by writing and trying to get others to write. I've done one 'zine called *This Is Me Using My Choice: An Anthology Of Women's Abortion Stories* (which I can still gladly send people for \$1)—and now I am in the middle of collecting submissions for a 'zine on women in punk. I want to hear women's stories about their lived experiences in this counterculture we have chosen to exist in and dedicate (for whatever amount of time and effort) ourselves to. I want submissions from the painful to the exhilarating. So to any women reading this PLEASE consider submitting (articles, photos, comics, interviews, etc.)—and to any men please spread the word! Let's value and take seriously what we have to say and learn from all that we know.

Send anything, or ask questions, to Gabriela/PO Box 21530/1424 Commercial Dr./

Vancouver, BC/V5L 5G2/Canada or ghalas@sfu.ca. Thanks for printing and keep up the awesome work.

—Gabriela



Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I greatly appreciate the 'zine reviews in *HeartattaCk* #45 because ALL WERE INFORMATIVE whether or not opinionated. I can't say the same for #46 in which many of the reviews were done by Paul Kane. PK's reviews were mostly his opinions.

About AB #4, PK complained: "The subjects covered are so narrow and specific in content, I couldn't relate." PK then rambled on for many lines, but NEGLECTED TO SAY what those subjects were! PK seems to believe that everyone shares his interests and tastes—or ought to!

I read a review to learn what the 'zine is about; not what the reviewer likes or hates. Desires and abilities differ. Something the reviewer finds difficult, I might find easy. But even if I don't, I'll make an effort to understand if the information is useful to me.

Some of the subjects in AB #4: how to increase range of an AM radio; how to build simple feces composing systems; usefulness of gliders for transportation; benefits and risks of soy products; difficulty changing lifestyles; report on "Free State Project;" a coming economic crunch and likely consequences. \$2 ppd from Dwelling Portably/PO Box 190-AB/Philomath, OR 97370.

Thanks to Lisa Oglesby and Chris Duprey for their INFORMATIVE reviews of *Tones & Notes* and *Dwelling Portably* in *HeartattaCk* #45 and #46.

—Bert of *Dwelling Portably*



Dearest *HeartattaCk*,

First, I'm a supporter of *HeartattaCk* and enjoy the 'zine a whole hell of a lot. (By the way, where was the "Ravilution" column?) HaC has reviewed *Mishap* 'zine since I started sending it out again with issue #6 (1999). I've never written a response to a review before, but I felt I had to clarify some shit.

I appreciate Paul Kane's unsentimental straightforwardness and the time he takes to do reviews but... from the review: "weird observations the editor makes as he spies on people in public spaces." Encountering people, noticing them, and wondering about who they are/how the feel can hardly be considered as spying. The use of "spies" indicates a creep-factor I would never approach. The key word here should be "public"—what I observed while walking the streets or sitting in a basement bar while a lonely guy prattles on without an audience.

Last, while I comment on Paul's complaint that I talked too much about 'zines. Saying *Mishap* talks about 'zines too much is like saying *HeartattaCk* talks about hardcore music too much. Yeah, exactly.

Love—Ryan Mishap

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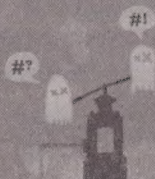
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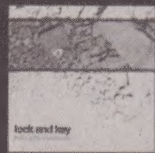


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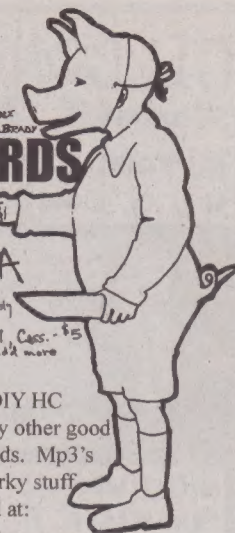
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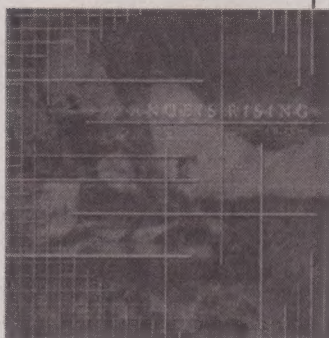
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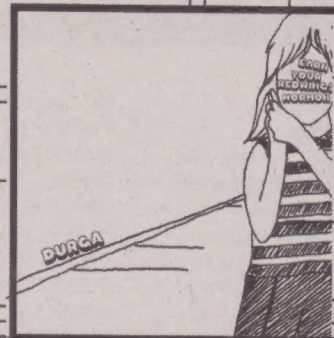
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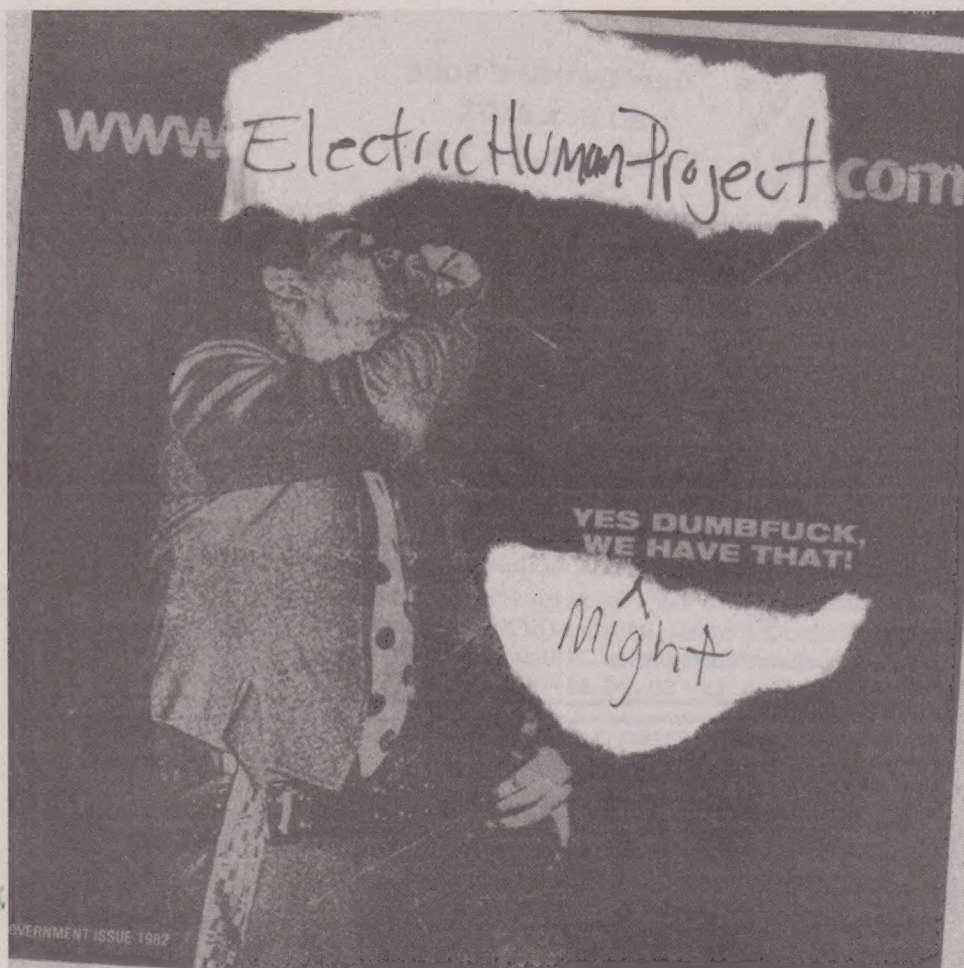
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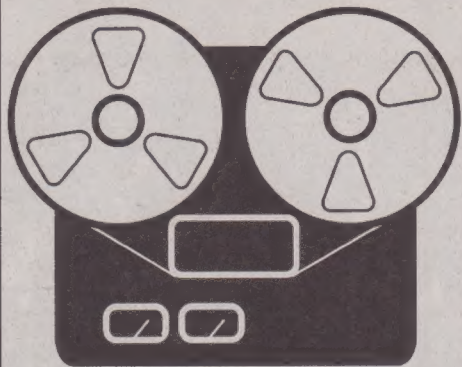
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NEW(ish)!

"The Long Run of Small Steps" tape compilation - 11 new songs from some of Pgh's finest - including He Taught Me Lies, Allies (ex-pikadori), Fuckedupness (ex-intense youth), Conelrad, The Sea, Like Lead, etc. \$5ppd

Io - "charred timeless/this city is a wick" 7" - a posthumous release of the final two songs from this chaotic riff machine. still available - "the willow snag" 10-song cd. 7" = \$4ppd, cd = \$6ppd.

He Taught Me Lies/Rick Gribenas "geneologies and collaborations" LP - Features HTML's mid-90's styled he with the work of sound artist Gribenas (of Antennae). 7 new HTML songs and 4 collaborative pieces. still available - "the monkey part of the job" 8-song cd. lp = \$6ppd, cd = \$5ppd

Conelrad - "bezoar" 7" - "Quirky and noisy, tech and metal, sarcastic and fluctuating." sez Heartattack. Bitter, angry 2-piece hc attack. Includes a Minutemen cover. \$4ppd

NEXT! - hopefully another tape comp in September; then The Sea, Like Lead/Belegost (ex-io/Virginia black lung, etc) split LP; and also the long awaited issue #9 of Here.Be.Dragons fanzine.

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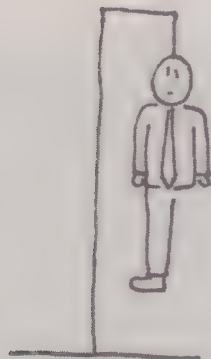
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English Dogs - Bow to None CD

Their "Back to Punk" Reunion album with original singer Walkey 14 punkrock anthems including some new recorded versions of their Classics Let me be Dead, Psycho Killer, Fall of Man.

English Dogs
 All the Worlds a Rage CD

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We also released lots of german punk classics like Bright Citizens, Texaplasma, Daily Terror, Razzia, OBI and many more!!

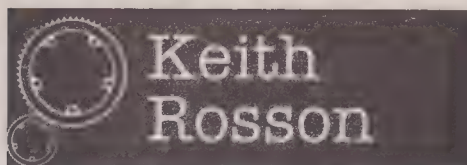
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A Dipshit's Guide to Freelance Work or If I Wanted to Leave, I Would.

Previous Employment: I've sliced turkey in a deli, slung dishes and pulled apart chicken guts in a pizza joint, canvassed for well-intentioned but criminal environmental agencies that paid virtually nothing via commissions from acquired donations, sold ballet tickets, taught kids theater, and answered phones and ran radios for security and tow truck companies. I've never made more than minimum wage.

Body Of Text: As someone who has no degree in my chosen field and who sets their own hours, I feel a bit skeptical about even *writing* about the topic of work. As my friends sarcastically love to point out, I don't *really* work, compared to what many people have to deal with.

I set my own hours. I listen to records and/or drink shitty beer while I sit at a desk or in front of a computer. I eat lunch whenever I want. I can go to bed at 7 PM and get up at 4 in the morning and jump right back into whatever projects I'm doing.

As in, I'm so goddamn lucky, it's incredible.

Key Points: Let's talk about freelancing. Freelance (insert whatever here). I'd say the key to doing freelance work, and making a decent go at it (especially if you're like me and void of that little spot on a resume or cover letter than denotes a four-year degree) is having a lot of irons in the fire at once. Regardless of what field you're in, don't be worried about hitting someone with a blind-fire e-mail or letter. Don't be afraid to pitch someone you don't know but respect and offer them help with whatever they're working on. Been my experience that nine times out of ten, people won't even return your contact. The tenth might thank you for the offer and turn you down. The eleventh might actually have something for you.

As someone who makes, when all my "work" hours are calculated, about \$3 an hour, I'm able to counter that with the fact that I'm doing shit for a living that I would be doing for fun anyway. On one hand, I figure I'm about the textbook example of "luck." I'm also not above saying that, while it's fun, I generally work my ass off. Long hours and the willingness to do something over if I fuck up.

I'm one of those kids who manages to eke out a semblance of a living via creativity. Via *shit that I make up, maaaan*. Between the very minor profit I make from doing *AVOW*, selling the majority of the records I get for review, selling the occasional painting and doing freelance illustration/design work, and a few other things, I'm almost always able to swing rent. Sometimes it gets ugly—cigarettes are expensive, and so are groceries. Anna's had to float me plenty of times; checks don't come in when people say they will, freelance work dries up, everyone and their mom has seemingly read the latest issue of the 'zine and I couldn't give a canvas away to save my life. I've traded paintings for packs of smokes before. I've bought a loaf of bread with dimes. I've solely

existed on popcorn and water for a week or more at a time. Times when I've felt absolutely hopeless, and lamented the fact that I am not one of those people who could wholeheartedly embrace the mindset required to get a fucking accounting degree.

Living like this—this mixture of near-constant poverty coupled with that inherent and seemingly inescapable guilt I feel when I think of how many friends of mine have to punch clocks to make a living—is weird. On one hand, like I said, I feel like my picture should be under the dictionary's definition of *fortunate*. On the other hand, I'm someone who has absolutely defied the odds by being legally blind and managing to make a living in visual formats, through diligence, time, a lot of hard work and the ability to learn from my mistakes, which happens a lot. I've learned the majority of what I know about graphic design prepress stuff (getting the material ready to send to the printer) by not doing it right the first time. Lucky for me, the punks I've done stuff for have been patient as hell and willing to put up with me. Something that wouldn't happen in a straight job. I'm lucky to be here. Anna works, too; we live lean. This dichotomy, this recognition of the fact that I'm choosing to live within the economic constraints of this particular lifestyle, is something I walk around with. Something that I'm reminded of every time I see a kid with a drawing of mine tattooed on him, every time I see someone wearing a shirt I designed, every time I get yet another dozen e-mail rejections for jobs I've tried to line up. Something you'll hear me say repeatedly: it's a tradeoff, and it's absolutely worth it.

Something else I want to make clear: I don't have it bad at all, I understand that. I recognize my privilege. I recognize the fact that all of this is my decision. That many people don't have the same options I have. That if I needed to make more money, I'd go get a minimum wage shit job somewhere. That many people don't have the technical skills I have. And I also want to state that eating popcorn for a week straight ceased being romantic when I was in my early twenties. The "suffering artist" thing is snazzy for about two bowls of Orville Redenbacher's and after that it pretty much sucks. *I'm not romanticizing poverty.*

Punk Economics 101: I remember a huge interview with Avail in an old issue of *Punk Planet*, years ago—the singer of the band talked at great length about their decisions at the time to get a publicist and raise the door prices for their shows (to the ungodly amount of *seven dollars*, I believe). Guy was 27 at the time. Essentially, his take was that the band was getting older, that they still felt like they would be able to get things like health insurance and a bit of financial security while still doing so in an ethical manner. While still hanging onto the basic tenets of "DIY" and "for the kids."

Personally, I thought it was lame at the time. And I generally still do. It smacked of rationalizing.

Years later, I'm nearly thirty. I still love punk so goddamn much. I'm still floored when bands that I love ask me to do art for them. I'm still floored when they offer me any money at all, or pay me in merch. The idea of health insurance at this point in my life is absolutely laughable. The ideas of paying off credit card debts, home

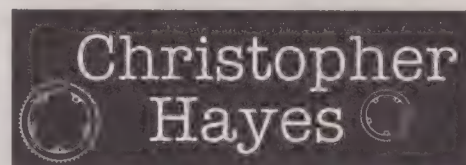
ownership, or monetary "nest eggs," things that many of my "straight" peers are driven by at this age, are absolutely inconceivable. And like I said, the tradeoff is worth it.

Final Synopsis: Shit, I don't even really know what I'm getting at here. I'm just relaying my experience about *work*. I believe that, ideally, all aspects of our creative output should eventually become self-supporting, within reasonable confines. That I still identify with DIY. But maybe there'll come a day when the fact that I scrape rent up by writing dumb stories and drawing people without eyeballs isn't good enough. That I want health insurance, too, and a house, and some money to tuck away. And maybe I can't generate enough moolah working in the punk community to do those things. And maybe that's when I'll become just another one of those lameass fucks out there what we talk about, shaking our heads: one of those people who've used punk as a stepping stone to something with better benefits.

Winston Smith got paid something like \$40,000 for doing the layout for Green Day's *Insomniac*. I'm not saying I'm above that. Far from it: I'd have done the same thing, hands down. I'm also saying I got paid \$200 for the last record I did, and I was honored and thrilled by that. It was a lot of money for me and the way I live. The concepts of "money" and "punk" are so difficult when they're placed in the same sentence—the idea of profit, even if it's synonymous with *sustainability* and not *greed*, is still a dirty goddamn word in these hallways. And I don't know how to cap this column off with some Aesopian summation, some tagline that'll seal everything up nice and pretty. The word *work* encompasses a lot. All I can say is, I don't think the idea that punks can someday financially support themselves *within the community* is an unreasonable or unethical one. All I can say is, I'm lucky and grateful to be here.

Good Shit: Fucked Up, Rivethead, Smalltown, Rambo, Lawrence Arms, Career Suicide, and anything by Darrell Spencer.

Endnotes: *AVOW* #20 by early August. The 10-Year Anniversary issue. Includes interviews with Mike Bukowski and Steak Mtn., lots of contributions, new stories from me, new Punk Heroes & Punk Villians, and a lengthy expose on the time we all wore adult diapers to hipster bars and pissed ourselves. Contact can be made at: Keith Rosson/1426 SE 25th/Portland, OR 97214; keithrosson.com or keithrosson@hotmail.com. Thanks go out to the people who've contacted me about the column and made me eat my words about people just reading the record reviews.



I'm lucky. I've only been working since I was 17. A good number of my friends have been at it since they were 13 or 14. It's only a three year difference, but when you're young, it seems like a lifetime. It still does. I can't imagine wasting any more time as a wage laborer than I already have, especially those idyllic years. I'm glad they

stayed relatively carefree. I thank my parents for that. They really had no money when I was that age, but they allowed me to just kind of hang out and be myself. I never asked for much, so it worked out well for both them and me, I suppose.

I've been employed off and on ever since, steadily for the last two years. Most of my jobs have been retail related. I've worked in a mall food court, at Caldor, at Kids R Us, doing surveys over the phone, delivering pizza, and now I work at an independent health food store. It's the least shitty job I've ever had. I deliberately use the phrase "least shitty" because I don't believe it's accurate to frame wage labor in positive terms, such as "best" or "coolest." I know that some jobs are less stressful/degrading/life draining than others, but I really think we are speaking in the language preferred by our exploiters when we refer positively to how we sell our labor, as though we are trying to not face the dark reality of our situations. This is a criticism which can be muted in part or at least diminished when dealing with situations such as not for profit organizations or self employment. That discussion certainly further complicates matters and moreover, I have never worked in such a situation such as that, so I will stick to what I know for this piece.

So I've work at this health food store for over two years. As retail jobs go, it's relatively high up on the totem. That's not saying much, I know. I work with one of my best friends every day, I can wear whatever I want, there is no large chain of command at the store, I get along well with most of my coworkers, my rate of pay is not bad compared to many other retail positions, the atmosphere is pretty laid back, and the owner is not a full-on cold hearted despot. These are all aspects which provide a modicum of attenuation for the hatred I feel in my heart towards wage labor and the masses of humanity being railroaded into it. As far as I'm concerned, that temporary bit of amelioration is as good as it's gonna get. I hope I never get over my fervent vitriol for labor as a commodity. And no, it's not cause I want to be on top of the exploitation chain. I want out, not in.

There are still all the usual trappings of retail life where I work. There is no creativity whatsoever, no satisfaction in completing something constructive. Ring people up all day, put out some frozen bread, some produce. Pull items forward on the shelf. Bust your ass to put away the order twice a week. Make sure I don't get caught talking to Bruce too often. Make sure I don't read or talk on the phone too much, at least not in sight of the bossman. Senses of accomplishment are limited to restraining myself from fully fulminating on customers who deserve it oh so well and not telling the owner to go fuck himself when he exercises his authority to make me feel like shit, always for something completely irrelevant to life but quite pertinent to his shallow, utterly selfish business interests. It all repeats on a weekly basis. The leaves outside come and go, sometimes I wear pants, sometimes I wear shorts, but the experience of the job has not changed at all since I started working there.

However tolerable my job may be at times, I fully recognize that I and all of my coworkers are being exploited by the owner. That is not arguable; it is a fact set in stone. We work

and toil to build up his fortune (it's pretty substantial, HIGH six figures) and we get crumbs in return. Our workplace is one devoid of sick days and paid vacations, regardless of years spent on the job. Yes, I got off the last three weeks in July for tour but I am just not getting paid for the entire time. Sounds like he wins, he gets to not pay me a dime for three weeks. Some have worked there fifteen to twenty years and have no advantage over me in that area. Job loyalty? For what?

The owner and his wife both drive fifty thousand dollar cars. They just dropped at least ten thousand to get their seemingly well functioning kitchen completely gutted and refitted, replete with new walls. They are currently in the midst of a two weeks furlough across several western European nations for the primary reason of surprising a friend for his birthday in London. I can't afford to get the rest of my braces off that I have had on since I was 18. Sucks for me, huh? I know, it's my responsibility to get a "good" job so I can take care of myself. Pull myself up by my bootstraps, just like the bossman did when he was younger. The thing is, if you actually tried to pull yourself up by your boots, you would wind up on your fucking face in the dirt. We work to provide what is essentially luxury insurance for him, but when it comes down to it, we are all expendable. We keep his finances rolling for the time being, but we all know there have been others before us and will be more after.

As a person, he's generally a nice guy, but he's still a businessman first and foremost; nothing must ever get in the way of that. Money first, friends second. Money first, feelings second. Money first, everything second. He still carries an air of austerity about him, and I'm sure he knows it. He is generally affable, we can offer suggestions but when it comes down to it, his word is law. Of course, I've been treated way worse at other jobs by formal superiors. I will certainly not be grateful that I don't get treated as badly by the current bossman. If anyone gets treated as such once, it's an inordinate amount of times. To partially quote Aus-Rotten, gratitude should not be a reaction to being treated in an inhuman manner less frequently.

This is life under capitalism. Sure, I can probably get a different job, so can you. Maybe you can get a job that is not as shitty as your current one, but your sister might get one that's worse. Whether or not we can quit these jobs we hate is incongruent to the larger picture. What is problematic to me is not that I have to work such a job. No, that's selfish. The crux of the matter is that these jobs exist and must be worked for this economic system under which we eek out an existence to function. Capitalism demands vast pools of poor people and unemployed; it absolutely requires most to be underpaid. As long as there is a large number of poor, it is certain that an employer can get someone to do just about any job, for virtually any wage, and that we will all compete with one another like fucking hyenas for a stinking, malignant carcass of a job we don't even want. Maybe, just maybe, you'll climb the ladder one more rung someday and leave that job behind. That doesn't erase that someone else comes in right behind you to suffer just like you. Capitalism

absolutely commands that low paying jobs abound. If we were all rich, there would be no one to work. The problem with capitalism is not that it haphazardly ruins on an individual basis. No, the problem is that it is systemic and voracious. We are all just fodder for the machine.

I've been advised to just quit whatever job I don't like, and it seems so silly to me. That is generally a position of privilege, to be able to just throw away a job simply because you are unhappy with it. Factually speaking, if we all decided tomorrow to rid ourselves of whatever jobs we didn't like, we would be a nation of starving, disease-ridden scavengers within a week. I doubt anyone is seriously into picking up trash, emptying shitpans, delivering mail, filing your money into your bank account, picking tomatoes for a few dollars a day, or putting them into supermarket produce cases for a few dollars an hour.

While we're discussing jobs that you don't like, let me take a quick aside. However "cool" or "punk" your boss and your job are, if you are working for a fixed wage and she or he is taking all the loot at the end of the day, you can be sure that you are getting the shaft. Of course you can have a relationship that extends beyond that of strictly employee/master but don't ever let it obscure the fact that you are being exploited for personal gain and your feelings are open for sacrifice in the name of profit. You're almost always expendable, however much you would like to deny it. The business owner has the upper hand. You absolutely have the agency to quit, but you'll probably just wind up getting another job for a different boss. You can be sure that there are a large number of people ready and willing to replace you at your old job. I know that it feels good to console yourself, but realistically, the times are rare that the employer gets the shit covered end of the stick when you quit.

I write this from a position of privilege, from that of the light skinned male. Despite the benefit afforded to me by birth, I am quite able to see that the vast majority of people in this world and many in this country do not have the advantages of preferred gender and skin tone. "Better" jobs are simply not available to many. Formally uneducated immigrants, particularly those with darker skin and language barriers, have no realistic chance of getting these higher paying "good" jobs. Most likely, they will be relegated to thankless service jobs—landscaping, dishwashing, cleaning tables, cleaning your hotel room. Do not confuse thankless with skill-less. There are many jobs that require deft skill but provide little remuneration and respect.

You cannot deny that capitalism is war. It's one that you face every day, from when you wake up to when you go to sleep. There is a constant, ubiquitous struggle to obtain capital. It's unavoidable, at least in Amerika and given the effects of the western world on the entire planet, I do suppose it's unavoidable the world over. The struggle manifests itself in many different ways. Someone is saving to buy a huge TV. Someone else is saving to put out a record for some friends. Another person is trying to pay back hospital bills. That dude picking through the trash is trying to eat. The family down the street is, unbeknownst to the neighborhood, fielding daily calls from the bank, doing whatever they can to stop the

foreclosure on their house. A significant portion of those behind razor wire, cement, and bars are waiting out their jail terms for what they did trying to survive, for trying to be what the culture told them to be and using whatever avenues were available to them. Your cousin is treading as lightly as possible so that he doesn't get his ass beat by your uncle for the third time this week, your uncle who could never reconcile his life and turned to fermented grain and water for salvation. Don't worry, this war won't last forever. It will burn itself out. The earth is only so large and can only yield so many resources until it is tapped and so rife with filth that we can no longer survive. This economy cannot survive forever. The planet simply won't let it. Our life-sustaining mass of rock will have the last laugh. However hard we fuck it, we are inexorably constrained by nature and its limits.



Life can find ways of going very fast sometimes. I think it is insanely important to not waste anymore time on things that you don't enjoy, or are not beneficial to yourself and the world, than you have to. Working tends to eat up such a large percentage of our lives. If you're going to work, you might as well try your best to make it be work that really matters.

One of the most amazing moments in my entire life took place about five months ago. At which time, a Native American female in her 40's who has mild mental retardation and has suffered a life of physical, verbal, and sexual abuse at the hands of her very own family, found the courage to speak out about what she had most recently been going through. And that she wanted to leave their home and move into a group home.

This took place in a conference room, in a building, in the company of representatives from the DES/DDD division (Department of Economic Security/Division of Developmental Disabilities) and Adult Protective Services from her tribe. The program coordinators from her sheltered employment workshop (which was where the meeting took place) and her sister, who is her guardian, as both of her parents died years and years ago.

This has happened a hundred times. She expresses to her workshop case managers and coordinators that she has been being beaten or molested at home, and subsequently, has a ton of behaviors that are very stereotypical for someone who is being abused in those ways. Then, when a meeting is called to discuss the possibility of her being removed from her home for her safety, she denies all of her earlier statements and says she can't remember.

She's afraid because she doesn't think anything will happen, and more than likely, a consequence for telling others that you are being abused, is probably going to be more abuse. She's also very intelligent, and knows that it would be nearly impossible for non-reservation social workers and authority figures to do anything about it. Why? Because her sister is the tribal court director, and with that comes great influence in

anything that would relate, especially if it's within her own family.

So, when these "emergency meetings" get called, as they periodically have been for the past 18 years that she has been attending the sheltered workshop, nothing ever comes out of them. Occasionally, a new employee or DDD worker has very high expectations, but the others who have sat in the meetings and watched her fill with fear and completely shut down, don't expect too much from it.

I have been working with her for about two years or so, and this was the first of these meetings that had taken place since I started working with her. I am often the very specific recipient of all of her negative behaviors. Yes, she's pulled my hair and thrown chairs at me, and has hit me for no reason, and has stripped her clothes off in front of me and has thrown herself on the floor and pretended to have seizures when she doesn't get the negative attention she is looking for.

However, she also scribbles me pictures and brings me flowers that she finds outside, and tells me about what she is up to at home, not just all of the awful things, but when she did something fun or exciting. And when she asks how I am doing, she does it in detail (like, "How was that movie you said you were going to see last night?"). She also can feel so confident with me by her side, that when I sat in that conference room, not knowing what to expect, she clearly and in great detail, explained that she had been being sexually abused by a relative, regularly, and didn't feel safe at home, and that she wanted to move into one of our organization's group homes.

Her sister of course denied knowing about what was being accused, but admitted that it could be possible and she would have no way of knowing or being able to prevent it. Within about two hours, enough calls were made and papers filled out and passed along, that she, my two program coordinators, and I drove to (in a rental car that I had at the time) and were standing in the huge beautiful and wonderfully run group home that she instantly chose to move into and was able to call home just 24 hours later.

And of course, things don't change over night, and she is not always 100% happy, but, I can tell you with all honesty, I never expected she could be as animated and creative and just sincerely happy as she has been ever since the move. It's like she's having a second chance at life, and it has been in the making since I was just 3 years old.

I started working at a job training/sheltered employment facility (for individuals with developmental disabilities) about 2 years ago. I have always enjoyed it quite a bit, and ended up getting "promoted" a couple of times. I now manage and train case managers and collectively, with two other people, look over everything that's going on with them and the 150 or so individuals who we all work with on a daily basis.

I also work one day a week at one of my organizations' group homes, at which four individuals live. (Two who attend the workshop I am at, and two who are slightly lower functioning and attend alternative day programs.) I do work a lot of hours, but that is by choice, and it's because I am lucky enough to be doing

something (as an occupation) that I enjoy through and through, 100%.

We are a non-profit organization, and the pay is not amazing. Though for me, at my age and on my own, it's an awesome amount of money to have—enough to live pretty comfortably with, and to be able to put out records and all of that (without using a credit card and being worried about being in debt, etc.). And this line of work is very easy to get into, most places only require a high school education for some of their positions. (And once you gain experience, you can do pretty much anything.) It's amazing and fulfilling work, though admittedly not for everyone.

The organization I work for also operates group homes (as already mentioned), day programs, has behavioral health and "early intervention" (youth) services, in addition to a bunch of other things that all relate. We, and similar places all across the country, always have a million job openings, and I think that it is the sort of work that a lot of people who are genuinely good would get a lot out of. (I know 5 people locally who are involved in hardcore/punk and DIY culture (etc.) who work with this community.)

It's kind of hard to explain how this field of work affects you in a very specific way, but I always have amazing conversations about life and love and politics and work and everything with other people who have similar jobs. It's much more refreshing than, "Oh man, I'm fucking tired. Work sucked, we were busy and the boss was being such an asshole for no reason," every single day of your entire fucking life.

That being said, not all of it is pretty all of the time. Some of the individuals I work with have great habits of getting into fights with others, public behaviors are always a scary possibility, and just three days before writing this, an individual at my work had a seizure and fell forward, basically (and practically literally) breaking his face on the ground. His seizure lasted 5 minutes and he ended up turning blue. Paramedics had to take him to the hospital. He's actually doing completely fine right now, but something like that is always a possibility as well.

However, the good (amazing) outweighs the bad, and I don't think that there are many other occupations I would enjoy or even consider. This is indeed work, but when you're not working for a business/company/organization whose main concerns are profit, as virtually all are, "working" is much different.

And I don't go to work Monday through Friday (and often beyond), looking forward to every other Tuesday when I get paid. I go in looking forward to working with all of the individuals I have built such strong relationships with, and I look forward to seeing them make accomplishments and progress in all areas of their lives, doing things that they love and make them happy.

As stated earlier: Life can find ways of going very fast sometimes. I think it is insanely important to not waste anymore time on things that you don't enjoy or are not beneficial to yourself and the world, than you have to. Working tends to eat up such a large percentage of our lives. If you're going to work, you might as well try your best to make it be work that really matters.

My name is James Fella, and I live in Tempe, AZ. Any communication relating to this writing or anything else in the entire world is defiantly welcome. I can be reached through the site at gilgongorecords.com or at jamesfella@hotmail.com



Memoirs Of A Porn-Store Clerk

A few years ago, I got a job at a mafia-owned porn store in North Carolina. I fell in love with the "work" immediately. My duties were daily inventory of the videos, magazines, and toys, running the cash register and changing quarters for the "trolls" that lurked in the back of the store where the video booths were. I mopped the cum-drenched booths at the end of the night with scolding hot water and a strong industrial cleaner. I saw jizz-loads on those nasty floors that look like they came from an elephant.

The customers there were a constant source of entertainment. Most of the booth patrons were married men who came to the store to fuck and suck other guys. Sometimes couples would come in and pick some lucky sap to fulfill their urges with. I became friends with a couple of these guys and besides getting me fast food and cigarettes and (sometimes) drugs, they would help me keep order in the shop.

I didn't make much more than minimum wage but the free time for reading, staying stoned, and soaking up the degenerate atmosphere was compensation enough. This job bliss came to an end when I started smoking crack again after a 7 month clean period. I took \$700 from the store one night and had it smoked by 6am the next morning. They didn't even call the cops, I paid back the \$ and they even hired me back 2 weeks later. I stole the \$ again. They didn't call the cops, but they didn't ask me back this time either.



The topic of work has been on my mind a lot, probably because I have worked five or six jobs over the course of the past year. My experience with jobs has helped me to see even better how closely the privilege and the world of work (and of course money) are related. How often do we forget to talk about the way privilege affects the way the punk community works, though? For example, it is widely accepted that it takes a degree of privilege to get a high-paying professional job, but do we often consider the degree of privilege necessary to be able to not to work and go on tour or to be able to put all of your energy into a usually low-paying punk venture? Even the ability to try out lots of different jobs in different cities or to be working only jobs that you truly enjoy—however admirable—are possible mostly for people who are more privileged than many others. My intent

in discussing this is not to talk trash about people who were born into a privileged position in our society; no one can change who brought them into the world. Instead, I hope to encourage more discussion of how privilege affects the punk community and how we can help eliminate the way it impacts our world and our own scene. I have come up with a few ideas I think might help us start to do this. Some of these ideas deal with jobs and work, but they all address the way we handle the resources we may have as a product of our privilege. You may notice most of them have to do with sharing; that's intentional. After all, what better way to work on eliminating privilege than to make things formerly available to a few available to many more?

Here are my ideas:

1. If you run a punk business, give jobs to people who do good things but may have fewer job opportunities.

2. If you run a label, put out bands that may not have the resources to be known widely.

3. If you are in a band, take another band on tour with you that doesn't have or can't get a van.

4. If you book shows, book people who may only be able to do weekend tours because of work.

5. If you have money, give it to organizations that work against inequity, especially colleges that make a real effort to help disadvantaged people (like Berea College in KY).

6. If you know someone that can help (someone who books shows, someone at a label, etc.), introduce them to someone who needs it.

7. If you edit a 'zine, do a split with someone who doesn't have the resources to get their own out or distribute it widely (same for bands and split releases).

8. If you have a place where people can stay or you know someone who does, invite people who don't.

9. If you know someone who seems cool, but hasn't had the opportunity to hear or read everything you have, give them a ride to a show, dub them a tape, burn them a CD, lend them a book, a 'zine, whatever.

If you have more ideas, or think I'm completely off, or you want to talk about it more, e-mail me AND start talking to the people around you about this stuff.

—Preston Gover of Somerset, KY;
p_gover@hotmail.com



Well, I'm back. I took a few issues hiatus while finishing up a Master's thesis in English on the intersection of the punk subculture, the radical labor movement, and Marxian cultural theory. All in all it went well, but finishing the program put me in good stead for the work theme of this issue.

For quite a long while I wrote half of a 'zine called *Here Be Dragons*. (Just as an aside, we're looking to have a new issue out early this autumn, so keep your eyes peeled. In the immortal words of Ray of Today... "We're back!") HBD always served as an outlet for discussions of work.

In looking back at old issues, most of what I wrote dealt with work and working. From that starting point I branched into issues of radical work. For years I have been fascinated by the possibilities that exist within certain applications of socialism, anarcho-socialism, and trade union/industrial union movements. The problem is that most of these applications are few and far between, and if anyone is looking at what's going on with the big labor unions in the US right now it's clear that the current system isn't helping a whole lot. (The AFL-CIO is facing a break up as five of the largest unions that form the AFL-CIO are looking to separate from the organization. More unions are joining this coalition and the numbers of dissatisfied workers are looking for something to actually help them. All this, remember, in a country where roughly 8 percent of the workforce is unionized.) So, it's frustrating to see frameworks that already exist and have the potential to really help people, but that rarely do because of political or ideological in-fighting.

That takes us from the macro to the micro. My industry is education. I was trained as a secondary English teacher and am certified to teach in the great state of Pennsylvania. After working in middle and high schools for a little over a year, I shifted momentum and began teaching at a local community college. The freedom that the new work environment afforded me was all but unbelievable, so I kept with it. I had the training in pedagogy, but I didn't have the graduate degree for the position, and after kindly allowing me to teach at the college without the degree for a few semesters, it was suggested to me by my boss that I might want to get the proper degree. I did. While completing the MA I taught at the college one class a term. Now, after completing the degree I am thrust into this kind of strange limbo of sorts.

Usually an MA in an educational field is part of a larger program. The PhD is the next step, and then getting a tenure track job teaching at a college or university. Community colleges differ slightly in that some don't require the PhD for employment.

So now I find myself in an in-between-place of teaching and working in a system that I fully support, but living without any benefits and job security. I know that this is not uncommon in the present economy, but it isn't fun to be cresting 30 years old and basically be a part time worker.

Don't misunderstand me. I love the work I do and I love the freedom that being an adjunct provides me. I can work around the house, I have great vacations, plenty of time off, and a great deal of freedom to cover issues of importance (political, philosophical, ethical) in my classes. Teaching in the institution that I do, I get no resistance to bringing the writings of Malcolm X, Alice Walker, Gandhi, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and many others into the class. These writings lead to discussions of culture, race, gender, class issues, and animal rights. Hopefully approaching education with an air of questioning authority and forcing one's self to look at issues in different ways, always re-examining them, stays with the people in my classes. That's the great part.

The not-so-great part is the few weeks before each term where adjuncts have to wait and see if they are going to get any classes at all. In

addition to not having benefits, the issue of job security is one that comes up at the beginning of each term. "Will I have enough classes to pay the bills? Will I have any classes at all?" There are "reasonable guarantees" of employment, but that is not to say that your teaching load won't shift in the last 4 days before a semester from 4 classes to 3, or even from 4 to 2. Enrollment is a huge factor. If nobody signs up for the course it can't run. In fact, if less than 9 or 10 sign up, it won't usually run. My end-of-summer plans have changed greatly because of just this circumstance. I was slated to teach a General Literature course during the second summer session at my college, but as of three days before the start of the session only 3 people had enrolled. The class was cancelled and I was out of luck for work till the end of August. Now, the punk rocker in me says, "Sweet! Vacation!" But there are other voices, too. There are the voices that say, "I need a real job with security!" There are the voices that say, "Should I get a job slingin' coffee at a café for a month?" I am lucky enough to be in a situation where I have a partner who has a steady, reliable source of employment. Because of this, I don't have the added worry of not being able to cover the rent or the light bill. For those not as lucky as me it's 100 times harder.

This push to run colleges and universities on the business model is taking its toll. Minimum student headcounts in classrooms lead to consolidation of section and larger class sizes and less personal attention from instructors. Fewer sections means less people have to teach them (meaning less people are paid by the college) BUT those fewer faculty have to do more work. Those faculty have more papers to grade, more students to teach, more work to do. This is the trend in academia in the US right now, from schools of all sizes, public and private. My industry is witnessing a shift in priorities that say it's fine to have a skeleton staff of full time faculty in a department. Those are fewer benefits packages the college has to supply. Tenure track jobs are few and far between. Back in the 1970s faculties were made up of a full time staff. The reason that adjuncts existed at all were to fill in any courses that needed to be added on because of increased enrollment or some other unforeseen development. Now the situation has almost completely reversed.

So now I'm torn. Do I attempt to get into a PhD program locally and see what becomes of working, teaching and taking classes for a minimum of 4 years at 13,000 dollars a year, with NO guarantee (reasonable or otherwise) of securing employment in any other capacity than I possess now when I finish? Do I just keep on keepin' on working as (what amounts to) a "permanent temp" doing what I love? Do I try to switch industries all together and try to get "steady" work at a public health organization, non-profit or union?

I'm sure I'm not alone in this. I come from a background that taught me to expect to get a job doing something and keep doing that until retirement, at the same place. My desire to stay in Pittsburgh certainly shades this issue, but it's similar all over. I've read that most workers change careers at least three times during their working lives, if not 5 or 6. That scares the hell out of me. Maybe that's why I've always looked

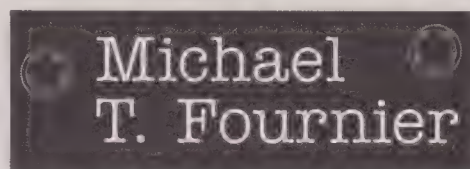
to the concepts of unionism and socialism as guideposts for the working class. Those are withering away, if they ever existed to really help in the first place. Uncertainty. Learning to live with uncertainty is hard. Maybe it's the only constant in the world for workers these days.

Aside from these issues, turning 30 in August 2005 is the next big thing on my mind. I'm psyched as hell about it. I'm having a revival of all of the things I hold dear, with new interests and aspects of life cropping up. I'm reveling in a personal "rebirth of hardcore pride" so to speak, and that certainly DOES include a rebirth of vegan pride. It's good to be straight edge and vegan and it's good to be 30.

Broken heart = 108 reunion at Hellfest. I'm 99.99999% sure I'm not setting foot anywhere near that, but 108 were one of the best live bands I've ever seen in my life. Hot Topic is a corporate sponsor for Hellfest. Make your own mind up, but I'll have to settle for doing stage dives off the couch to the Holynama LP that day!

"Animal Liberation, Earth Liberation, Human Liberation can only come through education" - Chokehold

Yours, Eric XXXnailedxtoitxXXX;
erichthered77@comcast.net



I'm 31 years old, living in Boston, and I'm not going to lie to you—the nesting instinct has hit my peer group pretty hard. This is a fucking expensive city to try and buy a house in, but in the calendar year 2005 no less than five sets of friends have signed papers on houses. This, of course, in addition to multiple marriages/engagements/pregnancies.

Me? I'm writing, waiting tables.

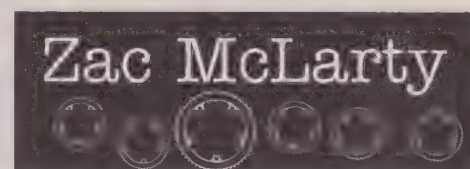
When I moved to the city in 1997, I didn't have any idea how I was going to get by. All I knew was that I didn't want to be one of the drones I saw walking home from the office every day. I had worked in an office a few times, temp work between college semesters, and hated every minute of it.

So, a succession of shitty, low-rent, no future jobs—slinging brownies in Fanuel Hall, the ubiquitous record store gig, banquet catering—before finally getting in on the bottom floor of fine dining by bussing and running food at one of the city's swankiest, most expensive restaurants. It took years to land that gig—I pounded miles of pavement applying to eateries all over town without so much as a callback. Granted, the sum total of experience I listed on my applications was a whopping two months working at the Friendly Toast (which continues to be the coolest and yummiest place to eat in the entire state of New Hampshire—it's on Market Street in Portsmouth, if you're in the 'hood). Finally, though, I got in, hired by a poker buddy who doubled as the restaurant's manager.

There are tremendous downsides to working in the biz. It's sometimes hard to hang out with my 9-5 friends because I work at night and on weekends, for one. Two, some of the

places I've worked have been lightning rods for some of the dimmest, most ignorant, ill-mannered people the city has to offer. The money is irregular and benefits by and large don't exist. Still, though, I make more in four shifts than a lot of my 5/40 friends do in a week, which allows me the time I need to work on my seemingly endless barrage of projects, and I can take time off when I need to.

I started listening to punk and hardcore when I was around fifteen—the Sex Pistols, Minor Threat, Clash, and Dead Kennedys were the bands that did it for me early on. The message that I heard, over and over again, was that I was free to make choices, that I didn't have to be boxed into the corner of a room that I didn't like. The music and the bands got me through high school, and the ethos they helped instill continue to get me through on a daily basis. Some days are harder than others, especially when talk of retirement funds and stocks comes up, mortgages and day care and all that shit that feels light years away from where I'm at. I'm grinding it out, sitting here at my desk every day, writing, keeping my head above water financially. Hard as it is, as much as the job sucks some days, I'm happy where I am. I know the difference between my job and my work.



Work

The idea of a "punk rock job" really makes me kinda wince. Like, something I'm doing to survive in the current capitalist system where I work, to get paid, to eat and pay someone that bought land that someone else originally stole is somehow punk.

And who the fuck decided listening to some socially aware songs with rapid drumming and hard to make out vocals gives us some sort of ownership over an occupation as being "punk rock?"

I realize it's about being more than music, but sometimes it's not about music at all.

Certain things in my life that mean a great deal to me were first brought to my attention through punk rock. But on delving deeper into socially conscience activities and jobs, the less and less "punk rock" they seem to become and I start to wonder, if I'm the only punk working at the office, library, garage, school, pool, bar, construction site, does that really make it a "punk rock job?"

That said, I wanted to write a little about my job and say that yes, punk rock played a big role in me being where I am today and what I do. I just think the assumption that everyone involved in punk is actively trying to make positive changes to this place. Maybe that wasn't the point of the theme but anyway.

About 5 years ago I started working at summer camps in the US of A, though that I got invited back to teach basic enviro-science type stuff in a year round camp setting in Southern California. I really enjoyed teaching and started thinking about it as something to pursue when I eventually got to Australia. As I thought about it

and talked about it more I started to notice every second punk rock kid was either teaching or studying teaching or looking for work teaching. I couldn't put my finger on what made it so common amongst the punks, but it did seem right.

When I got home I decided to apply to go back to school after a loooooong break from study and become a teacher.

But after such a huge gap in the education system I pooched the entrance exam and didn't get in.

After a pretty sad aimless 6 months someone mentioned the idea of youth work, working with young people that had in some way become in some form or another on the outs with society. I looked into it and applied to study youth work.

I'm really glad I did this instead of teaching, nothing against teachers they can to some wonderful things, but the more I think about it the less it seems like it was right for me. The whole power imbalance of the teacher/student relationship seems less intense in my line of work and much more focused on the young person getting their needs met on their terms.

I currently work in a crisis accommodation service, mainly dealing with young people that find themselves homeless for whatever reason and trying to help them get housing as soon as possible.

I really do like my job, as heart breaking as it can be, its great to break the cycle of homelessness and see people sort things out for themselves with a little bit of help and resources that I am able to provide.

On a good day I can help people acquire one of the basic tenants of survival. Shelter. Yeah that's punk rock.

—Zac McLarty;
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Your first job is supposed to be fun. That is, of course, if your first job is at Wallgreens. I was 17 when I started at this famous drug store. It was fun for about the first two years, and then we got a new store manager.

This guy was a fuckin' dick. Mr. Fichter, sounds like a nazi. The douche stuck me at the front register everyday I worked. He even wanted me to work the day of my high school graduation, the dick. He kept giving me excuses why he wouldn't transfer me to the pharmacy. All the time I stayed loyal to Wallgreens. I would work late when graveyard would call in sick or late, which was all the time.

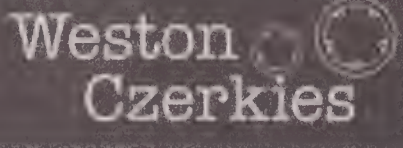
It was so shitty. Here I was, being the perfect employee and I was getting fucked over. This is until the guy that worked in photo started smoking me out. I would get stoned everyday; before work, during lunch, and after work. It was great.

Then came the day when I found out what cameras worked. After now three years of being fucked over by the company it was my turn. I broke the time clock about three times. I threw a Nerf football across the store and broke one of

the isle signs off the ceiling. If I was hungry or thirsty, I'd take it off the shelf. By the time I quit, I had taken 3 mp3 players, 15 mp3 memory cards, 2 portable walkmans, about 200 batteries, pens, glue for my hair, DVDs, about 20 cartons of cigarettes, and countless other crap.

Then, after about four years, I quit that shithole and now work for a bank. This job is so much better, and it pays more. So take my advice: Don't apply for a job at Wallgreens!

E-mail me at DockyBoys21@cox.net



I used to have this misconception that it was easy to find good jobs, you just had to look for them and it really helped to know the right people. I've always been lucky enough to find odd jobs that are really simple, aren't objectionable by punk standards, and pay me just enough. That was just my good fortune I suppose. After finally running out of these jobs and seeing many of the shit jobs my friends have gotten stuck with, I can see it's a lot harder.

The way jobs are put out there, it doesn't seem like there are many great options for us at the lower end of the pay spectrum. To me they seem necessary though. Whether it's just to make enough to get by living somewhere, or enough to get drunk every weekend. Much as we hate it, one way or another we need money. It fucking sucks but it'll get you some of the necessities you need to live and hopefully you can find a better system for everything else. I really do love how at a show you don't have to worry about taxes or quotas, people understand you and you can barter things if you don't have the money. If you have nothing to trade but are nice enough, you still can probably get hooked up. But because you can't always get food and shelter that way, it helps to have a job. Even to work yourself to the co-op and total sharing community, you still will need money to start off. What matters even more though, is finding where you will draw the line.

There are a good handful of punx that manage to get by and live happily without jobs so that they won't be working for some business that feeds some fucked up corporation. This is an admirable way to live if you can hack it, but admittedly some of us can't. I'll admit it. So when it comes to finding work, you have to ask yourself how far you're willing to go to get what you want/need. In the few jobs I've had, as far as I know they haven't royally fucked anyone over or lead to destitution, plague, famine, or any other horrors of that nature. If anything, some of them helped people. I had a nightly hall monitor job for the Parks & Recreation programs where I live. All I had to do was open a door for participants and make sure they signed in. I had a lot of time to do very little so it was mostly spent reading and writing. I spent a few nights putting together cardboard cases for my band's demo. In another summer job I surveyed houses for the county health department on the level of health of their living conditions. If they had asthma problems, fire code problems, or other problems of that

nature we'd refer the proper departments to them so they could be helped. The survey was voluntary and upon completing it we'd give them a bucket of cleaning supplies and other goodies. This was done in some very poor neighborhoods and the people who participated seemed very happy to receive some help. Other people I know have managed to find jobs as community center workers, swim instructors, and other positions involved with directly with people. There's not much wrong with jobs like these: they do no harm and help others if anything.

It was after having numerous positions like these that I became spoiled and thought it'd be easy to always have them. After seeing the kinds of jobs my friends have had to work it has made me question what my limits are. For example: I have two friends who are vegan and are working fast food jobs. Neither of them is too happy with their positions but they don't have too many options in the areas they live in. However, they also get paid more than me in my "ethical job."

So when looking for a job, it's really important to see what you have to work with first and then to decide what would suck the least. This has always made the most sense to me. I got hooked up with a job this summer that I wasn't sure I could handle ethically. I was concerned it might be harmful to the environment. Fortunately, from what I've read and the answers I've received, it seems safe enough. I'd like to think that I would've dropped it if I didn't agree, but I still have yet to be given the chance to test my own limits.

Personal boundaries are an important thing. The amount of shit jobs are endless and it's up to us to decide which ones we can handle and for how long. As long as things aren't changing anytime soon, it's important to assess our positions and decide what will be the best choice. Good luck to all of you that bother to take the time to consider your options.



Work isn't really supposed to be easy. That may be how we would like it, but that isn't the nature of the beast. Work is supposed to be toil, to be hard, to be the thing you'd rather do something else than do. Otherwise, we wouldn't call it work now would we? Lots of punks decry the shitty state of work, while they work shitty jobs. There isn't supposed to be anything awesome about delivering pizzas, so what makes you think it will be anything more?

I, for one, enjoy hard work. It is satisfying for me to put effort into something and see the goals be achieved. (I have never enjoyed the shit job, especially the one where you have to fill time or "look busy" while you wait out the clock. Even in a daydream of laziness, that kind of job is not the job for me.) Of course, I can put in effort and get results with my hobbies as much as with any job. Still, I think you learn an important lesson when you do (and complete) something that simply needs to be done. It even makes you better at getting the things done that

you really want to; better at making time and finding ways to do the things you've always wanted to try, as well as volunteering at places you find rad. Now, words like "needs" or "complete" are pretty subjective to the task at hand. Sure, the order at the drive up window "needs" to be taken in some degree, but I'm not really speaking to shit jobs. In the case of shit jobs, I think having a crap job (especially when you first start working) teaches you some good boundaries about how to handle things in life you don't like. And, believe me, there will be plenty of them so you might as well get yourself able to handle it. At the risk of sounding just like my grandfather, there is a lesson to be learned there. Not so much about dealing with shit, but how you can be better at getting what you want and need when you are in that position.

Plenty of punks with shit jobs talk about work as just something that you do to pay the bills—that it is doesn't define who you are. I disagree. Work is who you are as much as anything else. It is about the choices you make to do a certain kind of work. You very much are what you do; whether or not you want to add in other aspects with what you do outside of work is another thing. The choices you make to have a job (or not) that afford you what you want says a lot about you. Be it good pay, lots of time off, fulfilling tasks, or what-have-you, the basis for the kind of job you choose to go get does define who you are. Most punks have shit jobs because they need to be able to quit at the drop of a hat to go on tour. Other people look for socially conscious work that lends a hand to the greater good. The list of examples goes on and on. Sure, there aren't enough super awesome jobs out there to go around. But if you really want one, you'll get one or you'll make one. It may not come easy and it may not come soon but if the super awesome job is important to you, you'll find a way. Such is the nature of DIY.

I'm lucky enough to have a punk rock job. I work at Ebullition Records taking care of the wholesale and mailorder we do. When I was in college, I started doing the mailorder there part time (over ten years ago). I stuck with it and it stuck with me. When I graduated Kent and I decided to give it a shot and see if the distro could support two full time workers. We got lucky and it did—now I do much more at Ebullition and for many more hours a week. There are less than ten jobs like mine in the US, and less than 5 for places that are actual DIY businesses. You can say that I was in the right place at the right time to get a job like that, but it would also be true to say that I created the job I do as it is today. My effort, my dedication, and my toil has made me a valuable spoke in the wheel. I have a job that I find rewarding and worthwhile, and am generally pleased in following this path.

That said, my job is fucking hard job. There are just three of us, there have never been more, and whatever needs to be done has to be done by you. There isn't room for lots of time off, it is a full time commitment that ties you to where you are at. Sometimes we have the workload for three people and sometimes it is the load for six. If you miss a day, that same work is there when you get back plus all the new things. If something is fucked up, you know and everyone else knows it is your fault. The people at stores

and mailorder kids can be demanding, punk labels aren't always so organized, and things are not often easy. If you slack, the whole thing suffers and that puts everyone in a bad way. I've been told I work too much and I take it too seriously, but I find that comment comes mostly from people who don't value responsibility in the same way. Even though I probably do work too hard and take it too seriously, I disagree when that criticism comes to me. I like the feeling of being necessary where I work. I like the responsibility and important role I play. If something is hard and I can do it, I feel better knowing that I can. I like a challenge and I like being able to say that I have absolutely earned everything I've got. And if I wasn't working hard and stressing about work I'd probably just be doing it somewhere else.

For me, the lessons work teaches you are important. It is also important to find a way to do what you love, or something that allows you the time and resources to do it. There is some classic punk clipart with a punk lying in bed and the text reads: "I didn't go to work today, I don't think I'll go tomorrow." In an old issue of *Here Be Dragons* there was an awesome set of new stencils made with the same text but the art of the sleeping punk was replaced with people gardening and fixing things. I found their new version way more inspiring.



I wasn't planning to write something for this issue, but I find this empty space looking back at me and what choice do I have but to fill it. That's kind of the way things are in my life.

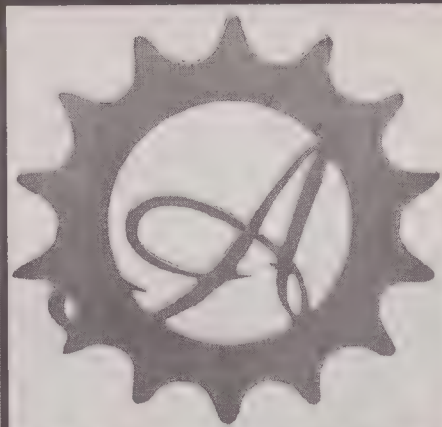
For nearly 16 years I have worked full time at Ebullition. It is a love-hate relationship. I love the freedom, the independence, and the feeling of accomplishment. I went against the grain and made it work. That part I love. Sixteen years of doing something that most people didn't think I could do, should do, or would do. I did it.

But I would be lying if I said I didn't hate it, too. Freedom is a double edged sword. I am free to do whatever the fuck I want to do, but the reality of that freedom is that when something needs doing I have to do it. To make things work I have to dig deep, roll up my sleeves, and do it. And if I fail I won't be able to blame anyone else. I can't go home at night hating my boss, or hating my job. If I am miserable then I am to blame. That's the bottom line. And that can wear you out, or at least it can wear me out.

Responsibility is a fantastic gift, but it is also a terrible curse. It can be a heavy load to carry. Ebullition is a giant set of gears that crank on day in and day out. I am in control. I built it, and I can tear it down, but most of the time I am just a cog doing my time making sure the gears keep turning. It isn't all fun and games. Taxes, accounting, paper work, bills, and an endless parade of tedious tasks. It isn't glamorous or real sexy. Sometimes it is just a real drag.

Even so, I did it my way. And that perhaps is worth the sacrifice.

Freedom and independence take hard work. Work isn't always something to avoid.



Circle A Cycles

In the sea of bikes that currently fill the streets in what seem to be record numbers, among the towering hordes of mass-produced cycles, you occasionally come across an unfamiliar name on an uncommonly beautiful—not to mention well-fitting—bike. The custom-built bike is indeed a rare find, and a luxury typically enjoyed only by those with tons of money to blow. At Circle A Cycles though, an anarchist and worker-owned custom bike builder based in Providence, RI, Chris Bull and crew bring their ideals to work and are doing their best to get affordable custom bikes into the hands of people looking for "the best bikes on the bloody planet,"—among other things.

*Interview with Chris Bull done by
Evan Kilgore*

HaC: For those unfamiliar with Circle A can you explain what it is you do?

Chris: We like to describe ourselves as Rhode Island's only anarchist sporting goods manufacturer. Okay, in terms of the bikes, we are a small custom bicycle frame builder. We hand build about 50 steel frames a year. Every bike is totally unique; sized to the customer but also geometry, detailing, and of course paint are discussed at length. Although we use some power tools and mills and such, no part of the process is mechanized, one person builds and paints each frame from start to finish. Mostly we're building commuter & commuter single speeds, but also some to time racing and cyclocross bikes.

HaC: How did you come around to starting your own business, and why is that business building bikes?

C: I got into mountain biking years ago, and while helping to found an intentional DIY community in Worcester, Mass. I started working at a local bike shop doing repairs. Through that I got hooked up with a local frame builder, Toby Stanton at Hot Tubes. I apprenticed there for about three years, where I made the first ten Circle A's. I always had it in mind to set up Circle A as it's own entity, and that's what I did when I moved to Providence in 2001.

HaC: Circle A is worker-owned. How many workers are there and what are the unique challenges and rewards of being worker-owned?

C: Well, I should say a few things about that. When I opened up shop in Providence, it was just me. I'd done collective living for years, and started an infoshop in Worcester (Firecracker, RIP), and also worked with the community bike program there, so I had lots of experience doing and even owning things collectively. But a business like this that requires highly developed and specific skills presents some of it's own problems. It's not like retail where anyone can sit behind the counter, or like housing where everyone can wash dishes or whatever. In the context of custom bike frames our stuff is very reasonably priced, but it's still a chunk of change—around \$1000 for a frame and fork—so it has to be perfect, or damn close.

I knew I wanted to have more folks involved in this from the start, but there was no one I knew who was also building bikes at the time. And the learning curve for a lot of this stuff is very steep, so it takes a while to train people, in addition to that being a ton of work in it's own right. So at the moment I have one apprentice, Emily, and a couple other folks who help with the website and other projects. But long term I definitely see sharing more of the shop with these folks.

So that being said, well, the rewards are pretty self-evident; assuming you're able to pay the bills—no small feat—you can choose your hours and share your resources with other folks in the community and nice stuff like that. And just in general it's just another level of doing it yourself, which is just fun and exciting and helps you get out of bed in the morning.

As for the challenges, well, there are those bills to pay. It has to function as a business so that means all sorts of business-related crap. I mean, I think we have it pretty easy; we're making bikes for friends and friends of friends, so we've yet to be screwed by anyone. But there's a lot of

paperwork and such that's not particularly sexy. And of course there's no boss to complain about. Not that I'm complaining, but that's a luxury of a sort.

HaC: When it comes to the business aspect of things like you mentioned, do you think there are things you could do with Circle A, or other small businesses could do, to become even more community based and further remove it from the capitalist business model?

C: I guess just to literally become more community based, and more of the raw materials we get could be locally produced, that would be great. Most of the tubing we use is from Italy, it might be from the U.S. or Italy or Japan, the sanding belts we use are made in Worcester. But we try to get as much stuff locally as possible, our head badges are laser cut one town over, and the cups we mix paint in come from the paper supply place down the street.

HaC: How are you putting your ideology into practice by building bikes?

C: Well, I mean, bikes are a pretty cool and appropriate technology—human scaled, human

powered, etc. And of course we try to run the shop in an efficient and responsible way. But I think the actual ideology comes out more with work we do locally, with our Recycle A Bike program and other local community activism.

HaC: You've mentioned community several times already and it seems to be a large part of what you are doing at Circle A. Why do you feel that community is so essential?

C: For me, that's the revolution. Bottom up. Start small, start local, and grow from there. It's at these levels that true democracy works best, so there's that, but also, it's distance, especially in manufacturing, that allows for all sorts of atrocities. You wouldn't tolerate a sweatshop down the street, but if it's thousands of miles away, there's more deniability, and less you can do about it.

HaC: How does what you do fit into the bigger picture of culture and society?

C: Actually if you could clarify this—radical society, or mainstream, or both?

HaC: I suppose both. A lot of people talk about choosing bikes as a primary form of transportation



as being a radical decision, a rejection of "mainstream values"—the luxury, bigger/faster culture than seems to be extremely pervasive. It also seems like the mainstream sees bikes as playthings that you either quit riding when you grow up or ride on weekends for some exercise. Do you see what you do as being in direct opposition to that and the effects of such a lifestyle? Is Circle A itself a form of activism? Can bikes be radical? Sorry for all the questions at once.

C: In terms of the bikes-as-toys ethos, sure, everything about this shop is opposed to that. The experience of buying a high end bike at a boutique-style shop is similar to buying jewelry or a plasma TV or something; you go in to a climate controlled show room with lots of shiny things and well dressed and manicured people try to sell you things. I guess the model here is closer to going to an artist's studio and discussing a custom painting or piece of furniture. You're dealing directly with the person doing the work. So if you want to be flattered because you have lots of money, it's not the place to go. The folks we build bikes for generally don't have lots of money, but they care enough about bikes to spend a lot of what they have on them.

In terms of the impact that has on the larger culture... It's hard to say. I think though that if you go out to shows or a bar or café over a year and see more and more bikes out front—meaning more people getting around on bikes—you might think, huh, maybe that would be fun. It's a habit. If you're the only one your friends who rides a bike, it sucks. If they all do it, it's a blast. And of course you can get used to riding longer and longer distances. Your "range" increases the more you ride. But certainly that's the goal, and that's reflected in other work we do, fixing up old bikes or whatever. It's not about riding our bike vs. their bike, it's about riding more, period.

HaC: It seems to me that most people view work in a very oppositional way, that work is something they have to do to survive that keeps them from doing the things that they love or really want to be doing. What's your take on this? Do you feel like in some way you've overcome this?

C: When I was living in Worcester I was very anti-work, at least full-time work; philosophically I still am. I think that governments and corporations and such are able to get away with so much because they keep us so busy, either just trying to survive or trying to pursue some luxury fantasy of the good life. Where I lived we heated with wood and grew lots of our own food, so we were satisfying many of our needs ourselves. And there was time to work part time and still do lots of activism, art, whatever you wanted. And certainly, work—in the sense of selling your time to someone

else—was a necessary evil, and you focused your life on doing it as little as possible. And along these lines, of course, some people I've known who've worked jobs the least are the most productive folks I know, in the sense of never resting, always creating and striving, and tied to that was a distrust of specialization. That's how folks justify this society—well I'm an accountant so that's what I do and I don't need to know how to grow food or fix a roof or my bike, I pay folks to do that stuff for me. And I think that's a really sad way to live, plus it puts you at the mercy of so-called experts. And of course the professional politician is the worst-case scenario. "I don't have to be involved in my community or care about my neighbors because I have these people I pay to do it for me." When I think of an anarchist society, we're all doing all this stuff part-time—"politics" stops being a separate pursuit and is just part of everyday life.

So the first shock with Circle A was—holy crap, this is really full time. I mean, it's flexible and we make time to go for rides and have coffee breaks and such, but it's a big deal. We have to pay rent on the space, we're trying to pay ourselves—it's easy to get sucked in and just immerse. And it's been a struggle getting back involved in local activism after trying to build the business full time.

The other thing is just about skills and expertise. Pretty much anyone can grow food or cut firewood or cook. Building a house well takes some more skills. And building bikes does, too. Not just anyone can do it, mostly because you have to be very motivated to take the time to acquire the skills. It's not easy, it doesn't happen

overnight. I think this is something maybe I see more in artist friends of mine, be they musicians, painters, sculptors, whatever—it takes time to do things well, and there's no shortcuts apart from just doing it. And maybe that means that there are things you need to do full time, at least for a while.

HaC: Has depending on something you love—bikes—to make a living altered or compromised your feelings about bikes and riding?

C: I don't think so. I'm still really excited about bikes. I think if I was working for a super high-end shop that catered to yuppies I'd get down on it, but not here, making bikes for friends.

HaC: If you weren't building bikes, what would you be doing?

C: I guess some other trade. When I was a kid I wanted to be an architect, but what are the chances I'd be able to build houses for all my friends? I'd need richer friends, to start. And this has all those elements—art, design, function.

HaC: On your site you say that in an anarchist society communities will be organized around the satisfying of real needs and you list food, shelter, and bikes. Do we really NEED a custom bike when we can certainly find much cheaper bikes that seem to get the job done?

C: Well, part of that has to do with existing within capitalism. To make a living we have to make pretty, lightweight bikes that people will want, if not actually need like you need to eat. But I'd be just as happy cobbling stuff together out of old bikes, or making trailers, or pedal powered generators in exchange for vegetables or homebrew. The skills are the same; I have to pay rent so I apply those skills toward making new bikes.

In different circumstances I'd make different things.

Now, the "Do we need more bikes?" question; it's true there's tons of bikes. Most of them, as anyone who's been involved in a free bike program knows, are total crap. They maybe can work as toys, but as transportation? Here's the thing; there are good reasons to ride light and well-fitting bikes, ours or anyone's, especially in a car culture such as this. If it's more fun you'll ride more. You can ride all day and still want to—and be able to—ride some more. If it's efficient and you're efficient on it, especially in a city, you'll be faster than a car. Also—this is something that came up when I was talking to *Dirtrag Magazine*—I think we should be careful about judging "needs." You need to eat, but we can all tell the difference between going to McDonald's and cooking a meal with friends from vegetables you've grown, and maybe sharing a bottle of homemade wine in the bargain. Everything's better when you take your time and it's done with care and with your friends. So plenty of folks say, I need a bike, and I'd rather buy it from people I know who are doing things I support. And I'll happily pay more for that.

Which brings up another



interesting point, which is just that nice stuff that's made without exploitation costs more. In this country we have such a glut of mass-produced sweatshop goods that it's easy to forget how long it takes to do, well, anything. And there's so much waste that half the time you can dumpster what you need anyway. But that's living off the fat of the capitalist land, you know? And much of the stuff we use everyday—especially textiles—is subsidized for our benefit by the global economy. Making things is hard work and takes a long time. That's why we tend to have the rest of the world do it for us.

HaC: What separates you or distinguishes you from other custom frame builders? Do you feel like you and other smaller custom frame builders are in competition, or are working towards the same goal?

C: From a technical aspect, very little is different. I mean we're mostly using the same materials and techniques as other builders; there are small stylistic differences of course, and our paint is hotter than anyone else's. But in terms of why you might pick one builder over another—assuming there's no one local, it's marketing or reputation or word of mouth. And it's a tough game, so there's not tons of folks doing it, so as far as I can tell there's not tons of competing until you get to the bigger shops.

I get along pretty well with other builders, because there's a shared passion for bikes and craft and such... but that being said, a lot of them are selling much more expensive bikes to a much more rarefied clientele, and probably not to as many local folks.

HaC: A lot of people seem to think that the one of the things that will bring about "the revolution" or large scale change in our country is our



dependence on foreign oil and rising oil costs. Eventually, if things continue unchanged, oil costs will peak and it's going to reach a point of crisis that will then result in wide scale upheaval and change. Is riding bikes now just postponing that, and if we want to speed up the process should we just drive as much as possible?

C: I understand the reality of things often getting worse before they get better, and sometimes I even take a grim satisfaction in seeing it happen, but

crossing over to actively encourage destruction and turmoil? Beware the dark side...

But two immediate responses: First of all burning all this oil has other huge and widespread social and environmental costs—it's not just about cars sucking. But the issue with cars isn't just the availability of oil. I mean, everyone's all psyched about hydrogen, but that takes enormous amounts of energy to produce, and it's not like they're serious about renewable sources—we'll be looking at nuclear and coal, yum. The issue with cars is not getting people in greener cars, it's to get people using bikes and their feet and public transportation. It's not about changing what we buy, but how we live, and hastening the end of the oil supply isn't going to help with that.

HaC: Very true, and there's certainly more problems with cars than just their burning gas—from the risk they pose to pedestrians and cyclists to the sense of isolation they create as people drive around in their enclosed boxes. So what do you think our cities, activists, politicians and whoever else needs to do to reduce the use of cars and alternately encourage and increase the use of bicycles as everyday transportation?

C: There's lots of great ideas I've seen—basic stuff like bike lanes and paths and more racks and such. The coolest is cities where they close down downtown to cars entirely, either just at certain times or permanently. I think those are all great ideas. Most cities have organizations and coalitions working on issues like that, and it's all important. And again, this is where just being generally known and active in your own community is crucial.

HaC: What do you make of the current boom in interest in riding bikes, especially fixed gear?

C: Well, a boom like that comes from several directions. Some of them are encouraging, some of them less so. For high-end retailers the trends are pretty crappy—very expensive, stupid light, virtually disposable bikes; new drive trains that are incompatible with everything else, so you "need" to upgrade everything—I mean, the money is in selling bikes as toys for yuppies, so that's all about the next big thing and convincing folks they need the best, new, every year. The fixed trend is at least based on simplicity, on bikes as reliable transportation, so that's a good thing. But anything to get folks out of cars or off their asses is okay with me.



More information on Chris and Circle A can be found at <http://circleacycles.com>

Mike SUTFIN



Mike Sutfin is a freelance artist currently living in San Francisco, California. He's been involved in the hardcore/punk scene for many years. Most people would know him from his past bands Charles Bronson and The Killers. His artwork has been featured on several record covers, skateboards, gaming cards, and books. This interview was done while Mike was in the process of moving to San Fran and completing the cover for this issue of HeartattaCk.

— Interview by D-Composeur.

HaC: At what point in your life did you decide to be an artist?

Mike: As far back as I can remember I enjoyed doing a variety of art projects but it wasn't until senior year in high school that I started applying myself to drawing and painting. Actually, I remember the exact moment when I took a 180 towards devoting more time to art... It was 2 in the morning, I was lying in bed wishing I could pass out but worrisome thoughts that I really needed a focus on something kept me awake. I

got up out of bed and began working on a painting I had started months ago. Working through the night I finished it that morning at around 7 AM. That painting was later used as the cover for the Nimble Slush demo. (The few people who know this cover art are cracking up right now.) So that was kinda the turning point when I became more determined and serious about art.

HaC: Where did you study and what artists do you feel influenced your style the most?

M: I have a BFA from Northern Illinois University, a state school hidden in a cornfield called DeKalb about an hour west of Chicago. The school's secluded location was the only antagonistic quality. Those days to me are unforgettable and significant in terms of experiences and the people I met. As time goes by I've watched a considerable number of fellow DeKalb-ites, both students and locals, go far in the music and arts community. As ridiculous as it sounds, there was something in the air there. It was a good time.

Influences: Gerald Brom, Salvador

Dali, H.R. Giger, Vernon Courtland Johnson, Peter Laird, Moebius, Mark Nelson, Pushead, Dan Seagrave, and Mark Zug.

HaC: How long did it take to get to the point of doing artwork fulltime as your only source of income? It must be refreshing and scary at the same time. Get into some of the pros and cons of being a freelance artist.

M: Work was coming in before I got my degree so it was immediate. It was scary though, because even with education and preparation only real experience would help me to understand being a freelancer. My introductory assignments taught me some quick lessons. Being a new comer, being obviously elated to have work and being ready to please employers can make you an easy mark. If you're not careful, people may exploit and capitalize on your inexperience. You have to learn how to protect yourself. I have a few substantial contracts from those early days that will forever remain outstanding! One unsaid book publisher recently sent me a plush toy representation of their mascot HP Lovecraft character in attempt to bury the hatchet. Instead of paying me I got a Cthulhu Baby. Gee, thanks. It also sucks having to pay your own health insurance, eventually prepare for your own retirement, and paying quarterly estimated taxes blows.

On the positive side I'm generally stoked on the projects I choose to do. Of course there are those deadline days where I'd rather be doing something else or working on some adventure of my own but I figure if I put forth my best effort and stay busy all I can do is move forward. Further benefits are having more control of my day to day schedule, being in control of my own surroundings while working and the morning commute from the bedroom to the studio is pretty sweet.

HaC: Do you have any advice for young artists just starting out?

M: I can't kill this question with one punch but I'll try and summarize. I've noticed successful artists have real heart and drive in them. It's so competitive, you must be willing to work hard and improve, just to get out there. It's also beneficial and fun to immerse yourself in the work of others. Be familiar with the names and work of artists in your chosen field (Art Directors often give references). This can be addicting because the amount of cool art in the world is infinite and when you come across a mind-blowing piece or collection it blows off any dust that may have started collecting on your ambition. Be somewhat cautious and thoughtful in the jobs you accept. It's great if the commission has redeeming value and not just a paycheck. When dealing with a new and unfamiliar company, a barometer for a good working relationship is if they are willing to pay shipping... Ha! Work hard but take time to rejuvenate so that new information and inspiration can pour in and motivate you. It might be a trip, a movie, or a conversation. Getting drunk doesn't help either, I've cut that out recently. Also, if any person out there, young or old, is thinking about taking up smoking ... don't do it! Don't do it you little shit-eating turd! You will have to quit someday and that will be the hardest thing you will ever face. Being healthy definitely affects the quality of your work. Lastly, and dreadfully, learn about taxes, deductions, and being smart with your income. It's extremely

important to keep good records and save all your receipts. I learned a lot by attending a one day crash course on the subject.

HaC: You've been involved in the punk/hardcore scene for years. Talk about some of your past and present bands? Do you have any plans for the future?

M: Nimble Slush was my first real band and I guess you would put it in the death metal category. We were full on tech metal guys though, and we worshiped Cynic, Athiest, Thought Industry, and the like. I was foremost listening to punk/hardcore but unfortunately none of the musicians in my network of friends were interested. My best friend Moose started playing me metal stuff like the later Suicidal Tendencies and Napalm Death. It grew on me and I started listening to metal stuff, too. I crossed over, dude. We threw away our hard earned cash on an overly produced demo that sounded more like Peter Dinklage live than a death metal record. That band broke up when my band-mates decided Phish was a great act and that improv jam sessions were where it's at. Following Nimble Slush I started a 3 piece punk band called Dr. Lunch. The band name came from nickname we gave to a high school lunch supervisor who wore a white trench-coat, white bonnet hat, and always carried a clipboard. I sang, played guitar, and wrote all the songs. We made a demo on a borrowed 2 track one summer and played several basement shows. During that time another DeKalb band called Charles Bronson recorded a demo as well and we played a handful of shows together. Charles Bronson's singer Mark McCoy and I had a painting class together and we used to go skating all the time. A few months later Bronson lost their guitar player and I was asked to replace him. I was immediately writing all the songs for the first 7" on Six Weeks and we were soon in the studio recording them. For a short period I played in both Dr. Lunch and Charles Bronson but eventually Dr. Lunch ended in flames. Partly due to schedule overload and partly due to the fact I was having drastically more fun playing in Bronson. I continued to play in Bronson for the next several years. As time flew by we started to become more and more popular and it became really time demanding. I wasn't happy being in the band anymore. I chose to leave right around the time we started writing the Youth Attack LP. Jeff Jelen just joined as 2nd guitarist and so I felt like I wasn't leaving them in deep water. I wasn't really looking to be in a band then The Killers came along and asked me to replace their drummer. I lived with the singer and the guitarist at the time so it made total sense. It was more enjoyable for me to just play hardcore without deadlines and I could still concentrate on my art. This dynamic held true until I moved to San Diego in 2002. I am currently in a band called the Alpha Males and we are recording tomorrow!

HaC: What was the first punk/hardcore band you ever got into? First show?

M: When I was in 6th grade I found a Misfits record in my friend's sister's room and the cover grabbed me. I had her make me a tape. It had Legacy Of Brutality on one side and something by Generation X on the other side. My first shows were local ones at the Baker Community House in St. Charles, Illinois and other places around the Chicago area. I used to see bands like Life Sentence, The Misled, NotUs, REKD, and I was

even lucky enough to see a few Silence shows.

HaC: Were you surprised by the popularity of Charles Bronson? I would imagine your planning for early retirement with the royalty checks rolling in.

M: I was surprised to an extent because none of us had a grasp of our instruments when we were in that band. When we got together our lack of musical knowledge was masked by our hardcore fury and somehow it sounded awesome! It just clicked and that never happened in my proceeding band experience. The band hadn't experienced the popularity it has now during it's life-span but I always felt it might happen. With the band name, the samples, and the fast music it was just an all around solid concept. Mark's lyrics were exactly what our area needed at the time if you ask me. Everybody in the band had something to add, too. For me the best bet line up was the period when Aaron Aspinwall was playing guitar.

HaC: Out of all the record covers you've done, which is your favorite?

M: At this point I haven't finished it yet, but the Black Hell cover dammit.

HaC: I assume you listen to music when you work. What have you been listening to lately?

M: Hmm... what's been playing lately... Black Flag, Gang Of Four, Goblin Cock, The Fall, Pleaseeasaur, Nick Cave, Poison Idea, The Reposs, a lot of Rollins' spoken word, VMW, Dinosaur Jr., Pinback, Crowbar, Jesu, Career Suicide, and The Ramones. I dunno... all kinds of stuff.

HaC: I'm really curious, what's the soundtrack to a Magic card?

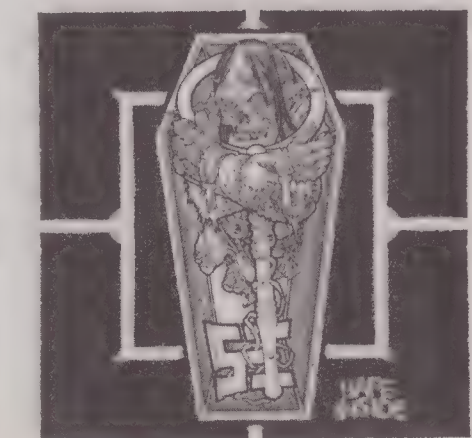
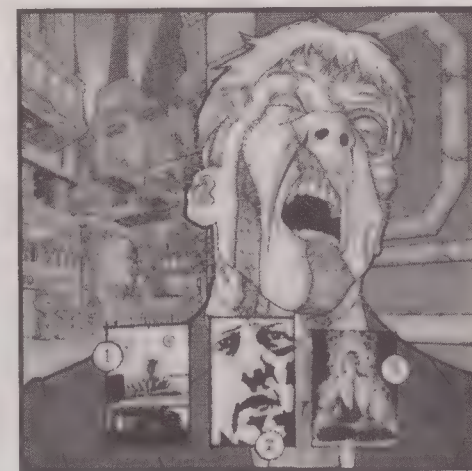
M: Finntroll, Rhapsody, Molly Hatchet, and Bolt Thrower.

HaC: What's a typical work day like for Mike Sutfin?

M: I guess I can tell you but... hold on to your hats! Until about 2 years ago I woke up at the crack of noon. Then three years ago I moved to San Diego where it's pretty damn hard not to appreciate the weather. So I decided wake up around 8AM with the rest of the human race and indulge in as many hours of sunshine as I possible. The morning work schedule's pretty typical... shower, make a pot of coffee, e-mail, make phone calls, listen to music and work till around noon. If I can, I like to work in other places besides my apartment like diners, parks, and coffee places. When working on a painting, I'm stuck in my room, because there are too many supplies involved. Plus, I don't think the patrons at Denny's would appreciate the smell of turpentine and oil paint while scarfing down a Moon Over My Hammy Sandwich. I usually go to the gym for an hour around 1 or so. After that I stop by the mighty Coffee Bean, my favorite coffee place. Aside from having great dark roast stuff, they have punch-cards for both cups of coffee and bags of beans. I dig free stuff. Then it's back to work till about 7 or so when it's time to make dinner for my girlfriend and I. Depending on how much work I have I might work into the night.

HaC: In your free time, what do you enjoy doing outside of work?

M: I like to hang out with my girlfriend, play music, cook or go out, travel, movies, read books and comics, go to shows, and when possible I like to make Adam Sharani feel uncomfortable. I just decided to officially retire from a professional career in skateboarding.



HaC: What are some of the current projects you're working on? Out of all the projects you've been involved in what's the most fun?

M: I just finished a cover for a Caninus/Cattle Decapitation split 7". It's a full-color 2 panel deal with a die cut. When I found out Caninus was fronted by two barking pitbulls I said, "Yeah, sure, I'll do it!" I'm working on some art for the new Pinback B-sides and rarities record that will hopefully come out this year. The cover is a gatefold and is complete but we are throwing around the idea of an additional painting for the two inside panels. I just did a cover for a *Star Wars Comic Empire* #35, scheduled to be released by Dark Horse in August.

The most fun I've had working on a project was definitely the *Star Wars Essential Guidebook*, a project where I had to finish over 130 full-color illustrations in approximately 7 months. I definitely dorked out on the fact my job was to wake up and draw Star Wars characters everyday. I would wake up in the morning and think to myself: "Holy crap, today I have to draw Darth Vader... and tomorrow Luke Skywalker!"

I also had a sneak peek at elements of *Episode II* before it came out. I had to sign a mammoth non-disclosure contract and every top secret bit of material I got from Lucasfilm had "Confidential" stamped across it. I felt special since it was all highly guarded material. I would walk by people in grocery stores and think: "Ha! You common-folk... I bet you wish you could see who Boba Fett's dad looks like, don't you? Don't you?!"

HaC: Do you have a different way of "doing business" with individuals/independent labels as opposed to Wizards Of The Coast or Lucasfilm?

M: When I take on a project from an independent label it's more of a handshake deal. In my experience working with people in the punk community and anywhere else, you learn quick that there are many flaky people in the world, so I stick with those who treat me fairly. I find with

independent labels, as time goes by, the working relationship turns to a friendship and trust develops. A larger company will want me to sign a contract to protect themselves and their properties. In these situations there's a good chance I will never even see the Art Directors face except maybe at a convention or something so it's a lot more "businesslike." I'm not saying that's bad at all really, it's just the big difference between large scale companies and smaller



operations. Another distinction is plainly the payment process. If I really like the project I'll work free of charge or be the one setting the price. When I work for larger companies they determine my compensation.

HaC: I bet your parents are very proud of what you've done with your artwork. What do your parents think of you being a freelance artist?

M: My Grandmother was an artist and so is my mom, so it's nothing new to our family. When it was decided I would primarily focus on Art in school some people in my family were encouraging and others were not. All the negative lectures I got were rooted in the economic hardship stereotypes commonly given to artists. I heard some stuff like: "Oh, it's too bad artist's don't make any money till they are dead." Some people just look at work solely as a way to pay

bills and buy a bunch of crap to fill up a house. When work started coming in regularly and the family saw how busy I was, they would say, "Why don't you hire some people and expand your business!" What am I gonna do hire some kid to fill in the blacks? Ha! In general, my folks have been great and very supportive. At least told me that they are proud of me. That might just be the unconditional love talking... My Mom always tries to get me to change my subject matter from

skulls and destruction to nice landscapes.

HaC: I know your artwork has taken you to different parts of the world. What was your favorite trip and how was your artwork involved?

M: Well there's two trips that are neck and neck in terms of being my favorite. Wizards Of The Coast, the company that produces the Magic: The Gathering card game hosts tournament events worldwide. Magic fans collect signatures of the artists who design the art that is printed on the cards so WOTC sends us artist types to different places to do signing appearances. I've been to countless ones in the US as well as a handful of trips to foreign countries like Argentina, Brazil, and Germany. My favorite trip was when I got to go to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. I set this trip up so I could stay a few extra days and see the country once the tournament had ended. I booked a flight to a small island off the northwestern coast of Malaysia called Pulau Langkawi. I stayed in this little hut on the beach for two days and it cost me like 20 bucks. The water was that clear blue you only see in pictures. I don't know exactly why but most people speak English there, I think because the area was originally a British colony. Everyone I spoke with was incredibly surprised that I was from the US. They get Australians visiting their island but US citizens are exceedingly rare. I had a blast talking with the locals and finding my way around a place so different. I don't believe this trip would be even possible today now that we have the war going on. So I'm really glad I had this experience.

My second favorite trip in chronological order was in November 2003. I was asked to be one of the guest artists at Pushead's 2nd Skeletal Carnival Event held at the 30th Superfestival in Kagakugijutsukan, Tokyo. It was an immense honor to go and I was in good company, too! Other artist's involved were Pushead, Sugi, Usugrow, Yossie, Takashi Sagawa, and Tomotoshi Takami. As soon as I landed in Japan I was on a speedy train into Tokyo and from then on it was like walking thru the *Blade Runner* movie... I had the best time ever. The Skeletal Carnival itself was a blast and very busy. In preparation for the show I produced some new artwork for sale items only available to those in



if the Coast

attendance. A Charles Bronson silk-screen print, a 7" record consisting of practice recordings, some stickers, and a postcard. There was also a tin box set made with two postcards designed by each artist and a print signed by everyone inside. From the time I woke up to the time I went to sleep it was constantly busy and fun.

HaC: Is there any guilt involved in working for gaming companies? I think its kind of funny basically your feeding the future misfits of the world. It's really almost punk, do you agree?

M: No, I don't think I've ever felt guilty about it. When I do these strange appearances I do somewhat wish I could take 10% percent of these kids and give them a talk about life and how they should probably get out more. Maybe hand them a bar of soap. At the same time I feel these are my people! Even if it's a non-conventional social outlet it's still a way that kids some people might call outcasts can hang out and be themselves, wear cases, speak EV'N, and do whatever! I do think it's similar to the punk but not today's version. It's a bit different now that punk has been accepted. Magic fans are the new punks. Ha ha!

HaC: I think the detail of your artwork is amazing to say the least. How long does it take to complete a project (pen and ink or painting)? One thing I think a lot of people don't realize is the amount of time involved in doing what you do.

M: Thanks! Yeah, how I work is very meticulous and time consuming. From start to finish an ink drawing can take anywhere from 4-7 days depending on how complex the composition is. Paintings can take a week or three. It really varies by the project. I know a lot of people think artist's have it easy, like we just put the pencil to paper and it's kind of a zen thing where art just pours from our being. It's not like that at all. It can be very frustrating for me... especially in the initial composition stages. Much more thought and planning goes into art and illustration than most people think. I'm always under the gun and racing to meet deadlines.



HaC: Sad but true, I think a lot of bands don't take enough time when it comes to artwork. All the covers you've done complement the music perfectly. When I was younger I would buy records by bands I didn't even know just by the

cover art alone.

M: I would say that is definitely true for me as well but it should be clear I don't think a great piece of art should be the reason to be putting out a record. The two should go together all wrapped up in a burrito of goodness. However, I think the music is the most important thing of the two. Furthermore, a record could have crappy thrown together art yet turn out to be a happy mistake and flat out nail the music representationally.

HaC: I can't imagine where some of these monsters come from. Do you feel some of your artwork is an outlet for your negative energy? Have you ever painted rainbows and unicorns just to get out of the dark?

M: Of course, yeah, I believe I use my work as an outlet. I've used myself as reference a couple times, only because I lived in this tiny town in

Illinois and nobody else was around to take pictures of (i.e. Punch In The Face 7", Killers 10", and Killers 7" picture disc covers). My friend Rob always laughs at these pieces because I depict myself as this evil, violent, screaming guy, where in real life I'm pretty laid back. I've never painted those things but I did paint a happy elf dancing in a forest of glowing foliage for a magic card once.

HaC: Mike, thanks for the interview, any last words?

M: Just thanks for the interest in my work and onward!

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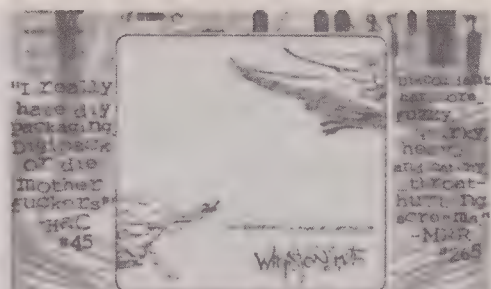
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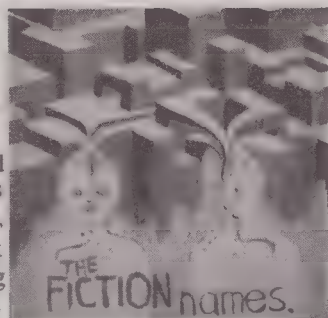
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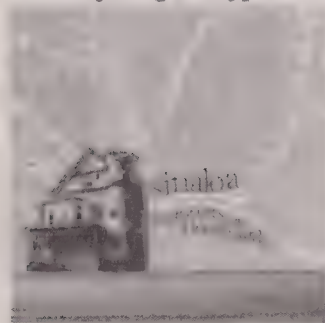
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Funeral Diner is one of those bands that defys any easy definition. Equal parts bombastic screaminess, quiet instrumental interludes, and pummeling noise—the band has helped to redefine the sound of modern hardcore. Over the last three years or so they have spent a huge amount of time traveling around the world, playing to audiences who seem to be equally appreciative no matter where they are located. Currently they are on yet another epic-length tour, covering three different continents to help support the release of their latest album, The Underdark. I had a chance to catch them just before they set off on their tour to ask them some questions about where they've been, and where they're planning to go. — Interview by Andy Kindon

FUNERAL DINER

HaC: Ben and Seth, what's up with the moustaches? And why is only two fifths of the band sporting facial hair? Matt, Dan, and Dave... looks like it is time to step up!

Ben: Sometimes you just have to grow a moustache. It's not wise to ask why. There's no way to predict how long they will last. The moustache has a mind of its own.

Seth: I turned twenty-five last June and this fall was the first time that anything that actually resembled facial hair grew on my face, so I figured "why not?" and now it has kind of taken over...

HaC: In recent years Funeral Diner has

and this tour is no exception. Regarding Europe and Japan, as far as actually setting things up, we have had incredible luck working with the right people. We do have a guy who does booking for us in Europe, so I guess saying we don't have a booking agent isn't entirely accurate, but he is very indie and we were very lucky to have hooked up with him. As you know, Japan came about through our friends in Under A Dying Sun, and through them we met Uchuu from Endzweck, who is booking our upcoming tour as well. So I guess we're just lucky to have such committed and reliable people to

on this tour. Iceland?? How did that come about? What is the motivation for playing there— is it more an issue of being able to say, "Hey, we played in Iceland!", or is there a more specific reason?

B: It's certainly not just about bragging rights, but as a band we are all very into the idea of traveling to as many different places as we can. We met some other bands that had gone there, made some e-mails and that was that. Again, it's just about finding people who are willing to help set things up for you, and having enough trust in them to be willing to buy the plane tickets.

Matt: I asked our friend Niels from Selma Travels that books our stuff in Europe if he knew anyone in Iceland that did shows. He told me about the band I Adapt, who were from there. He got me in contact with them, who got us in contact with Gudny. She is the one booking the shows. Like Ben said, "It is all about trying to get to new places every time we go out."

S: Yeah, we have a layover in Sri Lanka for a few hours on the way to Japan and if we had a day we would have tried to book a show there, too. I am mostly in it for the hot springs though.

HaC: Can you compare the reactions and interactions you have met with in Europe and Japan to those you typically have experienced here in the US? Is there a major difference?

B: There are definitely differences, but not staggering ones. Audiences in Europe definitely seem to be a little bit more excited about hearing new bands and really supporting

everyone. People watch all the bands and are really receptive. Japan is awesome because the hardcore scene is way less fragmented, so we play shows with really moshy bands or poppy bands, and it's not like these little compartmentalized scenes like in the states. The "tough guy" bands watch the emo bands and everyone seems



toured Europe twice and Japan once, and you are getting ready to embark on a four-month tour that will take you through the US, Europe, and Japan again. How is it that you have managed to do so much international touring without a manager, booking agent, or anything like that supporting you?

B: Our US touring has always been very DIY

work with. From a financial standpoint, it has meant that we have had to pay a lot of money up front out of our pocket to get these tours going, and luckily we've made enough money on the road for it to continue to be an option.

HaC: You mentioned in a previous conversation that you were going to Iceland

stoked about it. We like that a lot.

M: The people in Europe and Japan do things a little less DIY than here in the states as well. They are still outside of the mainstream in terms of bands and where shows go on, but at the same time they are more professional about how they put on shows. It makes us spoiled in a way when we go out there because the people that put on the shows are so nice about everything.

S: I think that European and Japanese kids aren't as jaded. Here in the US we have eight gazillion bands all touring all the time, it seems like it is harder to be in a band and tour in other places. They have to actually be good before they get shows and tour.

HaC: When touring internationally, you inevitably are put in the role of representing the US to the people you interact with. How do you deal with it is, particularly in the light of the current international political climate and US foreign policy? Has this become an issue at all?

B: It's an issue, but at the same time, being in a punk band and playing the kind of shows we're playing, I don't think anyone is assuming that we agree with or are trying to represent what our current government stands for. I think people are eager to talk about politics with us, because they want to hear what American kids with dissenting opinions have to say, but I can't really think of a situation where anyone has gotten confrontational about it. We're happy to talk to people because we end up learning a lot from the exchange as well.

M: Sometimes it's hard to talk about things with people because we are not the more well learned in the politics. Most of us are working so hard that we don't really get to keep up with current events as best as we would like. We all have our opinions about stuff, but most of the time we just tend to listen to what others have to say.

S: Most people give us the benefit of the doubt that we aren't typical "Americans," so like Ben said we get to talk to people about a lot of things and actually have a dialogue.

HaC: I know that a few years ago Funeral Diner ran into some problems crossing the border into Canada and Matt wasn't allowed entrance. Has this been an issue with touring any other countries?

M: The guard at the border pretty much told me I couldn't come in because there was a long criminal record, which included a felony on it. The felony isn't true as far as my knowledge. I made sure to look that up

before I went to Europe and Japan. The people at the embassy told me that I was A-OK, so since then we have not had problems. We still can't go back to Canada for three more years, but that is okay. We get close to the border so people can come down.

S: The border guard knew what we were doing, and we had covered our tracks very well, so as a last resort to screw us he checked our criminal records and that's what happened.

HaC: Funeral Diner has released quite a few split releases with other bands—just off the top of my head I can think of at least seven! Why have you followed this particular pattern?

B: I don't think it's ever been a conscious effort to be the band that does a ton of splits. It just seems like a fun way to do a record.

M: The reason those come about is because we usually get asked to put the splits out with other bands. We don't mind doing it at all, so when the chance comes along and we have some extra songs we do them.

HaC: This may seem like a random question, but can you explain what AD&D is?

M: Advanced Dungeons and Dragons. It's a sort of tactical role-playing game that doesn't really exist anymore. They are on

"Gnomes On Dire Bats." Much to my disappointment this is not the case... What happened?

B: The D&D talk got a little out of hand. None of us wanted the album to be taken as a joke, and despite the fact that some of us got pretty excited about the idea of a D&D concept album, its probably for the best that it turned out the way it did. There are definite themes in the album, but we didn't want the lyrics to limit the interpretation to a single situation.

M: The album can be taken as a D&D album since it has a loose base after that, but for the most part its basis is around societies in decline and the turmoils that are within that.

S: It was a metaphor that fit at the time we were writing it and it still fits, but we tried to downplay it after the word got out.

HaC: I recently saw Funeral Diner play a house show in Half Moon Bay, California, and the singer from one of the other bands playing that night made a statement along the lines of saying that music should always have some sort of political meaning behind it. What is your reaction to statements like this? I think that in general Funeral Diner is not really thought of as being a "political" band, which is interesting considering that



version 3.5 now.

S: It's like telling a story and then playing as characters within that story.

HaC: I was actually rather surprised when I saw the new album, as I had been under the impression that it was going to be a concept album centered heavily around the world of D&D, complete with song titles like

until recently Seth was also in Takaru, a band with an extremely political persona.

B: Looking back at the music this band was making before I was in it, and also at our most recent stuff, I think Funeral Diner lyrics have always come from a more personal place, but if you're living in the real world and not completely ignorant to what's going

on, your personal life is going to interact directly with politics, and I think this is also present in the lyrics. You can address politics without shouting "smash the state!" and you can also have songs that are about very personal situations that maybe don't have much to do with politics. We don't have a set of rules for our lyrics. I don't think that's necessary.

M: We never really started the band as a political message but more as an outlet for feelings. Most of the songs have to do with situations of the heart, either ones that we have been in or ones that we know people have gone through.

S: A lot of the songs on the new album are political, but it is political from a personal standpoint and the way we react to the situations around us.

HaC: In reading over the lyrics on *The Underdark* album, I got the impression that some of the songs were meant as comments on the current war in Iraq, particularly "Two Houses," "Regardless We Fall," and "We All Have Blood On Our Hands." However, at the same time the songs are rather ambiguous and might have nothing to do with that at all. Is my reading of the lyrics even somewhat close to the intended message?

makes any one reading less valid than another.

M: I concur with Ben in that we like to have the songs mean something different for each listener. It is what the listener takes away from the songs and the lyrics that matter more to us than some message that is specific.

S: These songs are about feeling trapped and helpless, and then dealing with it how ever possible. The songs are about being in a declining empire, like Rome or Great Britain or America. And wars are a part of that—every empire wants to hold on to what it's got. So you could definitely read that into the lyrics, it is something I was thinking about at the time I was writing the lyrics. It is not only about that though. Like I said before it is more about a personal reaction to feeling trapped and lied to.

HaC: What was the choice of the etchings from Dante's *Inferno* for the album artwork intended to communicate? The artwork, coupled with the lyrics, seems to exude an air of foreboding and pessimism.

B: To be honest, it was definitely more about the air of foreboding and pessimism that the imagery evokes than a direct link to Dante's text. It just seemed to fit the theme we were looking for.

of an issue since it had more to do with religion than anything else. We did have some talks about whether or not it should be on the album and if we would be seen as anti-Semites or racist, but since none of us are like that we decided that it shouldn't be an issue.

HaC: This is a bit of a generic question, but it relates to what we've been talking about here so I will ask it anyway: What do you consider to be the ultimate goal or purpose of the band and of playing music?

B: There really isn't an overt "Funeral Diner Mission Statement"...at least none that I was made aware of. We all just enjoy playing music together. Getting to travel and meet new people all over the world. We're in it for the experience and the opportunity to interact with as many people as possible. We were talking to someone recently about if we stay in hotels on tour, and I was saying that even if it made sense financially, why would I want to stay in a hotel when there are people all over the world willing to let us sleep on their floor and have conversations with them and share experiences? That's really what it's about for me.

M: We want to have fun mostly. See new things. We want to be able to play music comfortably but at the same time not have to be slaves to someone else. Playing music and having a part time job would be okay with most of us.

S: Mostly just traveling and meeting people, making something that we can be proud of and feel like we are moving forward as a band.

HaC: Speaking of moving forward, Funeral Diner seems to have gone through several musical progressions since the band first began, yet at the same time the musical output has remained remarkably consistent. On the new album, this progression clearly continues, with longer songs containing quieter, more melodic atmospheric interludes and some instrumentals. The song "It Is Good That We Never Met" even has keyboards in it. At the same time there are some passages on this album that are the heaviest I have heard from the band. Listening to the album I was reminded at points of



B: Seth wrote all the lyrics for the new record, so I'd like him to address this question more specifically, but I will say that I think the ambiguity is intentional. I like the idea that the themes in the record can be attached to multiple situations, and can work on a number of levels. I don't think the fact that there can be multiple interpretations

M: I concur.

HaC: I really have to ask this: What's with the iron cross on the front cover of the album?

M: I did the layout and the art for the album. The iron cross is something I got from a Middle Ages clipart site that had English heraldry and filigree on it. I liked the filigree and didn't really feel the cross was that much

bands like Mogwai, Isis, Pelican, and Envy. Can you comment on the musical changes the band has gone through?

B: We all have pretty diverse musical tastes. We certainly don't listen to exclusively hardcore. We didn't really sit around and come up with a set of influences for the record, but we did outline that we wanted

some really epic, long songs, and some instrumental, transitional parts. The bands you named work as reference points I guess, we're definitely fans in some capacity or another of all those bands, although we never sat down and named influences. It was more natural than that.

S: It's just moving forward. We can't keep playing the same songs or song styles and I think we made a good album that took what we have been doing and went in a newer direction that I think is a good progression.

HaC: I agree, the new album sounds incredible and is probably the closest recording I have heard to the sonic assault that the band creates live. I have always been really impressed with Funeral Diner's live sound. I've also noticed that over the years the band has recorded with a number of different people. Why is this? Has it mostly been an issue of economics, or have you constantly been looking for someone to best document the band's sound?

B: The choice to work with Zach at Castle Ultimate on the new record was one we made because Seth had done the Takaru record with him and was happy with how that had turned out. The batch of songs prior to that were recorded by our friend Denny Donovan in our practice space, but we obviously wanted something more professional for the full-length. Zach seemed to make sense and we're definitely happy with how it sounds.

M: We mostly try new people to see what is out there beyond what we already know. A lot has to do with timing and money. We went with Denny Donovan because he gave a great rate and was easy to work with. No hassle really. Zach, and more recently Jack at the Shitbox, were picked because we have heard great things about their recordings.

HaC: You just mentioned that the band recently recorded some new songs with Jack Shirley at the Shitbox. Why did you make the decision to work with him rather than to record at Castle Ultimate again?

B: Jack's our friend and said he wanted to record us. Castle Ultimate gets booked up super far in advance and we needed to record some new songs, so we decided to give it a go and it turned out awesome!

HaC: And what are these new songs going to be released on?

B: Those four songs will be on our tour EP, which is coming out on Lilac Sky in Europe and on Cosmic Note in Japan.

HaC: Going back to talking about some of

the changes the band has gone through... Unless I am mistaken, Dan originally both played guitar and sang for the band. Why did you make the decision to have Dan step away from the microphone and bring in Seth as the main singer in the band?

M: Dan had talked for a long time about changing over to just playing guitar. From what I remember, he felt that he could write better and more intricate parts if he didn't have to sing. He wanted to concentrate more on guitar. Seth has an awesome scream that we liked so we asked him to jump aboard.

S: I went to a show a few years ago and they asked me to sing, so I said, "Hell yes." I think that this has made the guitar work a lot more intricate because Dan does not have to worry about singing all the time.

HaC: Funeral Diner is definitely one of those bands that falls victim to the "ex-members of" syndrome, with Matt having played with the seminal Portraits Of Past. How do you feel about the inevitable comparisons that seem to arise with Portraits Of Past?

M: It gets commented on a lot and is still sort of uncomfortable considering Portraits Of Past has been dead for ten years. I won't deny that they had a hand to play in the way people see our band, but at this point we are

M: We are sort of the guinea pigs, as is Alone, when it comes to this all. We sort of decided to go hand in hand together. We had a list of labels that we wanted to put the album out, and Alone was on it. It just worked out with timing and what label was available to put the records out at the time. As far as the label distro, it is a bit weird to know our stuff is in Barnes & Noble, Tower, or Wal-Mart, but if we can get our music and message to new people without having to make compromises in our beliefs, then that may be for the best. We just hope that people go more to the source and don't have to pay more than necessary for a record.

HaC: In relation to that point, how important is the DIY ethic to you as a band, and where do you draw the line between what is acceptable and what is not?

M: Everyone in the band has a bit different stance on the ethics of DIY. We all feel it is important for sure, but at different levels. Being able to travel to different countries and see how their versions of DIY are different from ours has been a big factor in shaping our views as to how things can be done or should not be done. If our band is going to keep taking steps, we want to make sure that we do them gracefully and respectfully of



more of our own thing and the Portraits Of Past hype is more and more on the wayside.

HaC: Your last couple releases have come out on Alone Records. I know that Alone has recently undergone some major changes, particularly in regards to the distribution companies the label works with. How do you feel about these developments?

the people that helped us get to where we ever top off.

HaC: I can't think of a better way to end the interview than that! Thanks guys.



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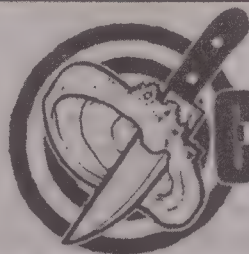
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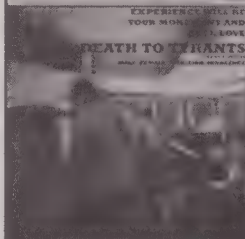
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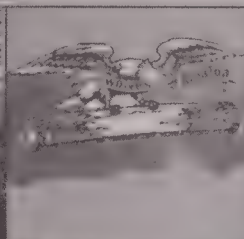
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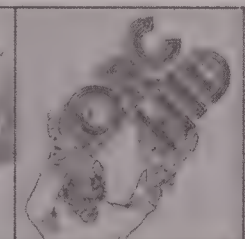
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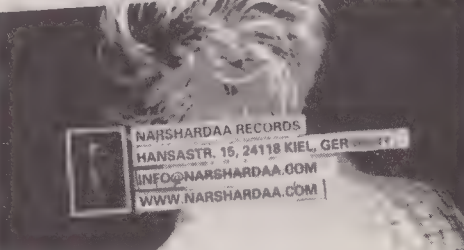
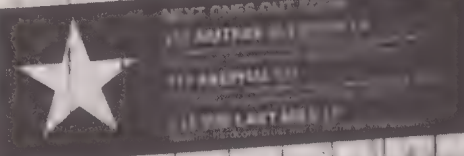
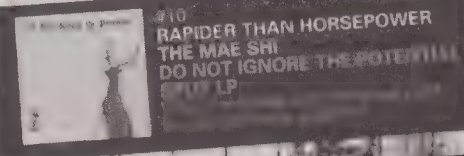
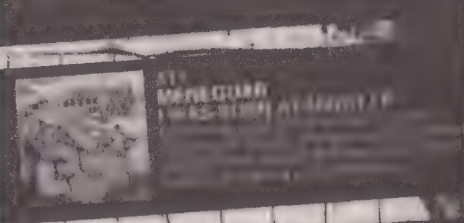
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An Open Letter To The Punks

I've noticed a disturbing trend of people's non-punk tastes in music overtaking their punk taste. Message boards that focus more on Sun Ra, Dead Prez, and Jandek than DIY punk. In one sense, this is understandable. (I hope) We all like some music that isn't punk. I rock Massacra, The Band, and New Order alongside my punk and hardcore, just like I would read *Balzac* after MRR. Punk and hardcore tend towards such stratification and specialization of exclusive sub-genres, to the point that a band can be ruled out just for playing the wrong drumbeat! On the other hand, because most punks ignore other music during their formative years of diving headfirst into punk, there is a huge gap in most punks' musical knowledge: like not knowing which band Brian Eno is in, or just getting into The Who at age 22. And we know punk will always be there (right?)—of course the new *Disclose 7"* will be good, so why sweat it? And it isn't like you can throw on *Battalion Of Saints* at your job or while making out. So of course punks listen to CCR and Deep Purple. But as Matt Smith advised in *Hazardous Waste* "zine, we don't really need to read about people's tastes that aren't punk. We know they exist, but it really isn't that interesting, and besides there are other venues for that.

The problem is that, within punk, the perceived uncoolness of certain punk/hardcore renders it somehow less worthy, when compared to mega-collectible *Killed By Death* or Chicken Bowels records. As good as the Knugen Faller records are, they have nothing on the immediately available, American, and colorless Artimus Pyle LP—which came and went with little fanfare. In issue three of *Square One Again*, Golnar writes that most of the good punk/hardcore records lately seem to be on the "punk" side of that binary. At the risk of sounding curmudgeonly, of course those records seem like the best records if that is where all the energy and attention is directed. Meanwhile, any quality hardcore release that doesn't get that sort of special attention falls by the wayside. *We take hardcore music for granted*, acting like it will just keep getting churned out in a "signature style" while we chase down rare Lithuanian Dead Boys rip-offs.

Aside from the hardcore bands that get ignored or treated condescendingly as "good for this style," today's scene presents us with the sad spectacle of good bands indulging in needless gimmickry or political self-congratulation in a bid for relevance. Time was when hardcore was important enough, in and of itself. Sure, The Regulations has come through on the hype with a good punk/KBD LP, but their first singles got way more leeway than if they had been in a more aggressive style. Other bands seem like they write their songs after reading reviews of their records which seemingly demand mid-tempo "punk" numbers, producing three-minute songs with only a couple lines of "damaged" or overly "teenage" lyrics, repeated over and over in display of high punkness.

I don't want to make this sound like an attack on the tastemakers who have (rightfully) lauded The Observers and (more dubiously) Tristess. I guess my point is, if the punks won't stand up for hardcore, who will? If 3 Way Cum, Mellakka, The Dicks, and HHH don't mean anything to people, where will their successors come from? Why should Sunday Morning Einsteins, Contrast Attitude, Sleeper Cell, and Selfish arouse only "keep up the good work" comments, where real enthusiasm is reserved for bands on the edge of indie rock? Don't give in to collector fetishism! Listen to (early) Corrosion Of Conformity, and mentally append "and hardcore" to your maxim: stay punk.

Finnish Hardcore: Ten Essential Records

So, you've seen the punkstuff.com shirts and studded jackets, and now you want to know what exactly all these words with four umlauts are. Perhaps you even got into Finnish hardcore ass-backwards by picking up the Poikkeus or Laukaus records, and now you want to hear what bands these Japanese kids are impersonating. As usual, I'd like to stay away from recommending total collectibles, and just tell you what you can get right now. You can fill in the blanks later. I should also say that a lot of these records are being reissued on vinyl by Höhnle and Assel, both German labels, so you should check your distros for these superb and legitimate reissues.

Finnish hardcore is very much Discharge influenced. However, it is very rare that an old Finnish band plays an actual "d-beat." So don't make that mistake. Another thing is that a lot of these bands never broke up, or are recently reunited, but the early stuff is almost always the way to go. Bands like Riistetyt, Rattus, and Terveet Kadet, however, have consistently good music over several stylistic changes. Rattus started off as a Clash-styled punk band, and the Finnish punk scene had a ton of great bands which are highly sought-after *Killed By Death/Bloodstains* items today. Of these, I would recommend Ratsia (they have a greatest hits CD), early Rattus (their punk singles are on the Grand Theft Audio CD), Nolla Nolla Nolla, and 013 (their LP has recently been reissued). However, the focus here is on hardcore, and here are a few of the best records.

—Kaaos - *Totaalinen Kaaos 7"/12"*

This is my favorite Finnish hardcore record. It is just long enough to make an impression before the vocals ("aaaaaagh") can irritate you, or the mostly similar songs can blur into each other. "Mellakka" and "Natsit Ja Kommunistit" are fast, catchy, and short, while "Sekasortoa" is a palm-muted number that mind remind you of "State Violence State Control" by an obscure British band called Discharge. Which is what I like best about Finnish hardcore: taking the Discharge template and turning up the insanity level, while retaining an undeniable catchiness. My personal favorite song is "Sotatila," which goes from slow to fast so convincingly that it seems like they were the first people ever to think of it. This record lacks the stereotypical, reverb-heavy vocals of the genre, which would be quite prominent on later Kaaos releases. This does have what I consider to be the ultimate raw-punk production, though. Everything is discernable,

but one of the guitar channels is always squealing or feeding back, and the cymbals literally *never stop*. If you are looking for a place to get into raw punk, or Finnish hardcore, or you can't get enough of the syllable "aaaaah," this should be your starting point.

—Destructions - *Vox Populi LP*

Because the Destructions album appears at the end of the Kansan Uutiset CD, I think these two bands have been doomed to a certain shared obscurity, but really they couldn't be further apart from each other. Destructions are almost the epitome of early Finnish hardcore, sounding like all the other famous bands rolled into one, and with a really good recording on top of that. At times they are aggressive like early Kaaos or Riistetyt, and then they have some more punkish mid-tempo songs. While in a sense they are a more generic band than Terveet Kadet or Rattus, if you are a die-hard fan of the style (like me), their mastery of these forms is quite astounding. But the bottom line is that Destructions are totally catchy, energetic, and *Vox Populi* is an excellent second-tier hardcore record.

—Terveet Kadet - *Hardcore Brutality*

CD

Terveet Kadet's first three EPs (*Rock Laahausta Vastaan*, *TKII*, and *Ääretön Joulu*) are an unholy concoction with equal parts Discharge and The Stooges, awfully recorded and featuring some of the most rancid vocals of the early '80s (think: a frog impersonating Ian Curtis). At this point, you probably are thinking of skipping over to the *Evasion* guy's column, but actually this band is completely charming and what's more, their songs are catchy as hell. This CD on Grand Theft Audio is a good purchase, because the rehearsal and live tracks actually sound better than their studio recordings. If anything, they are a little crazier. I've got to admit, this is a pretty rough listen, with tons of squealing feedback and a lot of songs repeat, but there are such raucous versions of "Musta Jamala," "Outo Maa," and "N.Y.T." that any fan of delirious raw hardcore will surely be satisfied. For the rest of you, this is a sure way to clear the room.

—Lama - *Eikä Mikään Muuttunut CD*

This is the best party music ever made, and although it straddles the line between punk and hardcore, it is too awesome to leave off such a list. Like Missbrukarna or the Circle Jerks, they sound hardcore in the context and history of hardcore, but could also blend in on a tape of more UK punk stuff. This CD collects their four superb singles, released from 1980 through 1983, but they all sound pretty much the same, so there is not any of the weirdness found on such discographies as with the later Discharge singles or numerous vocalists on *The First Four Years*. All of this could have been recorded at the same time, as far as I'm concerned. It is pretty futile to write at length about how "fun" something is, since that pretty much takes all the fun out of it, but I can say without exaggeration that listening to the Lama singles is the most fun you will ever have. I also like their LP, but this is a better place to start.

Bastards - *Siberian Hardcore LP*

I guess this just got reissued on vinyl, so now you can listen to this without having to see the horrible neon green art that Propaganda favors for its CD reissues. The vinyl has awesome

art of a bunch of barnyard animals playing instruments. The concept for this record is, it's their first LP re-recorded with all the lyrics in English. However, those expecting endless singalongs will be disappointed, because the English is incomprehensible on most of the tracks. Anyways, the original album (Järjetön Maaailma) and this version are both masterpieces of palm-muted, vicious hardcore comparable to Riistetyt's Skitsofrenia but with a really strange drumming style—the most infrequent use of the bass drum on any hardcore record! I recommend all this band's material, as they are one of the best examples of the Propaganda Records sound, but this LP stands out as the most unique of their works.

—Mellakka - R.I.P. LP

Partners In Crime is doing the vinyl of the discography that came out a while back. Mellakka are so fast and heavy, taking the Discharge influence way further than other Finnish bands of the day, even incorporating heavy palm-muting into their sound years before Discharge would patent this style. This discography compiles both their superb EPs as well as two demo tracks, of which "Anti-Kaikki" is surely the most mind-blowing thing you will hear on any given day. Just another instance of how a band I'd never heard of four years ago can suddenly turn up, having been on a few obscure compilations and put out two rare EPs, and become an instant favorite! The great thing about punk is that obviously there are hundreds of bands like this that only a few people know about, but eventually surface through their self-apparent greatness.

—Rattus - Rajoitettu Ydinsota EP

This is Rattus' first hardcore record after three excellent punk singles. What sets Rattus apart from all other Finnish hardcore bands (and this EP and their WC Räjähtää LP are the best examples of their hardcore era) is the dazzling whirlwind drumming, the use of cleaner vocals—a holdover from their punk era—than other hardcore bands, and the bouncy but aggressive riffage. These four songs lay out the template they would use on their first three LPs, before they went in a more metal direction which was pretty good for a while, but nothing compared to their hardcore period. Some people prefer the crazier vocalist who sings on the Uskonto On Varaa and so-called "Ratcage" LPs, but I think the original three-piece lineup (who recently reunited to tour the east coast) is the strongest lineup. However, since it would be very expensive to acquire the original vinyl of this EP, you will probably end up owning music from all of their eras on the various compilation CDs out there.

—Riistetyt - Tuomapaivä EP

Without having heard the two Riistetyt releases on P. Tuontato, the split with Kaaos (as Cadgers) or the Laki Ja Järjestys 7", I must say this is the best Riistetyt stuff I have. Their first LP is too long and muddy, and the second LP is too short and quirky. Their compilation tracks on Russia Bombs Finland and Hardcore 83 are awesome, and I will even endorse their Nightmares In Darkness and Raped Future LPs, which are weird but still good. Still, this 7" is an ideal introduction to the band, and even to Finnish hardcore in general, as it executes the most

common aspects of the genre perfectly, as well as being a great record in its own right. Riistetyt shows off their range of styles (fast and slow) with some really catchy songs, raw production, and that indefinable something else which makes a classic. This was originally recorded in 1984, came out in 1991, and now Havoc Records has made it available again, and you should totally take that opportunity to pick up this brutal piece of trash.

—V/A - Russia Bombs Finland LP

Finnish hardcore was represented on a number of comps, of which I think this is the best. The other ones to hear are: Hardcore 83, Yalta Hi-Life, and the Barabbas Records tape on BCT. The bands on this comp LP are among the best: Bastards, Riistetyt, NATO, Kaaos, Riistetyt, Appendix, 013, and a few others I only know from this record. The Bastards and Riistetyt songs are among their best, and of course Terveet Kadet come out of nowhere here and just make everyone else sound like Barry Manilow in comparison. 013 are absolutely awesome on this record, definitely giving a change of pace with some melancholy melodic punk. Surprisingly, Appendix sort of have the same sound as 013 on one of their songs, and their second song is similar to their 7" and first LP. Most of the other bands are good, with the exceptions of Sekunda and Dachau, who both suck—although Sekunda could definitely be someone's cup of tea. This is both a solid comp and a great listen throughout.

—Appendix - Money Is Not My Currency LP

Last but not least, here is probably the greatest Finnish hardcore LP. I like this slightly better than the first Rattus LP and although Lama, Kaaos, and Riistetyt have great albums, none is as consistently catchy and somehow timeless as this record. Höhnle has reissued the album along with the Appendix 7" in an interesting way: the A-side of the 7" is the first two songs, and the B-side is the song on the record. This way (I guess), one could recreate listening to the 7", complete with flipping the record. It is sort of silly, but who cares because all this music is excellent and Appendix probably had the best style of all the Finnish bands: a sort of Blitz meets Discharge mix that is as awesome as it sounds. A number of these songs are mandatory mix-tape inclusions, and it is also widely available at the moment, so you have no excuse for not owning this.

Luckily, with Finnish hardcore, it is easy to get almost all of this music without spending tons of money. Almost everything recorded by Rattus, Mellakka, Lama, Riistetyt, and Appendix is on CD, and Terveet Kadet, Kaaos, and Bastards have most of their stuff in print on various discographies and bootlegs. Unlike, say, the Norwegian hardcore scene of the 1980s, Finnish hardcore is very easy to collect for cheap, although there are a number of rarities. Since this first wave of hardcore, Finland has produced some more excellent bands, some playing in their national style (Uutuus or Viimeinen Kolonna) and some playing foreign styles (Selfish or Força Macabra)... but that is another column, I guess.

Please get in contact at misfitsfan@gmail.com or Ben Parker/3836 Stockport Dr./Plano, TX 75025. My new 'zine, War On Wankers, can also be ordered for \$1 at this address.

Building Movement, Building Power by Chris Crass

*Growing Up With The Zapatistas: A Review Of
Ya Basta: Ten Years Of The Zapatista Uprising,
Writings By Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos*

The further consolidation of right wing power in the United States and the ever-pressing brutality of US imperialism around the world intensifies the fire under the ass of left/radicals struggling to develop meaningful, relevant, and successful strategy. While there are thousands of organizations and projects operating from a variety of strategies, many of us have been working overtime to learn how to evaluate our work, get at the deeper strategic assumptions underlying our practice, study other groups and movements, and learn how to actually talk with each other about strategy and vision in meaningful and productive ways.

Ya Basta is the most complete collection of writings by Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos to date. From the early communiqués and letters denouncing the Mexican Federal Government and NAFTA to the most recent reflections on the 10 year anniversary of the launch of the rebellion and the 20 year anniversary of the birth of the Zapatista National Liberation Army. It was instructive and nourishing because the Zapatistas are operating from a vision rooted in history as a living and breathing process that we are part of and a deep love for humanity and the earth that is spiritual, empowering, and pragmatic.

The Zapatistas and the writings of Marcos have touched the hearts and inspired the thinking of a whole generation of left/radicals. While I have never been to Chiapas or made Zapatista solidarity a major aspect of my work, their influence has been felt all around me. They were the first people I heard of talking about neoliberalism and the need to fight global economic trade agreements like NAFTA as the new face of colonialism. It was the Zapatistas in the communiqués and letters collected together in Ya Basta who laid out a popular economic analysis of the global system. But more than anything else, it is the visionary strategy of revolutionary change backed by genuine grassroots power and mass organization that has made them one of the leading forces of the left on the planet. Through the experience of the EZLN and the writings of Marcos, the left is being led by the Indigenous communities that have survived and resisted colonialism and exploitation for 500+ years.

Over and over again, the writings of the EZLN isolate the ruling class and define them by their brutality and systemic oppression and then drawing a line to separate us calls forward the vast majority of humanity to the side of democracy, freedom, justice, and dignity. The EZLN speak to the best in people and repeatedly call for mass participation and repeatedly coordinate it throughout civil society. Writing to the "women, men, children, elderly, homosexual, lesbian, housewife, squatter, worker, farmer, employee, artist, intellectual, scientist, student,

teacher, Christians, retired persons, disabled persons, drivers, small and medium sized business owner, street vendor, campesinos, neighbors, unionists, fisherman, rocker, painter, actor, writer, nun, priest, sportsman, transsexual, soldier, sailor and indigenous," the Zapatistas call on the people to participate in "a revolution which will make a revolution possible."

Marcos and the EZLN continually speak to our humanity and help us see ourselves as part of a revolutionary process of growth and reconnection in direct confrontation with the ruling class. "Brothers and sisters," Marcos writes as the global justice movement converges on the WTO in Cancun and again sets their agenda backwards, "there is dissent over the projects of globalization all over the world. Those above, who globalize conformism, cynicism, stupidity, war, destruction, and death. And those below, who globalize rebellion, hope, creativity, intelligence, imagination, life, memory, and the construction of a world that we can all fit in, a world with democracy, liberty, and justice."

I'm encouraging you to read this book, not, primarily, because of what Marcos has written, although there are numerous passages which are beautiful and hilarious and the writings have been central to the development of a global network. But, I'm recommending this book because of what the Zapatistas have done on the ground calling forth millions of people to participate in their projects, coordinating sophisticated national campaigns to bring everyday people into the revolutionary process, and throughout it all consistently speaking to and acting from the principle of leading by obeying. The Zapatistas have been clear in their efforts to develop new strategy. Marcos writes:

"What other guerrilla force has appealed, not to the proletariat as the historic vanguard, but to the civil society which struggles for democracy? What other guerrilla force has put itself aside in order not to interfere in the electoral process? What other guerrilla force has convened a national democratic movement, civic and peaceful, so that armed struggle becomes useless? What other guerrilla force asks its base of support about what it should do before doing it? What other guerrilla force has struggled to achieve a democratic space and not for power? What other guerrilla force has relied more on words than on bullets?"

The EZLN has been practicing these new strategies for 20 years now. For many of us younger generation left/radicals (18-35), we have grown up with the Zapatistas offering us inspiring examples of resistance, showing us how love and tenderness strengthen solidarity, and pushing us to think about radical politics based in grassroots power and people take power over their own lives (for real). This book, during the 10 year anniversary, offers us much as we think about vision and strategy that leads to all people having power over their lives. We're in this together. Marcos writes to all of us:

"You should not be discouraged by difficulties and you should resist. You should continue forward and know that in the mountains of Southeast Mexico there is a collective heart and that it is with you and supports you. Do not feel alone or isolated. We will keep attentive of you and will not forget you."

Excerpts from "A Death Has Been Decided" by Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos

"We, after having prepared ourselves for 10 years for killing and dying, for handling and firing weapons of all kinds, for making explosives, for executing strategic and tactical military maneuvers, in sum, for making war... after the first days of combat, we found ourselves invaded by a genuine army. First an army of journalists, but later one of men and women from the most diverse social, cultural and national backgrounds. It was after those "Cathedral Dialogues," in February-March of 1994. The journalists continued to appear intermittently, but what we call "civil society"—in order to differentiate it from the political class, and so as not to categorize it in social classes—was always constant. We were learning, and, I imagine, civil society was as well. We learned to listen and to speak, the same, I imagine, as civil society. I also imagine that the learning was less arduous for us.

"After all, that had been the EZLN's fundamental origin: a group of "illuminati" who came from the city in order to "liberate" the exploited and who looked, when confronted with the reality of the indigenous communities, more like burnt out light bulbs than "illuminati." How long did it take us to realize that we had to learn to listen, and, afterwards, to speak? I'm not sure, not a few moons have passed now, but I calculate some two years at least. Meaning that what had been a classic revolutionary guerrilla war in 1984 (armed uprising of the masses, the taking of power, the establishment of socialism from above, many statues and names of heroes and martyrs everywhere, purges, etcetera, in sum, a perfect world), by 1986 was already an armed group, overwhelmingly indigenous, listening attentively and barely babbling its first words with a new teacher: the Indian peoples.

"I believe I have already related previously, several times, this part of the EZLN's formation (or "re-founding"). But, if I'm repeating it now, it's not in order to overwhelm you with nostalgia, but in order to try and explain how we got to the building of the first "Aguascalientes," and their later proliferation in Zapatista, that is, rebel, lands. What I mean by this is that the main founding act of the EZLN was learning to listen and to speak. I believe, at that time, we learned well and we were successful. With the new tool we built with the learned word, the EZLN quickly turned into an organization not just of thousands of fighters, but one which was clearly "merged" with the indigenous communities. To put it another way, we ceased to be "foreigners," and we turned into part of that corner forgotten by the country and by the world: the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

"A moment arrived, I can't say precisely just when, in which it was no longer the EZLN on one side and the communities on the other, but when we were all simply Zapatistas. I'm simplifying, necessarily, when remembering this period. There will be another occasion, I hope, and another means, for going into details about that process which, in broad terms, was not without contradictions, setbacks, and backsliding. The fact is, that's how we were, still learning (because, I believe, learning is never done), when

the now "newly appeared" Carlos Salinas de Gortari (then President of Mexico, thanks to a colossal election fraud) had the "brilliant" idea of making reforms which did away with the campesinos' right to the land.

"The impact in the communities which were already Zapatista was, to say the least, brutal. For us (note that I no longer distinguish between the communities and the EZLN), the land is not merchandise, but it has cultural, religious, and historic connotations which don't need to be explained here. And so, our regular ranks grew, quickly and exponentially.

"And there was more. Poverty also grew and, along with it, death, especially of infants under the age of 5. As part of my responsibilities, it was up to me at that time to check in with the now hundreds of villages by radio, and there wasn't a day when someone didn't report the death of a little boy, of a little girl, of a mother. As if it was a war. Afterwards, we understood that it was, in fact, a war. The neoliberal model which Carlos Salinas de Gortari commanded in such a cynical and carefree fashion was, for us, an authentic war of extermination, an ethnocide, given that it was entire Indian peoples who were being destroyed. That is why we know what we are talking about when we speak of the "neoliberal bomb."

"I imagine (there are serious studies here that will recount with precise figures and analysis) that this took place in all the indigenous communities in Mexico. But the difference was that we were armed and trained for a war. Mario Benedetti says, in a poem, that one doesn't always do what one wants, that one can't always, but he has the right to not do what he doesn't want. And, in our case, we did not want to die... or, more accurately, we didn't want to die like that.

Previously I have already spoken of the importance memory has for us. And, therefore, death by forgetting was (and is) the worst of deaths for us. I know it will sound apocalyptic, and that more than one person will search for some touch of martyrdom in what I am saying, but, in order to put it in simple terms, we found ourselves then facing a choice, but not between life or death, rather between one kind of death or the other. The decision, collective and in consultation with each one of the then tens of thousands of Zapatistas, is already history, and it was the spark for that dawn of the first of January of 1994.

"Cornered, we left on that dawn in 1994 with only two certainties: one was that they were going to tear us to shreds. The other was that the act would attract the attention of good persons towards a crime that was no less bloody because it was silent and removed from the media: the genocide of thousands of Mexican indigenous families. And, like I said, it could sound as if we were inclined to being martyrs who sacrificed themselves for others.

"I would lie if I said yes. Because even though, looking at it coldly, we had no chance militarily, our hearts weren't thinking of death, but of life, and, given that we were (and are) Zapatistas and, ergo, our doubts include ourselves, we thought we could be wrong about being torn to shreds, perhaps the entire people of Mexico would rise up. But our doubts, I should be sincere, didn't extend so far as imagining that what actually happened could have happened.

"And so make an effort and put yourself

in our place: entire years preparing ourselves for firing weapons, and it so happens that it's words which have to be fired. When it's said like that, and now that I read what I just wrote, it seems as if it was almost natural, like one of those syllogisms they teach in high school. But believe me, at that time nothing was easy. We struggled a lot... and we continue to do so. But it so happens that a guerrero doesn't forget what he learns, and, as I explained earlier, we learned to listen and to speak. And so then history, as someone I don't know said, grew tired of moving and repeated itself, and we were once again like we were in the beginning. Learning."



Punk Music May Outlive Everything Else...

In the late '80s and early '90s wars were raging in and out of the punk scene regarding records and compact discs. Both sides were passionate about sound, progress, portability, artwork, etc. In mainstream society the CD pretty much won out. There are still some genres that offer slabs of vinyl as well as packets of ones and zeros, but we are already at a stage where a lot of preteens have never even seen a record. We are very lucky here in the punk scene that we've kept on producing vinyl.

I'm not going to get into most of the original debates about records vs. CDs because I personally think there is room for both and CD production is increasing, not decreasing in the scene. But in terms of archiving, I'm going to get behind the vinyl on this one.

I got into a debate with an archivist on a listserve who was angry towards punk's "elitism" regarding holding vinyl as king. He'd been in the scene and saw our original negative reaction towards digital. I never really figured out why he was so MAD about the whole thing. As if he'd been in the scene and got jaded and now had a hate-on for all things punk. As an archivist he knew that our music was going to sustain due to our unshakable grip on vinyl. Instead of patting us on the backs for choosing a good medium he was holding it against us. Not a very good attitude for someone in his career.

The history of the recording industry is very, very intriguing. There's a 'zine from Montreal called *Fish Piss* that ran two very long articles on this topic. Before the vinyl record there were many other forms of consumer playback. Different technology, different sizes and shapes and speeds. The record as we know it in 7" and 12" form has been around for a very long time. You can pick up a record from the '50s, play it back on your stereo and it can sound BEAUTIFUL! This is the main reason why vinyl should continue to be our main format of choice.

CDs have been available for purchase since the late '80s. There really isn't a format taking it's place yet (although MP3s and the like are very popular, they haven't been incorporated into our stereo systems very well), but living in the 21st century you know there will be something coming up the pipes soon. And, just as we have seen the demise of the audio cassette or the betamax video tape, compact discs will soon be

extinct as well. Personally, I can't even think of any reason to be sad about this as I don't think CDs have any attributes that a new technology couldn't duplicate. It's shitty of course that you buy the hardware and invest a crapload into your music collection on this format but this is why I will make the very controversial statement of: Don't make CDs your format of choice, don't get rid of your records!

Record players are a very simple technology. They are easy to figure out and consequently not difficult to fix if you know what you're doing. CD technology? There are not many people who completely understand it. Not only that, CD technology was born in the consumerist throw away age where things were made to break in hopes that you will buy a new one. If your CD player starts skipping would you even know where to go to find someone to fix it? If you found someone they would charge you the same as buying a brand new one. Do you think CD players will be easily available 50 years from now? Likely not, but I'm betting record players will still be around. Or at least we will be able to have the players fixed.

Vinyl is just heartier than CD. As I mentioned in my last column, CDs are already starting to show signs of natural deterioration. Home burned CDs have stopped playing after as little as 1 year. There was a gold CD that Kodak used to make that archivists are now stumbling over one another to try and snatch up. They are the only known type to have a consistent lifespan of (hopefully) a few decades. Light, heat, and humidity just kill the format. It takes quite a bit of heat to warp a record. Humidity is only a problem if mold starts to grow. As far as I know light doesn't cause any problems to vinyl (although it fades paper and cardboard). It takes very little to scratch a CD surface and actually quite a bit to scratch a record. Once scratched a CD will skip, sound weird, or just not play. A scratched record will USUALLY continue to play and tiny scratches actually add character to very old recordings... I've seen many, many punk record collections and am always amazed how well punks seem to take care of their records. Holding them by the corners, putting in covers immediately after playing, stacking vertically in alphabetical order—there's something very loving about the way we treat vinyl. I can't count the number of used pop or indie CDs I've bought that had scratches, chips, and unknown substances on them.

I was sucked into the "CDs are best" mentality once. I was moving a lot and hauling records around was a pain in the ass. But then I began examining the formats more closely and have retreated to my formative punk years when vinyl was the only thing I'd consider buying. I am now a fan of buying something on vinyl and then recording to MP3/WMA to listen to while away from my record player. I know that in 5 years these MP3s might get corrupted, or accidentally erased, or maybe there'll just be a better format—something as small but less compressed for instance. I know that when all this is going on my records will still be there—most likely just as beautiful and clear sounding as when I first bought them. And I know that other punks will have this format, too, and we can trade and examine each other's collections.

I'm going to be in Portland, OR by the time you read this. If you live in PDX send me an e-mail and we can chat about all this shit over root beer and vegan fish and chips.

— Siue; bk913@ncf.ca



Have all of you seen the movie *Before Sunrise*? If not, go rent the DVD then come back and finish reading this column. That movie kicks some serious ass. I mean, how many good "romance" movies has Hollywood cranked out over the last 10 years? I sure can't name any others off the top of my head. (*Say Anything* is more than 10 years old I am pretty sure.) We recently bought a copy of *Before Sunset*, which, in case you can't figure it out, is the sequel to *Before Sunrise*. It is set 9 years after the first one (and came out 9 years after the first one. Get it?) Because I had never seen the first one we rented the DVD to watch it before *Before Sunset*. It consists of Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy meeting on a train in Europe and spending the night walking around Vienna making awkward conversation. The genius of this movie is the awkward conversation. Linklater (*Dazed And Confused*) really got it right. The characters made attempts at being funny, but didn't end up being funny in that way that we usually see in movies but that we can't actually be in real life. I saw *Before Sunrise* in the theater when it came out and it hit me because I could relate to the idea of meeting someone in a strange city and wandering around all night. (Probably because I have done just that on tour.)

Watching this movie again, in 2005 was a different experience. I now have a career that (most likely) won't allow time for 6 week tours of the country like I have done in the past. I'm also engaged to be married this summer so the "meeting someone new" part is out as well. What it comes down to is that it is near impossible to completely live the life you want in every way. Every action has a reaction, and every choice you make eliminates something from your life. Part of me was sad watching this movie and realizing that there was a part of my life that was over, but at the same time I am able to look at the decisions I have made and where I am at and am pretty happy with what I have done.

When I was touring I would come back home to a job that paid \$4.25 - \$7.00 an hour. Not doing anything I was particularly stoked about. In 1998 I went back to school with the purpose of becoming a lawyer and kicking some ass. It took me 6 years and here I am—I'm a lawyer and I, at least, kick some ass some of the time. I gave up a lot to do this, not just in the time lost spending 12 hours a day for three months studying for the bar or reading through the night so not to make an idiot of myself in class the next morning, but in my options of what I can do with my life at this point. I have almost \$100,000 in debt, and, doing the type of law that I do, I'm not making enough to really bite into that quickly. This leads to no touring, and no wandering around

strange cities any time soon.

And I don't regret any of it. I love what I do. I wake up everyday and go to a job I love. I get paid to fuck with landlords and credit card companies. I get paid to keep kids in safe households, and to keep violent spouses away from people they want to hurt. I get to go into court and say stuff like, "Just answer the question, sir" and know that he has to answer it. Cross examining people is fun. Coming up with a legal argument that nobody has thought of and using it in court is fun.

This is what work is to me. I gave up some things to get it, but I am not working a shit job like I used to. Definitely worth it for me. I realize that not everyone can simply go for it and get the "career" they want, but I think most people reading this can. It is just a question of what you want to give up.

So this summer is looking pretty exciting for those of us who pay attention to the Supreme Court. At the time of this writing, Justice O'Connor has already retired, with Rehnquist and Stevens possibly throwing in the towel this summer as well. Bush may well have a chance to shape the Court for a good long time. As you have probably read if you pay attention to this stuff, O'Connor was the "swing vote" on many cases with the current Court. People have been misinterpreting this fact and saying that this means that she is some sort of centrist. Let's not forget, O'Connor was appointed by Ronald Reagan, by no means a centrist. He was under pressure to nominate a woman, and settled on Sandra Day O'Connor, who, interestingly enough, despite a stellar resume, couldn't get a job out of law school because of her gender. Falling in the middle of the current Court makes her a "moderate conservative" at best. A close read of her opinions really show her as someone who is a conservative at heart. I'm sure Reagan would be disappointed (if he even understood) some of her decisions, but overall she was a keeper of the status quo.

Which is why I am not as worried that her replacement will completely throw things out of balance on the Court. Bush will most likely be under pressure (as he should) to nominate another woman, and also he may want to avoid the Congressional war that would result if he nominates an extremist like current justices Scalia, Thomas, and Rehnquist. He may want to save this fight for when Chief Justice Rehnquist requires. Which means we may get another "moderate conservative" similar to O'Connor who ends up being in the middle of the Court.

As I stated, Rehnquist may also retire this summer. People seem worried about this as well, but I am not sure why. It will be hard to find a replacement more conservative than this guy. Here is where Bush will nominate a crazy guy (and not a woman) and we can see the circus it will turn into in Congress. But again, it won't get worse than it is now.

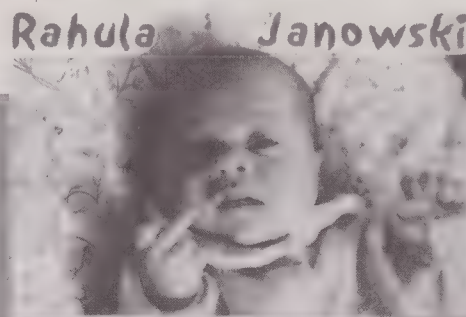
If Stevens retires, then I would be more worried. He is one of the more "liberal" justices on the Court right now (although when the Court was more "liberal" he probably was more likely on the other side). This nomination could be most anyone, and is likely to bring the biggest shift in the Court. Stevens is old, but he may try to hang on past the next election and get someone in the

White House who will nominate a more suitable replacement.

Abortion is one of the big issues at stake here, among other things. As most of you know, at this point, a state cannot completely ban abortions. Recent Supreme Court decisions have been chipping away at this right. The way the law stands now is that a state cannot place an "undue burden" on a woman's right to an abortion. This is a vague and evolving (and dangerous) standard. But there is a good chance that with a change in the Court even this can go away. A new Court could easily rule that states can ban abortion. How many states would actually do this is another question. (Alabama, I'm looking at you.)

My point is, save your fight for Stevens' replacement. O'Connor and Rehnquist's will most likely just maintain things as they are.

Talk to me here:
storguso@alumni.law.upenn.edu.



Sappho, my long time feline companion, died on June 24, 2005. She had a growth in her chest that was so large she could barely breathe; the vet said she only had 15% lung capacity. Once I realized how bad it was, and knowing that there was nothing we could do to make it better or make her more comfortable, I made the decision to have her euthanized. It was a hard decision, not one I ever wanted to make; choosing when the life of another creature ends, and especially a creature I have loved and cared for so long.

I was concerned about how to discuss this with Natasha; you would think that death would be a hard concept for a 2 and a half year old, and we don't have a religious practice to fall back on for easy answers. So, when we brought Sappho home from the vet, to spend one last evening with us and give everyone the chance to say goodbye to her, we told Natasha that Sappho was old and sick (which we'd actually discussed before), and that her body was all tired out, so she was going to die. We told her that that meant her spirit was going to leave her body and her body wouldn't be alive anymore. Natasha said good bye, and was a little bit sad. The following day, when we buried Sappho in our back yard, Natasha was involved in the whole process. She helped to dig the hole, helped wrap and carry Sappho's body, helped fill the hole and place rocks on the top of the grave. She asked questions and talked about Sappho through the whole process, and I feel like she understood what we told her and what was happening.

A week has gone by, and she has talked about it a little. She tells people about it; that Sappho died, that her spirit left her body and we don't know where it is now; and that we buried her body in the ground. We are currently visiting

my family, and the local general store (where you can buy anything from ammunition to cigarettes to fresh meat to work gloves) is full of taxidermy; it has been useful being able to tell Natasha that they are real animals, but their spirits aren't in their bodies anymore.

Overall, I found that needing to explain to Natasha what was happening with Sappho helped me to be clear headed about the whole process, and I think she understands about as much as I do of the situation. I also feel like I remained true to my own spiritual understandings. It's my understanding that every living being has spirit or a spirit, and when we die, that leaves our bodies. I do believe that the spirit endures in some fashion, but I don't know beyond that. So, although it's not much information, I feel like we were honest with Natasha, and it worked.

It seemed fitting to write a eulogy for Sappho; we were together since 1992 and she was a great companion.

Sappho Janowski, a brown tabby domestic shorthair feline, was born in the summer of 1992 in San Francisco's Mission District, above an ice cream shop. Sappho was what appeared to be the runt of her litter of five. In her early weeks, Sappho lived with her littermates, her mother, 3 aunts and uncles, and her maternal grandmother, all of whom were un-neutered. Shortly after Sappho was adopted out of her family home, her entire family, with the exception of her grandmother, was taken to the pound. Because they were no longer kittens, and were flea and mite infested, it's unlikely that they were adopted.

In the early fall of 1992, Sappho was adopted by Rahula Janowski. Sappho traveled across the country and lived in many different homes, remaining Rahula's companion, until she died on June 24, 2005.

Sappho's first home was in Bernal Heights of San Francisco, where she spent a lot of time playing with Josie the dog and terrorizing the neighborhood with cuteness.

In the spring of 1993, when she was about 6 months old, she embarked upon a cross country journey in a VW rabbit. They traveled through Yellowstone, where Sappho hid from buffalo and growled at antelope, and ended up in Vermont. Sappho grew from a kitten to a cat in the woods of Vermont, and killed lots and lots of small furry creatures, mainly mice. She even managed to catch a flying squirrel once, but the humans made her let it go.

When the weather turned cold, Sappho and her companions made their way back to California, again in a VW. After a brief visit in San Francisco and a short sojourn in Blue Lake, they settled in an old commune in Bayside California, where Sappho chased small critters and hung out in redwood trees. Eventually, Sappho and Rahula moved to Arcata, into a large collective house called Anarchy House, and it was here that Sappho began to be known as the "anarcha-kitty." At Anarchy House, Sappho kept tabs on all the humans, and often chased away dogs from the front porch. It was also at Anarchy House where Sappho began to be a party animal, often hanging out in prominent spots during parties, including punk rock shows, and she also presided over many a Food Not Bombs cookhouse, and one or two Earth First! meetings.

Sappho also often made nightly rounds, visiting each house member in their beds before settling in for the night with Rahula.

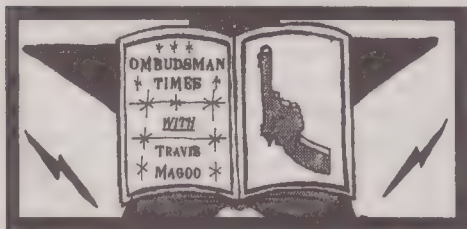
In 1997, Sappho and Rahula returned to San Francisco, and moved into Praxis House in the mission district, just 10 blocks from where Sappho was born. Here Sappho shared "cat of the house" duties with Malice, a large black and white domestic shorthair who passed away earlier this spring. After months of viscous fighting, Sappho and Malice achieved a truce and lived in relative harmony. Here again, Sappho presided over parties and observed numerous Food Not Bombs cookhouses.

Sappho spent late 1999 until 2002 in Eureka, California. While there, she was joined by Vanzetti, who wandered up to the porch one night and decided to stay. Vanzetti was young when he joined the family, and it took him awhile to learn to respect his elders. However, eventually Sappho trained him properly, and they often were found cuddled up together on a bed.

In 2001, Sappho, along with Vanzetti, Rahula, Jeff, and the rest of their household, returned to the Bay Area and, after a year in Berkeley, Sappho, Vanzetti, Rahula and Jeff returned to Praxis House. In 2003, after the birth of Natasha, the entire household moved to a new house, with lots of open space and a yard with catnip, where Sappho finished out her life.

While those who met her in her later years will remember a sweet but stubborn cat who mostly kept to herself, those who knew her in the '90s will remember a saucy, affectionate queen of a cat who kept tabs on all of her people, fought off dogs 6 times her size, and comforted people in need, whether they were sad, stressed out, or lost on a bad acid trip. She was a cat who came when she was called, but because she was curious, not obedient. She liked oatmeal and ice cream, and preferred to drink her water from *your* cup. She had a strong personality, and loved spending time with her human companions.

Sappho died in the arms of Rahula and Jeff. She is survived by her feline companions, Vanzetti and Ada, and by her humans, who are many, but in particular, Rahula, Jeff, Natasha, Chris, and Clare. In lieu of flowers, mourners are asked to make a positive contribution to the well being of a nearby cat.



Multiplicity, Complicity & Complexity

For every confessional song amplified and cheered, each personal 'zine's publicly-reproduced unsent letters, and every consoling talk with your best friend, there is another person's story. At least one other person, usually more. Just as valid, a counterbalance to our own leaden desires. Or, as Harry Crews once said in a Gainesville classroom when I was but a tender undergrad: "No man is a beast in his own heart. Don't forget that when you're writing."

Yeah, Ian Curtis wrote some

compelling songs. But when I read his wife's book, Touching From A Distance, years and years after Joy Division, then I understood a bit more. I thought harder about responsibility. Responsibilities to our art, to our lovers (and exes), to our friends and family, and ultimately to ourselves. What are you doing tonight? What songs are you singing?

A microphone is power. Being male is power. Being in your hometown surrounded by supportive friends is power. As is being economically independent, basically healthy and without responsibilities such as kids or an ailing relative. Like living here in a country without mandatory military service and where the world's resource are available cheaply in most convenience stores. Don't forget this even as our personal crises storm and break like hurricane season.

I received a letter this week that attempted to wreck me. A reminder of a situation that I try most days to forget. Since the rupture, I think of the multiplicity of voices involved. Spurred lover(s), jealous partners, abusive relationships, and abortive, fleeting escapes amidst dreary workaday details of fiscal, lifestyle, and spatial difference. Letters are not contracts. Poems are not promises. And loving someone might not be enough. Who's not tired of being tired all the time? All amidst a chosen backdrop of predictable The Smiths' songs. I removed myself from the situation, still not knowing which parts were patience, acquiescence, or cowardice. To write about such things, even guardedly in code, still feels both too confessional and disingenuous.

I hosted the African film at the library that night, still absorbing the letter and felt saved (however vicariously) when the movie's hero returned from the sea. His father announced to the skeptical village: "You who have doubted, even for a second, bow your heads now before the truth." In our art we can steady the salty uncertainties. There amidst the empty chairs (we had a low turnout that month) and falling sunlight coming through the stained-glass windows, I tightened my stomach. Kung fu translates to hard work, and for what it's worth my stomach is much stronger than this time last year. Here we are, on the clock, in situations of our own making.

Still, each waking day I realize the chasm between books, records, movies, and our own narratives. Further still, the chasm between face-to-face events and their artistic reproduction. Don and I talked about this over burritos a few days ago. As a public school teacher, Don's off for the summer—a well-deserved break for the man, and I wish him well as he and Sarah head upstate for awhile. I was on extended lunch break from the library. There were no shaded tables, and we sweated like men stuffing their faces and talking boisterously.

Don and I have many loh-g-running and friendly arguments, the most common being about sincerity and artifice in art. Bruce Springsteen, Cap'n Jazz/Make Believe, Palatka, and Bob Dylan are typical subjects. Later (at a different local restaurant), Don slipped me 2 Dylan books, pages marked. There in the bio, 18-year-old Susan ("Suze") leaves the emergent Dylan for Italy. He then writes lines like "don't think twice—it's alright" and "tomorrow is a long time," and she

presciently remembers him telling her "never let anybody take up your space." Again, having smart, supportive friends makes all the difference.

Can we have it all—work worth doing; autonomous, respectful passionate love and good art? Obviously, it's worth fighting for. All nighters to finish a project, moving to new places (or back to old places) for love and possibilities, not giving up amidst the wine bottles and old photos. There are worse paths, numinous worse paths. Or, as my neighbor, friend and fellow English major PQ would say: "Don't go to hell. We all know where hell is."

This is the work-themed issue. On such days, I also think about the crises we keep under our work uniforms, the stories pumping frantically through our blood as we mutter pleasantries and attempted answers. As we try to remain inspired and focused. For all the stereotyped quietude of libraries (my chosen place of work), few places have such concentrated and distilled humanity. Herein lies a constant overflowing of complex needs (and possible solutions) alongside many, many distractions, frustrations, and temporal answers. There, amidst the ordered chaos and bureaucratic/personal hurtles, we make daily stands.

Reading list:

Curtis, Deborah Touching From A Distance
Mieville, China Perdido Street Station and Scar
Ngugi Devil On The Cross
Pamuk, Orhan The New Life
Placksin, Sally American Women In Jazz: 1900 To The Present
Porcellino, John Diary Of A Mosquito
Abatement Man
Rhys, Jean Good Morning, Midnight
Rich, Adrienne The Dream Of A Common Language
Siebold, Alice Lovely Bones
Silko, Leslie Marmon Storyteller
Vollmann, William T. The Royal Family

Then there's music:

The Evens LP & live
Cleveland Bound Death Sentence 7" test press
& Caroline's artwork for it
CYNE Time Being CD
Solid Pony LP
Any version of Skip James's "I Am So Glad"
Sexy live & their drunken stage banter
Desk Ark live
Conflict Increase The Pressure LP
Scientist Scientist Wins The World Cup LP
The Minutemen 3-Way Tie For Last LP
LL COOL J for free in Millenium Park
The Mt. Goats peaking with the Coroner's-
Gambit LP as I write this.

—Travis Magoo/PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604-1077/USA; obscurist@hotmail.com

P.S. Amidst all this talk of work, I feel compelled to mention that telling pets (particularly other people's pets) to "get a job" remains at the top of the hierarchy of humor.



Chandler Briggs

United States

What is it about leaving that just makes your insides boil with excitement, and yet eat itself in utter fear of the worst of possibilities? What is it that makes you contemplate just canceling everything one minute, then jumping up and down in anticipation the next? Why do I even put myself through this stress and frustration? I cannot quite put my finger on it. I am not sure if it is even definable. The feelings go on and multiply themselves into an abundance of emotions reminiscent of that first crush in middle school.

And yet, I continue to prepare myself, not even realizing the can of worms I'm attempting to open. Not necessarily preparing for the worst of all horrible possibilities—that would be silly. After all, flying over the Atlantic Ocean cannot be *that* dangerous, can it? Lots of people have done it, so maybe I'll just leave my oxygen tank at home for this trip. I've found, however, no matter how much one prepares oneself, in no way will everything be completely organized. In my last weeks, I managed to scramble as much as I could into as little time as possible. I did, in fact, have some final papers to finish soon for the upcoming end of spring quarter, among other things.

But there it was, on my bedroom wall, staring me in the face. LEAVE FOR EUROPE, in big red marker. It was powerful and it colored outside the lines. The small boxes representing the few short days in June were deserting me, one by one, as I stood silent on the cold concrete steps, staring at the fact that I was not in the least bit ready to leave for six months. I blinked and more days passed me by. There was too much to do, too much to worry about, and yet I spent my time in my room, waiting for things to happen and the box with the big red marker to become today. I was battling with the confusing emotions on my notebook paper and ignoring the fact that—hello! I have how many days left and I am just sitting in my room!?! What am I thinking? Why spend this time in solitude, writing down words that would soon be scratched out in frustration, subject to the harsh criticism of my nervousness. Where is the line between wasting time in my room and working hard to mesh through these thoughts and remembering these times? I cannot find the space to live as much as possible and handle all this stress all at once, and I absolutely love it.

Either way, the box with the big red marker came and went. And somehow things got done. Was it a miracle? Maybe. Was it hard? Kind of. But none of that mattered now. I was on my way and there was no turning back. My father had offered to take me to the airport. I said sure and we made it a road trip. We headed up to San Francisco a day early, because let's be honest, driving for seven hours before a plane ride across the globe would not be my idea of a good time. Besides, it was his idea to hit up Millennium (1) the night before my departure. I spent that night thinking about the mung bean crepe and raw strawberry pineapple sorbet (among other things),

and talking on the phone while my father watched Jay Leno's stand up. Quite an anticlimactic last night in the states, but I'm not complaining (2).

Fast forward, flying over the Atlantic Ocean sometime around 5am, who knows what time zone. After watching two horrible Hollywood movies (3) on my very own personal screen, I am getting a bit restless. I can see the sun rising and this whole no-sleep-'til-Frankfurt thing is definitely not working. The worst part was, I didn't even feel sleepy. Never mind the guy next to me, who downed two Cokes and a coffee, and yet still managed to sleep the entire plane ride (4). Talk about a brutal snore, by the way.

Germany

Eventually, I arrived with barely one hour of sleep and yet it was already tomorrow. I stumbled over to baggage claim, smiling at the couple that I sat next to on the first flight. This was it, this was my time. And—oh crap!! I didn't get any Euros! And the preparedness began to unravel into a pathetic pile of uncertainty that seemed all too familiar. Upstairs, I made my first attempt at conversing with a European—a plump little man at the information desk with black hair that was receding more than he probably cared for—aaaaaand, denied. He did not speak a word of English and I freaked out a little bit more.

Back downstairs, I found Patrick, a nice kid with dreamboat blonde hair that puts most boys to shame. We smiled and made our way to the street. He picked me up in a slick white BMW. For the two days we had before Summerslam, we spent our time making vegan food and listening to records. He showed me Angstzustand and I showed him Des Ark. We talked politics and revolution over breakfast. I rubbed my sore eyes from the cigarette smoke, but for once I took it as best I could without complaining—this would take some getting used to.

Summerslam is an event that deserves a column of its own—the weekend of total international punk rock madness became the highlight of my trip. Not only did I get to finally see Daitō and La Quiete, but I got to meet so many incredible people. Even more important than the bands were the people in attendance: meeting so many new people and seeing some familiar faces all in one place gave me confidence that I would be okay on the road. The nearby campsite was filled with punks setting up tents, and as we pulled up I saw Ralph, a dear Swiss friend who stayed at our house a month before. We ran to each other just like the movies and jumped into each other's arms. Suddenly, the world didn't seem so big after all.

The rest of the weekend is a blurred memory of smiling faces and colorful lights. We hung out on the couches next to the merch tables and conceived some inside jokes, only to be remembered a few years down the line when we read over our journals. I held back from the distro tables, which (if you know me) was quite difficult. The weekend was too short but we made the best of our time together. Back at the campsite, the air was almost hot enough to force us all outside to lie under the stars. I, for some reason, opted to work up a sweat in the tent, forced to awaken early just to breathe some fresh air outside. I bid farewell to all my new friends and hopped on for a weeklong jaunt on the Funeral Diner tour. The

following is a hopefully interesting account of the time spent in the van:

France

Paris greeted us with 35°C weather and confusing streets. After circling the block a few times, we managed to find the venue, a small café/bar on a smaller street, complete with speeding cars and a sidewalk so short that we had to curl our toes just to hang on. Hyacinth covered Uranus in the smoky but air-conditioned basement while the bassist got naked. I scoped the 'zine distro with eager eyes. I was so impressed that I even wanted to buy the ones in French, but my will power pulled through and saved my wallet. The matinee show provided us with some nice time in the evening to check out the Eiffel Tower in its sparkling-at-night-glory. We meandered through the tourist crowds, under the mighty beast to the park on the other side. When the lights started flashing, the moment was sweet, if you could ignore the large multi-colored ad on the tower that read "Paris 2012." It was romantic enough for a sucker like me, I guess. The next day brought even hotter weather; we explored the city and watched Matt tag all over on the streets.

Rennes was a forgettable little town that closed down before we even arrived. I spent my time avoiding the smoky bar area with the offensive devil-woman painting on the wall. You know the story: lots of cleavage, provocative stance, horns, and a tail...need I go on?

Apparently, France has a national day of music where everyone "loosens up a bit" for one day out of the year, gets wasted, and trashes the streets. Well, in Clarendon-Ferrand, at least. We turned our frowns upside-down when a sweet local metal band took the stage (5). We headbanged and worshiped the devil. The night dragged on as more bands played and the alcohol flowed. Back in the van, we had a visitor under some sort of drug-induced state walk up and put his hand on my leg. I took it off immediately, obviously a bit creeped out. He mumbled some French to us, wavering back and forth in a stupor; we gave each other looks until he finally moved on the creep out some other folks, I suppose. We high-tailed it out of downtown, away from the mayhem (6), as soon as Ben came back from techno-dancing and Seth sobered up.

Lyon seemed promising—some familiar faces and good opening bands. The drive was short but felt like a lifetime on the windy back roads. Seb lent me his bike (7) so I could fulfill the void and cruise the city. I was told to be careful, since we were in the "crappy" part of town, but I was skeptical. I bought some pears at a small market and found Olli down the street. We shared the fruit and walked back to the venue just in time to catch Rotten Tofu Adventure. These crust punks had some room in the set for some emo parts, which ultimately led me to have some room for them in my heart. Afterwards, Neil On Impression had equipment troubles but still managed to work their magic. That night, I slept on a mattress in just my underwear, it was so hot. The next day brought "Grottes de Jonas" which held over the D&D nerds for a few hours. Although the drive to Italy was long, the gorgeous view of the Alps made it somewhat bearable.

Italy

Luckily we arrived a bit early to the venue in Massa, so we decided to hit the beach,

in our extremely white skin glory. We were, of course, kicked off the private beach right away, seeing as we were not that hard to pick out. Luckily, someone didn't own the beach 100 meters down, so we got in a quick dip. That night I had the pleasure of seeing Raein play their set, and despite the long time without practicing and the crappy sound guy, they put on a good show. The next day we made like US American tourists and walked around Pisa. I fought off the urge to take the ultimate in stupid posing pictures and settled for a shot of the tower with me standing adjacent, hands crossed in front.

In Italy the shows tend to start late (average 11pm) so by the time we arrived at the houses we stayed at, it was nearly 3am, each night. The next night in Bologna was a hometown show for Raein on a Friday night and I was excited. We did not see much of the town, except for a nice long walk in the park. Back at the venue (quite a neat squat, shared with some local queer activists), I listened to some discussion on the interview with The Rites from *HeartattaCk* #45, in which one of the members "talked shit" on Italian shows. I considered the facts and concluded that the guy may have been misunderstood in the interview but did seem to approach the whole idea like an asshole. Not to mention that, at all shows, bands get vegan dinner, breakfast, and a place to stay. Anyway, the show turned out to be a blast. It was tremendously DIY and I was at home. Except for the mosquitoes...

The next night in Milano was at a large communist squat, in which the crowd seemed to be a bit on the younger side. I lost at foosball, twice, and scored some orange juice at the bar. We battled mosquitoes outside until the show started. Raein put on a great show again and I watched Funeral Diner from the back, enjoying the last set I would see from them.

The next day I left Funeral Diner, opting to stay in Bergamo for an Open Air Festival put on by my new friend, Charlie. Neil On Impression played so I stuck around to hang out for one more

day. Greta, who hosted us the night before, put me up for one more night. The next morning I wandered around in the heat before taking the train to Switzerland.

Switzerland

Switzerland was a wonderful time. Immediately after being picked up at train station, I joined Ralph at his first practice with a band that included *HeartattaCk*'s very own, Marianne Hofstetter (8). Since then, we spent our day cooking glorious dinners (including my first burrito since crossing the pond) and stuffing ourselves silly. I battled with bank problems in St. Gallen and spent a day in Bern at the South African Consulate. Note to anyone applying for a visa, to any country: at all costs, do it in your country of residence. It's not easy otherwise. We also spent a day driving around Northeast Switzerland, taking time to see Santis, a beautiful mountaintop, and go swimming in Walensee, a lake surrounded by mountains and even a town sans cars! Talk about paradise!

I have been thinking about the way I've been experiencing my time here, questioning the validity of my approach to seeing Europe. I haven't set foot in a hostel yet, and I cannot help but to ask, "Is that wrong?" Probably not. Which then leads me to question is there a "right" in the first place? Maybe it's just my perception of *How To Travel Europe For Dummies* or something. In my hyperactive need to overanalyze everything, I considered this point further: the whole backpacking-through-Europe-from-hostel-to-hostel stereotype seems a bit overrated (let alone privileged) anyway. I mean, sure driving in a van an average of 5 hours a day in brutal summer heat ain't my idea of a party, but it sure is nicer than the beaten path and same ol' story. Besides, meeting punks from halfway around the world is awesome! Yet, I still wondered if I was missing out on some aspect of the whole experience. For the last few days of my jaunt on the tour, I became fixed on the question. What does it mean to be a

white male punk going through Europe, staying with other punk kids, cooking food, and celebrating our time over some records and at shows? Being here in the first place, irrelevant of the punk status, is a privilege on its own. Who am I to even come here, speaking only English? Now we're opening a can of worms...

Thanks for all the support, home & abroad.
— xoxo Chandler

P.S. By the time this issue goes to print, I should be in South Africa. If you would like to reach me, the best way is by email: chandlerbriggs@gmail.com, or you can mail to: 46 20th Ct./Hermosa Beach, CA 90254

Footnotes:

1-An extremely expensive vegan organic restaurant in SF. Too high class for me, but hey, I wasn't paying and he offered. Would you really turn that down.

2-Actually, that's not true. Earlier in the day I had a nice brunch with all the kids, and the weekend before was the infamous "Pink Mailbox Fest 2K5," so I guess I have really nothing to complain about.

3-*Hitch* was a pathetic attempt at regurgitating some heterosexist dating plot; *Meet The Fockers* was a horrid follow up to a mediocre comedy that relied too much on potty humor. I am beginning to think that the words "horrible" and "Hollywood" are interchangeable when describing movies.

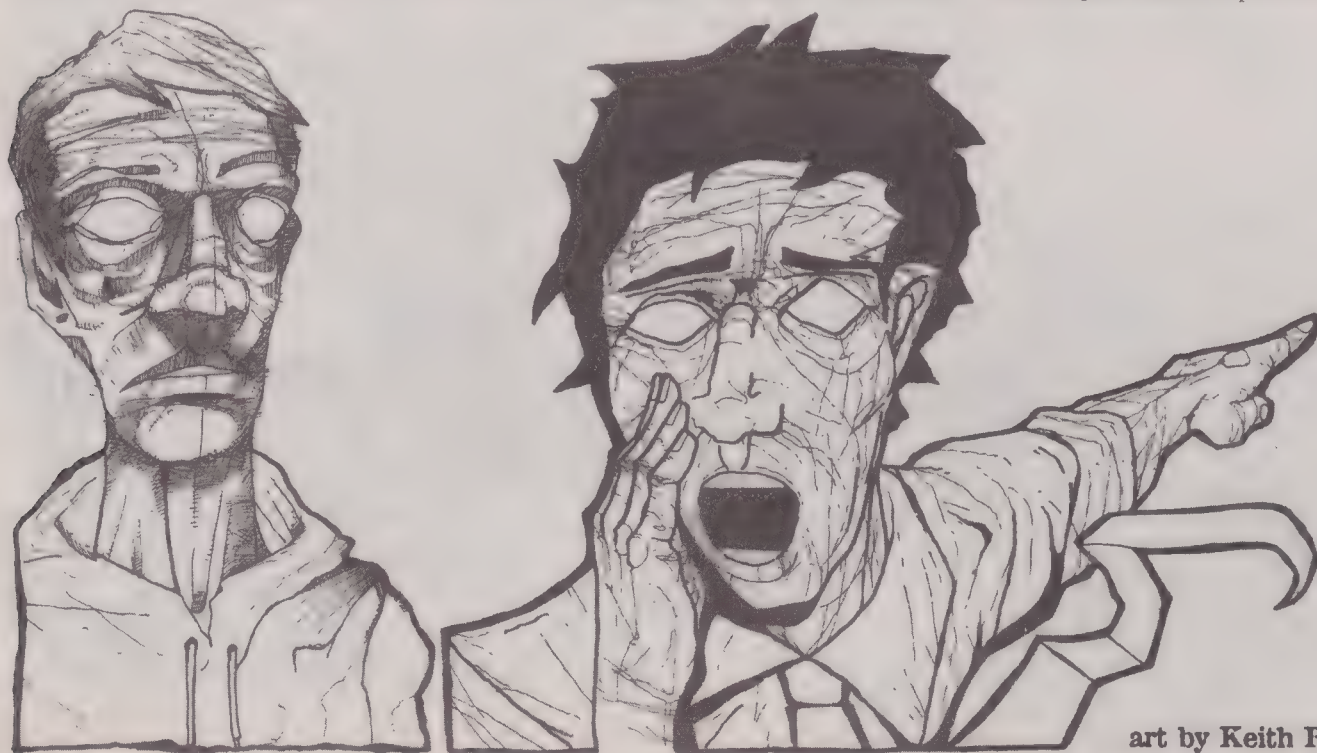
4-I was crammed into the window seat, which is not the most comfortable space when the guy next to you sleeps in a very spread-out fashion.

5-Well, not so much a stage... more like the front of a hotel. Don't ask.

6-Mayhem, on a Tuesday evening no less.

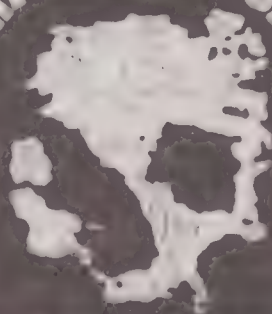
7-This may not seem special to some of you, but seriously... Thank you, Seb.

8-Talk about a name drop, I know. I'm trying my best but I just couldn't help this one.



art by Keith Rosson

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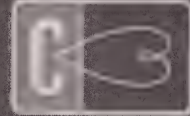
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GIANTS OF GRIND #1 • DVD

While I did watch this DVD forward to end several times I never did see any "giants," so to speak. But I did observe tall Germans, barbarian guitarists, people who resembled trolls, men with dreadlocks and bright camo pants doing peculiar rave dances, a man with glasses and a Celtic reggae shirt who could sing in slow motion, and synchronized head banging. I also witnessed crazy camera angles that even capture the drummers and the hilarious faces they make when they are sweating out their blast beats. The bands on the DVD are Cyness, Autoritar, Bizarre X, F.U.B.A.R., Skrupel, Birdflesh, HellBlazer, MindFlair, Neuron, Sterbehilfe, Bathtub Shitter, Entrails Massacre, and Sanitys Dawn. The two best bands are Birdflesh and Bathtub Shitter in my opinion. One of my favorite bands, Birdflesh, plays over the top and fun grindcore with song titles such as "Night Of The Ultimate Mosh," and "Carnival Of Slime." Then there is the Bathtub Shitter fifty that is just plain out brutal. In all the footage is exceptional and all the bands are really good. The only thing is, is where are all of the giants? I guess lost on the foggy antiquity of time passed. Maybe next time they could call it *Dudes Of Grind*, or *Guy's Who Play Grindcore And Totally Rock Out All Heavy And Shit*. Grind on, you crazy fools. Grind your fucking axe until doomsday, and even after that! CF (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

TOXIC NARCOTIC • Live In Boston! DVD

A 2004 live show from Boston's longest standing DIY hardcore band. The DVD was put out on their own label, Rodent Popsicle, but also includes videos and interviews with a few of the kids in the crowd. Professional camera work and editing makes this hard to believe the band actually put this out on their own, but should we expect anything less after 15 years? I don't think so. MV (Rodent Popsicle Records/PO Box 1143/Ailston, MA 02134; rodentpopsicle.com)

ASVA • Futurists Against The Ocean CD

Oh boy, upon receiving this CD I was taken aback at some of the members of this group. Asva seems to be to drone, what Hot Cross is to screamo: a supergroup comprised of some of the biggest and weirdest bands out there. Members of Sunn O))), Mr. Bungle, Burning Witch, Master Musicians Of Bukkake, Black Horse, and more comprise this group—with the first two names making doom and experimental fans drool. I have to admit, this was a tricky release for me to review, mainly because I am not a huge doom fan. The first thing that is noticeable is that Asva seems to move a

the radio stations will be playing 10+ minute doom songs here any second. CJ (Mimicry Recordings; webofmimicry.com)

ACHILLES • The Dark Horse CD

Sounds like something that Level Plane might put out here. Heavy emotional rock. This sort of reminds me of Coliseum or Black Cross. Not really anything I care to listen to these days. Ten songs on this disc. NW (Hex/201 Maple Ln./North Syracuse, NY 13212; hanginghex.com)

ALL THESE WHILE... • Insulters Of God cassette

All These While... is from Singapore and play anti religious grind core. The lyrics are anti god and also talk of the darker sides of life with topics like suicide and death. I'm not sure what's up with the vocals though, as there are 2 singers and the timing of the vocals is totally off. The music is tight, and average quality grind core, but the vocals are all over the place and throw off the timing of the music. If the vocals matched up with the beat, this would be great, but I guess there were too many syllables written to keep up with the rhythm of the songs. DJ (Sangsara Records/PO Box 13288/50806 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

AMATEUR PARY • Sounds And Halls To House Them CD

Amateur Party features members of Off Minor, Kill The Man Who Questions, and Limp Wrist, but don't expect anything like those bands. Amateur Party is a lot closer to Wire than to modern day hardcore. Their sound is a combination of DC hardcore (the emotive/rock type rather than the thrash type) and punk rock. Personally, I think that this is a great CD. One of the better CDs that I have heard this year. Just super catchy and enjoyable to listen to. I have probably listened to it over 50 times since I got it. Honestly, I think this is really good. Rocking punk that is well done and interesting. I totally recommend this. KM (Golden Brown Records/PO Box 8402/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

Record Reviews

720 • La Esencia No Se Pierde CD

There is something to say about the difference between bands that play a certain style of music in one place or another. Take this band for example. They play straight forward youth crew hardcore, but they play it with tons of style and the music seems very inspired and urgent. So many bands could try something like this and sound generic and played out. But give it a change of location and attitude and then you have something new from something familiar. The lyrics are more about being in the streets and taking a stand and calling politicians out, instead of how cool and tough your crew is. The words are sung in espanol, which is always better when a band sings in their native tongue instead of English. Fuck yeah! Go for it! CF (720 Crew/Juan A Garcia 2815/Buenos Aires (1416)/Argentina)

AÇÃO DIRETA • Entre A Bêncão E O Caos LP

Ação Direta comes out with both guns blazing, tossing out fourteen uncompromising songs. Their sound is heavy and brutal hardcore punk, with a nice sense of melody behind all the dark layers. I like the way the vocals are placed in the forefront and delivered clearly, making it obvious that the message is important to this band. Most lyrics deal with resisting oppression from government, religion, and society. Calling out all the shit and searching for truth in the mire. Ação Direta are Brazilian, their songs are sung in Portuguese but this record also lists English translations. The songs on this LP vary from upbeat rockers to straight up thrashers, and that distinction between tracks makes for a highly listenable LP. LO (Blackprint Records/PO Box 34298/London/NW5 4XZ/England)

ACCURSED DAWN • Manifest Damnation CD

I wasn't quite sure how this one would sound because the cover art could mean it was metal in a bad way, but this is metal in a GOOD way. The cover is a collage of images of vulture heads spitting out flames or lightning, with the band logo in a logo that's a bit hard to read. The artwork is actually pretty cool, as my description doesn't make it seem so. Anyway, this band plays what I would call crusty black metal similar to Fall Of The Bastards, but with less blast beats and more Slayer like fast core. The lyrics are dark and poetic and interesting to read. The recording is great and has you really hard with intense rhythm and sound waves (ic'd with screamed and growled vocals. Lots of guitar riffing going on as well, and the drumming is quite precise. Overall a good dose of brutal metal core/grind crust, and I think it's pretty fucking good! DJ (Pop Faction Records, popfaction.com)

ARMY OF JESUS • Rats In The Walls 7"

With a name taken from one of my favorite Rudimentary Peni songs, I was hoping this would be something like the Peni. It isn't, but it is at least halfway decent. This band plays angry punk with shouted vocals and appears to be vegan, or so it seems to me. The melodies are decent and the core is ok as well, but this isn't all that exciting or interesting enough to leave a strong impression in my mind. I don't really know what would make this more interesting, but it seems to be just run of the mill. DJ (54 to 1600 A Wheelies/Austin, TX 76725)

AW=Amy Wright,
MH=Marianne Hofstetter,
CJ=Cole Jones, CD=Chris
Duprey, CB=Chandler
Briggs, MO=Mikey Ott,
DJ=Dave Johnson,
NW=Nate Wilson, CF=Chuck
Franco, TH=Tyler Humer,
JM=Jenny Mundy,
MV=Mike Vos, KM=Kent
McClard, DUH=Danny
Ornee, MA=Matt Average,
PK=Paul Kane, DO=Dylan
Ostendorf, SJS=Steve
Snyder, MAH=Mike Haley,
CTB=Cole Tyler Barrinton,
TS=Tim Sheehan,
DF=Reverend Doctor Dan
Fontaine, BH=Brett Hall &
LO=Lisa Oglesby

lot more than Sunn O))) ever did, its good to see that changing notes and transitioning to different parts of songs isn't an idea foreign to doom. However, don't go into this thinking that is some moving monumental work either, its still a lot of repetition and low notes that only whales can truly appreciate. The second half of the CD, starting with the track "Fortune" is when things really start to change a bit. Jessica Kenney comes in with vocals and the music seems to move more than it had in the past 20 minutes, and actually moves into a group song chorus that moves and sways with the vocals. I can almost listen to this! If you're a doom fan, all you probably need to know is Sunn O))), otherwise, listen before you buy. Oh, and don't worry too much about them not getting recognized, according to this press release page, they are going to have a "full press and radio campaign," with specialized press inquiry and media management by Noreaster Media, and booking agents. Yeah, I'm sure all

APPENDIX • Money Is Not My Currency LP

This one is a reissue of a classic Finnish punk rock LP and 7" on one LP. This LP has material from 1983, the early days of Finnish punk rock. There were many great bands that played different styles of punk, and Appendix plays more melodic, yet fast, style of punk. Catchy chords and riffs, good shouted but melodic vocals, and that awesome old school "sound," the kind that doesn't get tiresome to listen to. There's something about the raw and unbridled energy in old school, which this album has, that you can really feel the excitement and freshness of the music. Back then, hardcore punk rock hadn't really been done too much before, so bands like this were forging the sounds for future bands to follow in. Hey, Severed Head Of State covers the first song off the full length on this one. Back then in Finland, you had the greats such as Terve Kadet, Riistetyt, Kaaos, and Tampere SS, to name a few and, in my opinion, Appendix is among those greats. Pick this one up for some classic Finnish hardcore punk. Excellent! DJ (Hohne Records c/o Andreas Höhn/An Der Kuhtränke 7/31535 Neustadt/Germany; hoehnierecords.de)

ARMISTICE • Fluff And Stuff LP

Here we have a compilation of 7"s and comp tracks by the SoCal anarchist/peace/crust punk band Armistice. Armistice plays pissed and energetic fast paced punk rock. With good guitars and steady drumming, simple and to the point lyrics are screamed in urgency to relay the destruction caused by capitalist fiends and corporate and government assholes. The lyrics mainly hang over the idea that the human race is killing itself and everything around it. The music is great, but the layout of the songs on the LP jacket is confusing. It doesn't say what songs are on side A or B, and the lyric sheet has songs listed in mixed up order. I had a hard time following the lyrics because I had to look at the LP jacket to figure out what song I was hearing, and then fish for the lyrics. Otherwise this is a great record of political punk rock. DJ (Despotix Records/PO Box 832/Long Beach, CA 90801)

AWAKENING TO COME • Descent In The Crowd CD

This Swiss quartet plays some epic mid tempo melodic metallic hardcore. Their vocals have a subtle but effective vocal range from a slightly higher pitched scream to a darker throatier one. Neither style dominates on these nine songs, which is a welcome surprise. My copy was burned and the liner notes contained no lyrics, but as the official release will include a lyric sheet. Good. PK (Jean Prokhoroff/Rue De Geneve 17/1003 Lausanne/Switzerland)

AVSKUM • Re-Crucified By The System CD

This CD is a reissue on Armageddon Label, it was originally from 1997 on Bru Records. It compiles the legendary Avskum demos and "Son ene CD" Avskum formed in 1982 and are still around today. They play raw hardcore punk with a Scandinavian feel. Political lyrics and end time messages are among some of the lyrics, and the music is driving. The recording quality isn't so great, but then are demos of course. I would recommend this one to Avskum fans who want to hear all the stuff in between the LPs, but my only hesitation is because of the recording quality.

The music is good, so it does make up a bit for the demo sound. Overall, good! DJ (Armageddon Label/PO Box 56/Providence, RI 0901)

ARABROT • CD

A mix of modern hardcore and hard rock; a recipe for blandness. It has catchy elements, but still doesn't rock much. The vocals are shitty. He sounds like he's going for the Melvins thing, but it comes off pretty contrived. They even bite off Helmet in the song "Liaison Summer." Yeah bra, here's to lack of vision... MA (Rat; norwayratrecords.com or arabrot.com)

B.U.S.H. • Buy Us Some Heroin 7"

At its heart this is thrash, but there's also a of bouncy and melodic punk element as well. The vocals have that rough thrash "yell on the edge of screaming" style. There's the buzz-saw guitars and fast 1-2-1-2 drumming. But then they'll slow down a bit and the music loses some of its straight-forward thrash feel and starts sounding a bit like a really rough sounding Econochrist. This lifts it out of the "every thrash band sounds alike" category and makes it worth checking out. BH (625 Thrashcore; 625thrash.com)

BASTARDS • Siberian Hardcore LP

I've been hearing a lot of hype about the reissue of this old school Finnish punk band's record, and I've listened to it a few times. I just don't see why it's supposed to be so great. The guitars and melodies sound good, and the vocals have a raw '80s sound to them, and all of that works well for the band. The problem I have with this record is the atrocious drumming and lack of steadiness in tempo and timing. The drummer can't seem to keep the beat steady, and through every song the tempo constantly slows down and speeds up, as well as some of the riffs being off timing. The whole sound seems to aggravate my ears and cause uneasiness because of the tumultuous tempo. I know this isn't intentional, and it sure doesn't sound like it is. My question is: Just because something is said to be a classic, why should it be revered as one? DJ (Hohne Records c/o Andreas Höhn/An Der Kührtränke 7/31535 Neustadt/Germany; hoehnierecords.de)

BATHTUB SHITTER • Wall Of World Is Words CD

Here we have another album by Japan's one and only Bathtub Shitter. Crazy and hectic toilet grind core with a heavy sound and insane screamed vocals. The lyrics are about social and political issues, but are discussed in terms of taking a shit. Say, a taking a shit as a metaphor for dropping a nuclear bomb, for example. Broken English makes the lyrics wacky, but you gotta love the Bathtub Shitter. Who else would do stuff like this!?! DJ (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

BELLMER DOLLS • The Diva 7"

The Birthday Party and pre-Christian Nick Cave are great. However, I have no interest in bands such as Bellmer Dolls lifting the previously mentioned's sound. About as inspiring as reading the ingredients to a loaf of bread. MA (Dogprint Records; dogprint.com)

BEAUMONT HAMEL • CD

This CD contains six songs of contemporary political punk. The music is heavy edged driving punk with screamy male vocals. The vocal delivery reminds me of Alex from Former Members Of Alfonsin/Please Inform The Captain This Is A Hijack, only slower and less fluid. The lyrics critique the shitbox of a world we live in; referencing US government policies, corporations, social constructs, education, etc. Good. PK (Goodwin Center For Audio Design; beaumonthamel.cjb.net)

BICKLE'S CAB • Your Society 7"

This band plays fast and angry punk with total political lyrics that are backed by furious drums and classic hardcore guitar work. If I had to make a comparison I would have to say that it sounds a little like Aus Rotten meets Brother Inferior. The vocals have a little bit more of a dynamic feel in the range and the guitars sound pretty UK hardcore ala mid to late '80s thrash. They cram a good amount of songs on this EP and the recording quality doesn't suffer badly at all. In short, good pissed off punk for today's standards of reality. CF (Town Clock Records/PO Box 132/Thnek/Y071WR/England)

THE BINDING • CD

This isn't that bad I guess even though I found it to be generic metalcore with nicely styled hair and stupid song titles. They also sent a contact sheet of "key-selling points" I should put in here to help convince you guys to make this purchase telling me who they are endorsed by. I don't know much about that, but I do know this CD was a total drag to listen to. MV (Imagine It Records/817 N 50th Ave./Omaha, NE 98132; imagineitrecords.com)

BIRDFLESH • Live At Giants Of Grind CD

What?? A well recorded live grind band?? You have got to be kidding me. I'm gonna go grab my Enemy Soil flexi and get smacked back into reality. MAH (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

BLACK COUGAR SHOCK UNIT • Godzilla Tripware CD

Mixing some bad Cro Mags riffs with perhaps a bit of a more modern rock or "emo" sound is what these guys seem to be doing here. It becomes painful even before the singer actually tries to sing. A good reason to

avoid Atlanta, GA if you ask me. NW (Newest Industry/Unti 100, Wellfield Rd./Cardiff/CF24 3DG/UK; thenewestindustry.com)

BLACK COUGAR SHOCK UNIT • Hello... CD

You know, I am getting a little fucking tired of every band from Gainesville sounding like every band from Gainesville sounding like every band from Gainesville! There is only so much one can say about this style before they throw themselves off of a bridge. Just read an old review for Army Of Ponch and replace Black Cougar Shock Unit when reading it. MAH (Newest Industry/Unti 100, Wellfield Rd./Cardiff/CF24 3DG/UK; thenewestindustry.com)

BLACKK JERKSS • demo

This band plays a pretty rad blend of surf/punk rock, with lots of rockin' solos and a high-pitched female vocals. Six Songs from these Bakersfieldians. CD (\$3 to Going Underground/1412 17th St. #C/Bakersfield, CA 93301)

BLOOD IN BLOOD OUT • Respect Our Loyalty CD

If Blood In Blood Out were a car, they would be a Hummer. Large, bulky, annoying, and taking up space that others could be using in a much more resourceful manner. If Blood In Blood Out were a stand up comedian, they would be telling Monica Lewinski jokes, or explaining the difference between black people and white people at Fickles Laugh Shack in Alhambra, Illinois. If Blood In Blood Out were a band (which unfortunately they are) they would be an appalling hardcore group with an album called *Respect Our Loyalty*. Your loyalty to what, assholes? To sound exactly like Hatebreed moshy garbage and probably say "fuck this faggot" when reading this review? Do something else, anything else! Because your "back to basics" approach at music is basically revolting. MAH (Spook City Records/PO Box 34891/Philadelphia, PA 19101; spookcityusa.com)

THE BODY • LP

Holy crap is this LP boring! This band plays slow and torturous sludge inspired hardcore. The songs are way too long for their lack of riff diversity. Seriously, 4 minutes and 45 seconds of the same 3 chords gets old really fucking fast. Then there are the vocals. They all are the same tone, all high pitched, and all overly distorted to understand, and are monotonous. I am serious about the lack of riff diversity though. Every song starts out with at least 1 minute and 20 seconds of the same riff and drumbeat until the songs does something else, which is not that interesting. Sounds like stoners jamming on riffs. Not to mention an instrumental track that is 3 minutes of the same riff with no changes except for a mediocre drum fill, and then it just cuts off, like MAGIC! Like this review! DJ (\$8 to Obscure Press/Travid F./PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604)

BOHEMIAN GRAVE • Progeny Of Decrepitude CD

This review came with a note about how Mark McCoy should n't review it because he sucks or something like that, but I lost the note so whatever. What you have here is riff oriented metal grind whateverness. There are like 26 parts to each song all crammed in there. Homeboy on the axe gets all crazy and shit, and the dude on the drums follows along with blast beats into chugging riff after riff. The vocals range from screaming metal shit to full on bear growls. I didn't know there were so many guitar riffs in the world. And time changes as well. The singer reads a lot I think. He

gives up props to Kafka and stuff, and other people who write books. "See you in the library" it says in the insert. No, I'll see you in the library, you big cuddly tiger you! CF (\$5 to Dylan Taylor-Lehman/927 Laurel Ave./Zanesville, OH 43701)

BONEHOUSE • The Fuse Is Lit LP

Bonehouse totally could be the soundtrack for our modern days world of tension, conflict, police states, and corporate America rule. The music ranges from more melodic sounding punk songs to straight up in your face hardcore. I love the cover version of the F.U.'s "Young Fast and Iranian," with Iranian changed to American instead! The musicianship is excellent and the vocals are gruff and fucking pissed. The lyrics are rad and are a big fuck off to riot cops, Bill Gates, cock rockers, and capitalists in general. The best song title has got to be "The Capitalists Are Fucking Our Mother Earth, That's Why We Are Calling Them Mother Fuckers!" Excellent! Well, on the scale of rock-ability, this is definitely up there, the whole album is listenable, the lyrics are fun, and the music is well structured. CF (Höhnie Records c/o Andreas Höhn/An Der Kührtränke 7/31535 Neustadt/Germany; hoehnierecords.de)

BORA • Step Into Kismet's Face CD

Thirteen metallic hardcore songs from this Lithuanian quartet. The music is driving, slightly raw metallic hardcore with some double bass thrown in. The male vocals (in English) are screamed effectively with occasional spoken/sung backing male vocals. They lyrics are personal with political undertones and are slightly cryptic due to their English translations. Good. PK (Unbeliever/Kestas K./PO Box 3041/2026 Vilnius/Lithuania; unbeliever.hardcore.lt)

BOSTON X • 7"

Apparently this mysterious band is made up of members from well-known Boston HC bands. No idea what bands those could be. Hmmm... Musically, Boston X is run of the mill straight-edge style hardcore. Nothing extraordinary, or memorable. Mid tempo songs about straight edge. Not much fire in these songs to warrant more than a couple listens. This record is free and available through randomly inserted mailorders via Rev and Bridge 9. No joke. Or just wait it out and pick it up for a dollar in a few months in the cut out bin in at your local vinyl graveyard. MA (Str8ntrue; str8ntrue.com)

BOXED IN • Too Many Dead LP

On the new LP, Boxed In continues on their dreary path of harsh music and harsher ideas. This band is comprised of hardcore veterans from Doom, Ebola, Sawm Off, Oi Polloi, Status Quo, Embittered, and Minute Manifesto. There might also be someone from Suffer, but I might have him confused with the guy from Doom. Anyway, point being the experience of creating music in those bands shows a certain level of quality and vigor—especially since Boxed In just keeps going and going. It has been a few years since I've seen a record from them but they haven't lost any momentum. This new record shreds with thirteen new songs. Side A has eight blistering thrash songs that pummel you with consistent weight and intensity. This set of songs reminds me a lot of Secin' Red, though Boxed In throws in more melody and their songs vary more. Side B slows things down with the last five songs and you really start to feel the intensity of this band. Every chord seems deliberate and definite, really bringing you into the record. By the end of it, all the emotion this band put into the record is



easily understood by the listener. You don't really need to read the lyrics to understand, but you ought to because they (and especially their accompanying explanations) are good. Band lyrics worth reading in 2005? Yes, old fogies, it is true. I really like Boxed In. They create a great mood with their stuff and their records (yes, they put out records) are quality stuff. This LP is available in the US from Lengua Armada and the European pressing is on Crime Scene. LO (Boxed In c/o Box Flat Earth/145-149 Cardigan Rd./Leeds/LS 6 1LJ/UK)

BREATHE IN • 7"

I was expecting screamo style shit but this was some rocking high energy, heartbreak fueled hardcore punk. And that's all I have to say about that. CD (Assault Records/PO Box 102514/28025 Bremen/Germany; assaultrecords.com)

BRIDGE TO SOLACE • Kingdom Of The Dead CD

Metal-core these days has been tainted by the Mac-wearing, designer-jeaned, bleached-out haircuts on stage, concentrating on how sexy their tattoos look than how heavy they rock. These emo bands that *Headbanger's Ball* wants you to think are metal have turned many people away from the genre, including me. But, I still try to keep an ear to the ground of metal-core just in case another gem like Fall Silent's *Superstructure*, or Aftershock's *Through The Looking Glass* comes along. Bridge To Solace cranks out some pretty good metal-core in the way in was supposed to be played: heavy, melodic, technical and fast. With dueling finger-tapping and some impressive, galloping, "chudiness," these guys from Budapest will want to make US bands like Darkest Hour want to up the ante or fold. The dudes add some pretty sweet Gregorian-style chant that adds to the epicness of these 5 songs, which seems appropriate when you live in a city that has a castle every block. Basically, I have nothing bad to say about this band; even the clean vocals that happen once are tolerable because they aren't belted out like in the style of Saves The Day. In the span of writing this, I listened to the album 6 times in a row and was still stoked on listening to it. So I'm glad to see that the genre isn't completely dead and ruined by record labels like Victory. CTB (Let It Burn/Erzigessereistr. 51/Munich/Germany; letitburnrecords.com)

THE BRIGHT AND HOLLOW SKY • Gemstate CD

Sixteen poppy rock songs with male vocals and keyboards. The songs lengths speak volumes, with most clocking in just under three minutes. The Anniversary is definitely a reference point, only these songs are less catchy, slower and ultimately boring. The lyrics are personal and impossible to re-interpret. PK (Pop Faction Records; popfaction.com)

BROKEN BONES • Time For Anger, Not Justice CD

Here you find the same angry hard punk that you might expect from Broken Bones. However, if you have to choose between buying this or one of the earlier albums, I would go with the earlier album. It's just hard to beat those early '80s releases. This is a good album, but if I'm going to listen to Broken Bones I want to hear *Dem Bones* or something. DUH (Dr. Strange Records/PO Box 1058/Alta Loma, CA 91701; drstrange.com)

BÜMBKLÄT • Ciegos 10"

Bümbklät rips you a new one with their fiery brand of grind and metal. These songs are harsh as shit, but with a good amount of melodic backbone to make them more than noise. They tend to come off as evil anthems to despair, disgust, and frustration. Intense, intricate, and precise throughout, Bümbklät's music add a little sophistication to the grind genre. LO (Despotec Records/PO Box 832/Long Beach, CA 90801)

THE BUTCHERINGS • Manifesto Of The Moment CD

This starts out slow and heavy, then picks up some speed as it moves along. But for some reason it always feels like it's on the wrong speed. A fair amount of these songs have a heavy rock feel to them, though some introduce a bit more manic energy and there's one that veers off in the "creepy circus music" direction. The guitars are tuned down and the singing has a howling sort of feel to it. At various points saxophone and harmonica are introduced as well. At a few points I found this interesting but the overall feeling of being that little bit too slow sort of wrecked it for me. BH (PO Box 29383/Providence, RI 02909; thebutcherings.com)

CAPTAIN PLANET • Latent Plaster Der Strand 7"

This has all the trappings of your run-of-the-mill emo-pop band: melody, songs that are mostly mid-tempo, vocals that are sang more than yelled or screamed, and a dreamy feel. But Captain Planet put more intensity and a rougher edge into the mix as well and the result is a cut above the generic emo pop sound. They also keep the song length down by avoiding the dreaded song that drags on much longer than it should. My only real complaint is that while there's a good amount of intensity to this, there were points where it felt like they were holding back. This isn't always a bad thing, but in this case it felt like it would have worked to let things hang a bit more. Overall this is still good though. BH (Unter Durchschnit-Braugasse 5/50859 Köln/Germany; unterdurchschnitt.de)

CHILDREN OF FALL • Bonjour Tristesse CD

Children Of Fall plays a mix of melodic hardcore, punk and emo. They hail from Sweden and feature members of Serene. The layout is high production, a full color booklet printed on rice paper. Their politics are pretty obvious once you get back the pricey layout and read the lyrics. They sing about anarchy, anti-organized religion, and liberation of oppressed people, but also personal issues and cryptic poetic stories.

Overall, I'm enjoying the messages, but I really cannot get into the music. It's sort of like Grade and maybe Cave-In, but it has this poppy aspect that does not blend well with the hardcore aspects, like all that mall emo that kids go nuts over. The songs are also way too long (they average 4-5 minutes). But I'm some people would probably like this. Scene Police put out an LP of theirs. 10 songs, 45 minutes. CB (Day After Records/PO Box 153/35201 As/Czech Republic; dayafter.cz)

CLUSTERFUCK • Midlife Crisis 7"

This is hardcore punk. No metal, no emo, no bullshit. P-U-N-K. Punk! Reminds me of the early '80s California sound. It's semi chaotic, loud, noisy, catchy and has the much needed fuck all attitude. The distortion and screeching guitars between songs is a plus. Thirteen tracks total and not one dud in the bunch. Favorite tracks here are "The Burning People," "Replace Me," "Big Creeping Fear," and "Humans Disappoint Me." MA (Wintermute/38 Wall St./Valhalla, NY 10595)

THE COOTERS • Punk Metal CD

The Cooters is a three-piece band out of Mississippi. On the insert they say they've been around since 1993, and I don't doubt it. The music is played very tight and has a rather original sound. It's a mix somewhere between rockabilly, rock and roll, and punk or hardcore. Several of the songs are pretty catchy, with only a couple of filler tracks. The lyrical content covers topics such as workin' for the man, rejecting mainstream culture, and fuck the rich. I like this CD, it's good to hear something different out there. DUH (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408; profaneexistence.com)

COUGHS • Frighi Makes Right CD

Oh goodie, I got something for review on Load. For me, the stuff on Load goes into three categories: Lightning Bolt, irritating noise, and cutesy noise. This ensemble has enough weirdness that I will put them in the cutesy noise category. This six-piece combines horns, vocals, guitar, percussion, and freakiness to create a range of songs. Some are just ugh and others have an engaging beat and, every now and again, an interesting set of lyrics. This Coughs CD has fifteen songs on it and it can be hard to take it all in one sitting. LO (Load Records/PO Box 35/Providence, RI 02901; loadrecords.com)

COUGHING UP BLOOD • Copstache 7"

This band is obnoxiously good. These desert dwelling hardcores play only two speeds, fastcore and breakdown. Nine songs on this one. I could understand the sentiments behind "Blinded By Bush" and "Death To False Hardcore," but how are you gonna sing about bringing down the police state and burning the mall when you have a song about how great Taco Bell is. Bleeargh! It wouldn't be so annoying if they didn't have any political lyrics, but on "Blinded By Bush" they sing about seeing past Bush and looking at the oil baron empire he represents, and on burn down the malls they talk about wiping the smiles of those Abercrombie wearing motherfuckers. Well what's the difference between wearing a corporate logo and consuming a corporate product? They win either way, and both have their part in the police state. On "Summer Break Is A Conspiracy" they sing about getting bored over summer break and wanting to do anything, even go back to school. Maybe I'm just a wingnut, but I think the real conspiracy could be that the corporations have us all locked into the wageslave/consumer society—where the majority of people are consuming mass produced, processed, and devalitized food and many are suffering from diet related illnesses such as obesity, clogged arteries, diabetes, addiction to sugar, caffeine, and alcohol, among others. And this keeps us locked into the endless nightmare that is mainstream healthcare in America, paying out the ass to right what could have been prevented by healthy eating and learning to take care of oneself. Bleeargh. CD (Coughing Up Records/9276 South Myrtle Ave./Tempe, AZ 85284; thrashattack.com)

CRIMENES DE GUERRA • Sangre Rebelde CD

Starts off decent enough. Crust punk from Mexico City that at first is musically more on the hardcore punk side. Then on "Kontrol" they start throwing in the lame ass grind vocals. One high and one low. The "grrrrr" and "aaaitreeeee" way of singing is pretty damned comical. Decent music marred by bad vocals. Too bad. MA (Shaman Records c/o Juan Carlos Perfector/1546 N Talman/Chicago, IL 60622)

CRISIS WHAT CRISIS • Christopher Street Day CD

This is some pretty good poppy punk stuff from these Germans. It's catchy, fun and danceable. The cover is really cool too, because it's got a picture of Bush and Schwarzenegger getting married on the white house lawn, with a body builder era Schwarzenegger as the bride. It's funny how they have British accents even though they're German. Gay pride popcore that reminds me of that band Petrograd. CD (Friendly Cow Records/Achterstr. 9/50678 Cologne/Germany; friendlycow.de)

DISRESPECT • 2004 Recordings CD

This is some catchy punk/crust stuff, with three singers. Solid UK/peace punk influenced American hardcore. Two "7"s on this one. Though, for having three singers, it almost doesn't sound like it. It sounds the same as a three piece where all members sing, instead of a band with three singers. I guess it's the same, but it seems like with three singers, they could have a more constant vocal attack and fat gang parts, too. But hey, it's their band, they probably like it the way it is. It is pretty good. CD (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408; profaneexistence.com)

DEAD FISH • Afasia CD

I don't know. I mean, I know this rocks. Hard. Totally energetic and driving. It's the kind of music that I like to put on to motivate me through cleaning-type chores. Dead Fish are from Brazil and the vocals are in Portuguese. Sometimes I wonder if a foreign language makes things more interesting to me for non-merit reasons, but now that I listen to it more, I'm convinced it would rock in any language. This is a re-release on a German Label of a record that was a huge hit in Brazil. Good choice. DF (Friendly Cow Records/Achterstr. 9/50678 Cologne/Germany; friendlycow.de)

DECAHEDRON • 2005 CD

This band plays some music that is hard for me to sum up. Brooding and moody, the first track is an instrumental. Four originals and a Bauhaus cover finish up the rest. Sort of like screamo meets Neurosis style instrumental mayhem. Pretty bleak stuff, I didn't think this was too bad. This was recorded at Inner Ear. The CD also contains a video, but unfortunately I couldn't get it to work with the computer. Oh well. I'm sure if you're into this band you'll pick this up regardless of my review. CD (\$8 to Lovitt Records/PO Box 100248/Arlington, VA 22210; lovitt.com)

DEFDUMP • Makeshift Polaris CD

Nine metallic hardcore songs from this Luxembourg quartet. Musically, this is raw, crunchy, dynamic hardcore that will appeal to fans of accomplished contemporary European hardcore. These songs are well thought out and work, despite the over-extended slower parts within the songs. The male vocalist is extremely talented, frequently oscillating his voice between singing and screaming. His screaming voice is on the money, but his singing voice (while fine) doesn't work with the extent to which he uses it. A minimal amount of singing might prove more effective. The lyrics are mainly personal, which is a drag because I want this band to say something substantial to compliment the intensity of their music. PK (Unbeliever/Kestas K./PO Box 3041/2026 Vilnius/Lithuania; unbeliever.hardcore.lt)

DENUNZIO • Continuous Vaudeville CD

Nine songs from this Denver based rock trio plus a cover of "Moth" by Pond. Musically, these songs aren't dynamic enough to hold my interest. They move along with no hooks, making much of this unmemorable. The male vocals, while lending some melody and pop sensibility, eventually fall into the background like everything else. Unfortunately, since all three members spent time in Acrobatic Down and there's even an alumni from Small Dog Frenzy (one of my all time favorite bands from Colorado). I wanted to like this, but what appears to be their third and final CD lacks energy and winds up being boring. PK (Spiderfright/3109 W 37th Ave./Denver, CO 80211; denunzio.net)

DIRECT CONTROL • Nuclear Tomorrow 7"

This is a great little 7", especially for those that dig old '80s hardcore. Direct Control is a complete throw back to a hardcore style that was devoid of metal or indie rock or grind. Straight up, stripped down, raw hardcore. Catchy and really well done. Songs about skateboarding, fucked up shit, and war. Certainly not the most original band ever, but put that aside and this is just a really solid hardcore record. Cool. KM (Sorry State Records/1102 N Greensboro St./Carrboro, NC 27510)

DRUMBS & TUBA • El Tubador/The Peleton CDeP

This is pretty cool sounding drums, electronics, tuba, trumpet, and guitar brought together by three musicians bent on making something new. Kind of like hip hop/rock fusion with the horns taking it back to the past, and the computers hurling into the future. Delay effects on the guitar, and infectious beats got me pretty stoked on this. No vocals, just instrumental madness. Cool collage art, too. CD (Sickroom Records/PO Box 47830/Chicago, IL 60647)

DUGONG • Quick To The City CD

Emotional indie rock from Wakefield, West Yorkshire with well-written, intricate guitar work and the occasional falsetto vocal stylings. This band was interesting to listen to because every song seems to fit a different genre, from emo to punk to indie rock and always keeps you on your toes. Nice layout, and textured paint on the actual CD. MV (Bombed Out Records/PO Box 11/Leeds LS8 1J PA/UK; bombedout.com)

EARTHLESS • Some Prayer CD

Endless blazing guitar, sometimes drift across astral plains and hence toward celestial destinations unknown. The two twenty minute tracks of spacemusic here lead me to believe this was originally on vinyl. No vocals here, just driving space rock reminiscent of early Hawkwind, but with less acid, probably. I recommend this if you enjoy Acid Heep, Blue Cheer, or getting stoned and riding the couch. DUH (Gravity Records/PO Box 81332 San Diego, CA 92139)

EMBALMING THEATER • Equisette Cadaveria... LP

This LP is a release of 2 Embalming Theatre albums on one record: the *Hormones* (from The Dead MCD) and the split CD with Torture Incident. Embalming Theatre plays harsh and brutal gore-goth core with lyrics about horror and disgusting things like cannibalism, rotting bodies, human mummification, and dead children. The lyrics are intended to have a feeling instead of the usual grind brutality, and the vocals are awesome. You can actually understand what the singer is saying! Unusual for grind

core. The lyrics have explanations, so they actually aren't offensive or taken the wrong way, and the musicianship is good. The band is tight and the drummer is really on it, as well as the mix of each album being clear and heavy. Overall, this is a great record and I would listen to it again! DJ (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

EVERYBODY'S ENEMY • Enter The Enemy LP

This band from Japan plays some melodic, catchy, SoCal-influenced hardcore. Some songs are fast, some are more mid-paced. The bummer is that it is only a one-sided LP! Why, why, why? But at least the other side has a cool etching on it. Rockin' solos and clean wailin' vocals... makes me want to skate, skate, skate! CD (Deathsickle Records/1723 Park Meadow Dr./Jamestown, NY 14701; kwonk/ds)

EXCEPTER • Throne CD

Okay... so let me get this straight: the first 2 tracks on this CD are the same song, but for some reason the 2nd version is three times as long as the 1st. I'm sorry but 20 minutes of what can only be compared to a CD entitled *Songs Of The Whales* that can be purchased at your local craft store is just too much for me. It's a typical Load Records release but still leaves me a bit uneasy and disappointed. MV (Load Records/PO Box 35/Providence, RI 02901; loadrecords.com)

EXPATRIATES • CD-R demo

Ottawa's Expatriates takes an anti-technical swing at bass driven instrumental rock on this four song demo CD-R. Very straight forward invigorating songs with uncluttered flows and melodies. Unlike most instrumental bands in the punk scene, Expatriates does not attempt to go over the top into an abstruse, artsy world. They keep things relatively short (the longest track being 7 minutes) and interesting throughout the entire experience. A+. MAH (140 Blackburn Ave./Ottawa, ON/K1N 8A7/Canada)

EYE FOR AN EYE • Dystans LP

Eye For An Eye delivers an unrelenting album of harsh and driving punk. Their sound is heavy but clear. Each part distinct and crisp. Their sound has the occasional blistering metal guitar part, but thankfully stay far away from mosh metal and always tends towards pointed heaviness that never gets mushy. Anna's vocals fit the style well, as she doesn't try to make her voice into a sound but rather makes the vocals a strongly stated medium for vocals. The only reason I can't understand them is because they are in Polish—though they have a complete set of English lyrics on the insert. Their songs decay the state of society, as we are stuck in cages of social and political repression that keep people from achieving their dreams. All of the parts of this LP fit together well. LO (Kämäset Levyt)
punkinfinland.net/kamanen)

EYELESS • Gloom Day 7"

What's up with all these heavy bands having shitty vocals? Seriously, the whole Cookie Monster unintelligible growl grind vocal style is played the fuck out! Yelling through a pillow is not brutal. It's a fucking joke. Going "rroowwwrrrr rrrwrrr huuuuuhhhhhhhh..." undermines any power the music has. Eyeless crank out some okay metal, nothing noteworthy, but with potential. Then the whole "rroowwwrrrr rrrwrrr" thing with the vocals comes in and I'm over it. C is for cookie and that's good enough for me. MA (Blackprint/PO Box 34298/London/NW5 4XZ/England)

FACE OF CHANGE • 1989-2002 CD

A Japanese band, released on 3 South-American labels, who sing in English—sounds pretty awesome, right? Well, I thought so, but they didn't hit as hard as I would have liked. Don't get me wrong, I think they are a great late-eighties straightedge band, but that's about it. They don't really *add* anything to the scene, but just keep things moving along. Here's the deal: typical straightedge punk riffage and speed with 7 Seconds-style vocals. Maybe I was expecting a little too much from my fellow Japanese straightedge punks, but I'm sure other people will be into it. These guys were around for a long time (1989-2002), and I'm sure there was a reason for that. AW (Varsity Records c/o Blanca Coffey/PO Box 234/Buenos Aires/C1100W0/Buenos Aires, varsityufo.com/)

FIFTY DAYS AT ILLUM • CDR

[illegible]

FIFTY ON RED • CD

I own buds like those that exist: guys who let us get what we take. I love shirts and shoes and their sweaty peck that we respect. This is generic, inner pointing, straight-out hard-on. I'm not a numerologist, so I'm not telling you what you are. I feel I can talk to the cover of a CD, but I want MAH! Dead & Co. Records. I love St. Shell and St. S&WP. I like land.com.com.

FINANCIAL PANTHER, CD

ability appraised were scattered around them in speakers not a bit of a peep and official to not a word definitely near some lawbreaker and Sam's

creeping in. The vocals have a forlorn feeling that goes with the lyrics that reveal the singer's disillusionment with the political aspect of hardcore. The music, while melodic, has a fair amount of oomph to it. Form time to time the music does drag a bit but overall it's worth checking out. BH (Laura Green/1207 S Roosevelt #2/Tempe, AZ 85281; financialpanther.com)

FINGER OF GOD • Release The Wolves CD

Maybe it is because I'm a sucker for this building instrumental music, but Finger Of God has got it going on. Don't get me wrong, I won't jump on any old band that attempts the sound, but these guys rock smart. Their cover art is what won me over at first. Black and white picture of dark forests and a logo that has two wolf heads on it is always going to make me go, "YES!!!" Basically what they have to offer is the same heavy sound you would expect from bands like Pelican or Isis, but I don't want to just compare them to other bands because they definitely have their own thing and are unique. With the five songs they give you Finger Of God is all over the place and seem open to bring experimentation to the genre, but also stay classifiable with the sound they are trying to accomplish. I'm stoked I picked this up and recommend it to people who like this sort of thing, or to people who don't because it's sweet. CTE (Mookie Dog/PO Box 40234/San Antonio, TX 78229)

FIYA • Better Days LP/CD

More feel good Florida punk. This is my first exposure to this band, and I thought it was pretty good. Fast passionate hardcore punk that is like a mix of "revolution summer" era DC stuff, straightforward punk stuff, and a musically harsher Yaphet Kotto. Quality stuff from these Floridians CD (LP: \$8 to Obscurist Press/Travid F./PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604 or CD: No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

FLEAS & LICE • Early Years CD

This band fucking rules! And I am fucking pissed that I am going to miss them this summer. Fleas & Lice are something like standard bearers for the Dutch punk/squatter scene. The music on this release is comprised of songs off their first four releases, two of which are splits with Bleeding Rectum and Assraah—both highly recommended! Some songs are about squatting, resentful accounts of boozing, the maladies of life and total frustration with capitalism in general. This CD rocks. This is perfect music for shaking around your nasty dreadlocks or waving your fist in the air or starting a fucking riot!! CF (Rodent Popsicle Records/PO Box 1143/Allston, MA 02134; rodentpopsicle.com)

FLEAS & LICE • Recipes For Catastrophes CD

This band is awesome. I've liked them for along time, ever since Denver put their 7" on a tape for me in high school. This recording, which should have got when it came on vinyl, might even be their best stuff. Super catchy and brutal, dual vocaled crust punk attack. There are many bands that play this style, and not many are as good as Fleas & Lice. Not to mention the rad cover art, with a mad scientist doing experiments on da punx. They are even doing a US tour this summer, so hopefully by the time this is printed I will have seen this rad band. CD (Rodent Popsicle Records/PO Box 1143/Allston, MA 02134; rodentpopsicle.com)

THE FUGUE • *Mysterious Animals* CD

Well it's obvious by the awful music these guys "create," that these sweethearts jump on the L train and commute to the trendy hipster capital of the world, Williamsburg in Brooklyn NY. Steal another Shellac riff, guys. I wouldn't at all be shocked if I found out these guys went to art school with Mark McCoy. Avoid this at all costs, NW (RYL Records). PO Box 2318/Times Sq. Stn./New York, NY 10108; rylrecords.com



FLIGHT OF THE JESUS DOG • CD

Words like "hideous" and "gruesome" aren't normally terms of flattery in reviews, but in the case Flight Of The Jesus Dog's 13 song CD, they most certainly are. This three piece from Michigan and Wisconsin (who would of thought?) lays down some sadistic death metal with hell bent blast beats and blistering guitar rippage. My only complaint would be the slips they take into a moshy metalcore area. When they aren't doing that its total Carcass and Cattle Decapitation sweetness. MAH (Saw Her Ghost Records/PO Box 3654/Ann Arbor, MI 48106; sawherghost.com)

FLOCK OF ANGRY PEASANTS • demo

This shit is pretty funny. Punk rock about hockey fights, trash food, and fruitbooters. Three songs on CD and a LP coming on Very Small, touring with Assfactor 4 soon. CD (flockofangrypeasants.tk)

FOLSOM • If You're A Viper CD

This shit is tough. It's the kind of music my little sister likes to play when she has her lemonade stand set up. This is big tough guy hardcore from sin city (Las Vegas) with all the trappings of a typical mosh band. If life in Vegas is any of those *Bum Fight* videos well fuck, that sucks. Let the shenanigans continue. I heard that the government puts radioactive materials in the water in Vegas to get people to gamble and create huge mosh parts in their songs that cause people to act like karate super stars at shows. I also heard the suburbs are pretty nice in Vegas. I'm not a viper but if I were, I'd bite yo' ass! Ya'll better watch it, these fools are rollin' hard, bitches! I do have to say one thing in common, we both hate sceners. So when they say: "with some more plugs and tattoos, don't try to hard because you can't hide the bitch in you" I have to laugh. CF (Spook City Records/PO Box 34891/Philadelphia, PA 19101; spookcityusa.com or folsomhlc.com)

THE FRONTLINE • Withstand 7"

This was actually good. Total sxe core, inspired by the mighty edge bands of yesteryear, this sounds tough and posi at the same time. The vocals have a definite insted influence, and the back ups are pretty over the top. The lyrics are pretty good, too. Not one song about girls, being stabbed in the back, or even the edge. Just straightforward wake up and live positivity, with songs like "Face Today," "Live And Learn," "The Meaning," "My All." I enjoyed this. CD (Grave Mistake Records/PO Box 12482/Richmond, VA 23210; gravemistakerecords.com)

GALUCCI • Soca Punk! CD

Australia's Galucci draws from various influences: garage rock, post-hardcore and indie pop. Each song has a different sound, but overall they are driving rock with electric guitar, drums, and male vocals. They are a two-piece and have other musicians contribute to some songs. No lyrics, no more review. 12 songs, 44 minutes. CB (PO Box 1240/Darlinghurst, NSW 1300/Australia; diepunkdeath.com)

GANTHET • Excelsior 7" + bonus CD

I picked these guys up because they're from my dad's hometown: Louisville, KY—that and the fact that they had a very positive message about straightedge and not giving a fuck about what other people tell or expect you to be. Upbeat, positive and youthful—that's how I like my hardcore. I just found myself enjoying every song, and could imagine all the hardcore kids from out here going ape shit for them at a show. Definitely mosh-worthy music without the tough-guy bullshit. Oh, and each 7" has inside label is painstakingly handwritten and numbered out of 400. I got #28. As an added bonus, this 7" came with a CD featuring the same 6 songs, plus 4 cover songs of Black Flag's "Rise Above," Minor Threat's "Steppin' Stone" (I liked this one the best), and Misfits' "Horror Business" and "Halloween." All of the covers have hardcore licks, sing-alongs, and vocals going on—no fancy business here just Ganthet delivering you 10 hot and sizzling orders of pure hardcore to your doorstep. Louisville Pride! Keep it Alive! AW (4504 Mt. Vernon Rd. #2/Louisville, KY 40220)

GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE • The Complete Silly Discography (1983-84) CD

This Florida punk outfit was active in '83 and '84. They play silly sixties influenced punk/rock stuff. Definitely not hardcore, but silly ass punk is what we have here. This was a fun listen. good for when I don't want to blow the eardrums of my guests. Burrito did a killer job on this discography, too. Lots of flyets, pictures, words from members, reviews, interviews, lyrics, and art. The way a discography should be done, so that you get a feeling of what they were actually like. Includes the "We're Not Gay But The Music Is" demo, "Owen Marshmallow Strikes Again" and a live set for a total of 34 tracks of silliness. Good tunes. CD (\$6 to Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509; soundideadistribution.com)

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX • Is A Fucking Attack... CD

In case you were wondering, emo still sucks. The music is slightly chaotic, the vocals are shouty, etc. Yet it's pretty uneventful and tame. One hundred bucks says there's other reviewers who would give this a positive review, and truly dig this sort of stuff. I'm not one of them. MA (gnifup@hotmail.com)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS • Ask Mark Twain CD

Floridian catchy country-style punk. ala This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Against Me!, and a little bit of Avail. This shit seems pretty popular, but I thought the best thing about it was the cover art. CD (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604; noidearecords.com)

GET TO THE CHOPPER • 7"

This is a silk-screened B-side record with what seems like one long song (but is really three), brought to you by Square Of Opposition. Unfortunately the layout is much more impressive than the actual music. Comes with inserts, a patch, a sticker, lyrics, CD-R of the songs, etc. Songs are about scene elites, junk mail, and a video game. Numbered out of 300. Get To The Chopper plays punk rock with a mix of influences & noise breaks mark the changing of songs. If yer into Combat Wounded Veteran or Arab On Radar you might like this. Not something to get excited over, but at least it looks really cool. CB (Square Of Opposition Records/2935 Fairview St./Bethlehem, PA 18020)

GINA YOUNG • She's So Androgynous CD

This album is led by Gina Young, a queer activist/singer/songwriter. Several other musicians (drums, bass, cello, etc.) play on most songs, giving it the full band effect. The music somewhere between riot grrrl and singer/songwriter indie rock. The lyrics are very well done and thought out: sharp, intelligent social and political commentary, dealing with varying issues from being a queer punk to war to relationships. Fans of Le Tigre, Ani DiFranco, and the like take note. I'm enjoying this, I recommend you try to track this down. CB (Exotic Fever Records/PO Box 297/College Park, MD 20741; exoticfever.com)

HALO • Armonia Para Resistir 7"

This starts out and you think you've got thrash band number fifty thousand's record on your turntable. But then Halo throws a few curve balls your way that makes things a bit more interesting. There is a fair amount of thrash going on here but there's also a more melodic element simmering under the surface. Some parts of the songs are on the verge of what I would call emo and there are a couple of spots where they throw in some Iron Maiden style guitar licks. This is definitely worth checking out. BH (Blackprint Records/PO Box 34298/London/NW5 4XZ/England)

HAMMER BROS! • II 7"

The cover art for this record had me laughing and chuckling as I started looking this record over. It depicts a "hardcore skinhead" dude riding a shark while clobbering the big fish over the head with a sledgehammer. As you might imagine blood is pouring out of this sorry ass cartoon shark. Yup, another bad name, and even worse cover art. Four songs that sound like some Western Mass band. NW (FNS Records/PO Box 1299/Boston, MA 02130; fnsboston.net)

HANGOVER HEARTATTACK • 7"

Sporadic incoherent hardcore from the United Kingdom with emotionally violent lyrics and drowned out, yet heavy, guitars. They try very hard to fit the "sick and disturbed" persona with lyrics loosely based around drug use and suicide. Booohoo. MV (Force Fed Records/133 Burke St./Loughborough/Leicestershire/LE11 1JJ/UK; hangoverheartattack.tk)

HATRED SURGE • 7"

One man powerviolence. You know the drill. Pumeling fastcore glued together with heavy, sludgy breakdowns. Nine originals and 1 Despire You cover. I found it enjoyable indeed. CD (625 Thrashcore; 625thrash.com)

HEADACHE • Discography CD

The only thing I can really think to compare this to in any way is Charm City Suicides. It's quirky and all over the place musically. Thirty-two songs in all. The packaging is some of the best I've ever seen for a CD. It's a 25 page book including comic books, lyrics and other art works. Though I'm not completely into the music, this CD will never leave my collection because it looks so fucking cool. NW (Life Is Abuse/PO Box 20524/Oakland, CA 94620; lifeisabuse.com)

HEAVEN IN HER ARMS • CD-R demo

Heaven in Her Arms hails from Japan, and have definitely been taking notes (as most everyone seems to have) from some of the big names over there. With a sound that's not too far off from the beautiful chaos of Envy, or from the strumming found in newer Funeral Diner. This CD goes off to a roaring start with the first track, "A Secret Signal. Here Is", which just explodes off the CD and builds up beautifully like most emotive hardcore. After the buildup and breakdown, the next two songs are solid, but not as earth shattering as the first. Two studio-esque tracks, and one live sound compile this nigh 18 minute demo. An amazing start, let's hope they get some time to work out the kinks and make it perfect. CJ (heaven-in-her-arms.hp.infoseek.co.jp/)

HELLSHOCK • Warlord 7"

Once again we have another great release from Portland's premier stench core band, Hellshock. Metallic riffs over furious drums and scathing vocals assault the ears in rhythmic violence, only to let up as the song is over. Acute vocals against government and religious bullshit of our times, and a brutal crust punk sound akin to Bolt Thrower and Deviated Instinct, mixed up with some Motorhead and Poison Idea, and you have Hellshock. The recording is not as clear as other records of theirs, but the quality of the songs makes up for it. I've noticed since they've replaced one of their guitarists that they have changed. Their sound is as brutal as ever, but the chords and riffs seem to be a bit more melodious, but still retain a brutal sound. I would say that it's more of a harmonious mix of intense power and melody more so now than ever, and I like it. This band just continues to amaze me, and just devastate when seen and heard live. Badass!! Fuck

Yeah. DJ (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408; profaneexistence.com)

HIRAX • The New Age of Terror CD

I am reviewing both of these Hiram CDs at the same time. *The New Age Of Terror* is all new material; eleven tracks in total. The differences between this new material and the two LPs from the 1980s that are on the *Not Dead Yet* CD are subtle. The production on this CD is less metal and more hardcore, and Katon's vocals are less high pitched and a bit tougher sounding. Still, Hiram is pummeling out some massive crossover that really isn't too different than what they were doing in the dawn of crossover. For a band that is 20 years old Hiram really hasn't lost much edge, fury, or power. This CD will certainly satisfy those that are interested in this sort of metal hardcore crossover. Not quite as cool or sexy as listening to something from the 1980s, but still quite good. Impressive. KM (Deep Six/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

HIRAX • Not Dead Yet CD

As I noted above, I am doing the reviews for both of these CDs at once. While *The New Age Of Terror* is all new material, *Not Dead Yet* combines two LPs onto one CD. *Raging Violence* came out in 1985 and *Fear And Power* came out in 1986. Both LPs were released on Metal Blade Records. Art work by Pushead and Mad Marc Rude. Twenty-two songs in total. The sound is vintage crossover. In truth it is more metal than hardcore. The production is way more metal and Katon's vocal sound is high pitched. The difference between Hiram's old material and their newer stuff is that in the 1980s Hiram was a metal band influenced by hardcore, but now in 2005 they sound a bit more like a hardcore band influenced by metal. Oddly, I think the older stuff is a bit better. And the 47 minutes of music on this CD will not disappoint. Headbang! Headbang!! Headbang!!! KM (Deep Six/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

HIRESUKAN • End States CD

I'm not a huge scream fan, but this band pretty much transcends genres, and just kicks ass. Wall of noise guitars, manic drumming and over the top brutal female vocals make this one a winner for sure. Melodic power and aggression, Don Fury captured this bands energy and vibe superbly on this disc. This is cool too, because I got asked to help book 'em a show here in SB, and then I picked this disc out of the review box, and it's good! Hooray for good bands! A sweeping melodic wall of noise emotion, with layout and art that fits the music perfect. CD (G7 Welcoming Committee/PO Box 27006 C-360 Main St./Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4T3/Canada; g7welcomingcommitee.com www.hiresukan.com)

HOLLOWED OUT • 10"

Fast and frantic hardcore from Urbana, IL reminding me of Orchid but with lyrics touching on such issues as healthcare and modern technology. Pissed off lyrics and screeching vocals made this a decent listen. MV (2412 Slayback St./Urbana, IL 61802; hollowedout.cjb.net)

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN • Entrails CD

This is the newest full length from the powerhouse hardcore punk band, The Holy Mountain. They sound like a mix of From Ashes Rise, due to their darkly melodic riffs and overtones, and Discharge, for having the dis-beat constant steadiness in rhythm. The moods of the songs are dark and dismal and the lyrics are anti religious and very anti business-corporation-government. The mix is really heavy and the vocals are intense and screamed in ferocity, and overall the entire package sounds good. The songs happen to be a bit repetitive though, as if the band couldn't seem to break out of writing melodies in the same key, but otherwise the music is good. This one would be great for fans of From Ashes Rise or No Parade, as it falls in to that general category of dark melodic hardcore punk. DJ (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604; noidearecords.com)

HOSTILE TAKEOVER • Fucking Up And Fallin' Hard 7"

Fast brutal and sloppy hardcore with a good thrashin' philosophy. Hyper thrash, honest lyrics, and rad sloppy guitar solos. Eight songs. CD (625 Thrashcore; 625thrash.com)

I CAN PUT MY ARM BACK ON YOU CAN'T • 7"

Extremely lo-fi recording of some somewhat chaotic emo. According to the label on the sleeve this was recorded on an 8 track in a small cement room. It shows and it's too bad because what you can hear sounds somewhat promising. The music has a fair amount of intensity to it and the vocals are on the edge between singing and screaming. Worth checking out if you're really into chaotic emo otherwise you might be better off waiting for a better recording. BH (The Culture Industry/PO Box 442/253 College St./Toronto, ON/M5T 1Y7/Canada; thecultureindustry.org)

IN ABSENTIA • Demo, Live At The Complex CD-R

Six songs of jazz/hardcore fusion instrumentals. The hardcore end of the fusion is on the more metal side. The jazz influence gives it a taut feeling and a fair amount of energy. Unfortunately the songs start to blend together as this moves along and while it starts out interesting things eventually reach that "background music" state. BH (in-absentia.net or sinuousrecords.org)

THE INFARTO • Scheisse! CD

This is somewhat chaotic and metallish hardcore. I want to say it's sort of like a combination of Rorschach and 1.6 Band. The vocals especially

I wasn't sure if he had the good appreciation of my friendship I mean he might not at first but I'm not a person that just goes. Didn't stick to the end of me. (Dr. Spock On Rejection, *Psych* 3489) Philadelphia, PA. drspocktvusa.com

EASPA MEASA

photo by Steven Bieda



LAST UNDER THE SUN by J. J. COLEMAN. D. 198. Pp. 288. £12.95. ISBN 0 00 711000 0.

It is a pity that the title of this novel is not more descriptive of its content. The story is a thriller, and a very good one at that. It is a story of a man who is accused of a crime and who is determined to prove his innocence. The author has done a very good job of creating a suspenseful and exciting story. The characters are well drawn and the plot is well constructed. The book is a very good read and is well worth the price.

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH

By Don Power EP

There's a lot to be learned from the comedy of the past. I recently read a book by the author of *My Life as a Dog*, a hilarious comedy about a dog who thinks he's a human. The book is called *How to Write a Funny Book* by John H. Johnson. It's a collection of essays on the art of comedy, and it's a great read. I'm going to share some of the lessons I've learned from the comedy of the past.

1. **Know your audience.** The first lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to know your audience. In the past, comedians would perform in front of a live audience, and they would have to adjust their act to the audience's reaction. If the audience was laughing, they would continue with the same act. If the audience wasn't laughing, they would change their act. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to know who your audience is and what they will find funny.

2. **Be original.** The second lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be original. In the past, comedians would often imitate each other, but the most successful comedians were the ones who brought something new to the stage. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to bring something new to the table.

3. **Don't be afraid to fail.** The third lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to not be afraid to fail. In the past, comedians would often fail, but they would keep trying until they succeeded. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be willing to fail and keep trying until you succeed.

4. **Be consistent.** The fourth lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be consistent. In the past, comedians would often perform the same act over and over again, and this is what made them successful. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be consistent in your act.

5. **Be self-aware.** The fifth lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be self-aware. In the past, comedians would often make fun of themselves, and this is what made them successful. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be self-aware and make fun of yourself.

6. **Be a good storyteller.** The sixth lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be a good storyteller. In the past, comedians would often tell stories, and this is what made them successful. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be a good storyteller.

7. **Be a good listener.** The seventh lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be a good listener. In the past, comedians would often listen to their audience, and this is what made them successful. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be a good listener.

8. **Be a good writer.** The eighth lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be a good writer. In the past, comedians would often write their own material, and this is what made them successful. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be a good writer.

9. **Be a good performer.** The ninth lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be a good performer. In the past, comedians would often perform their own material, and this is what made them successful. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be a good performer.

10. **Be a good person.** The tenth lesson I learned from the comedy of the past is to be a good person. In the past, comedians would often be good people, and this is what made them successful. This is a lesson that is still relevant today. When you write a comedy, you need to be a good person.

These are just some of the lessons I've learned from the comedy of the past. There are many more lessons to be learned, and I encourage you to explore the comedy of the past and see what you can learn from it.

Don Power EP is a comedian and writer. He has written and performed in several comedy shows, and he is currently working on a new comedy show. He is also a frequent contributor to the comedy website www.comedycentral.com.

[illegible]

MANIAC SUMO CUNT • 7"

With a name like Maniac Sumo Cunt, I'll give you three guesses as to what this sounds like: Pop punk? Nope. Emo? Nope. Grind? Ding ding ding. For the most part you get blast beats galore and shrilly screamed vocals. From time to time things slow down and take on a somewhat metal turn that reminds one a bit of Rorschach. It's tightly played, but it is grind so its probably really only of interest to those who the grind clicks with (which does not include me). BH (sumogrind.com)

MIHAI EDRISCH • *L'un Sans L'autre* CD

Another band from France that sounds like Sleepy Time Trio and The Red Scare. Not a dis, simply an observation. As far as this review goes, Mihai Edrisch is another band from France that sounds like Sleepy Time Trio and The Red Scare. Nothing amazing, but if you are into the style then you should check em out. If you're not, then you shouldn't... Obviously. MAH (Alchimia Recordings; alchimia-inc.fr.st)

MISERY • *Production Thru Destruction* CD

Fifteen years ago... skull crushing crust. A lot of these tracks were also available on the Misery *Early Years* release. This reprinting of the 1990 album comes with original art and lyrics, which weren't on the *Early Years* thing. I wonder if this is available on vinyl, too, that would be cool. DUH (Crimes Against Humanity Records/PO Box 1421/Eau Claire, WI 54702; cahrecords.com)

MONARCH • CD

So terrible. Metal without the heaviness—though they do try. The songs just go on and on, and on and on. And on and on some more. Sounds forced, as though they're feeling around in the dark when it comes to writing a song. The vocals are the generic growl with the clogged drain effect. The only thing evil about it all is how blah it all is. MA (Pop Faction Records; popfaction.com)

MY DISCO! • *Collapse Of An Erratic Lung 3"* CD

My Disco! has been on my mental "Check Out These Bands" list for a few months. I can now happily move their name over to the "Get More Stuff By This Band" list. The three tracks on this three inch CD originally appeared on a 7" on Crashing Jets Records and have a smooth, organic structure to them. An almost frantic and jazzy flow collating with rigid guitar lacerations. MAH (Crashing Jets/GPO Box 3341/Melbourne, 3001 Victoria/Australia; crashingjets.com)

NAVIES • *An Estate* CD

Five songs of contemporary DC based punk rock from the trio formerly known as Bazhena. It sounds like all three members lay down vocal duties, but maybe it's just two of them? Either way, the male vocals are screamed and sung in a variety of minimal styles (all flowing well with the music): arty, harmonic, angry, etc. Musically these songs are well thought out, almost mathy at times, but ultimately punk rock with innovative dynamics. I hear pieces of Fugazi mixed with Black Eyes, Q And Not U, and even Antelope. These songs are very DC and very now. The second song "Split Initiative" appeared on the self-titled Bazhena CD released a couple of years ago on Foilage. It's been fleshed out, re-recorded, and sounds great. The lyrics to these songs have an arty, play on words quality and end up being too cryptic to decipher. Here's a story to make up for the lost ideas behind the lyrics. It seems the first day I started listening to this was ironically the night Navies played in my hometown. I missed the show, because I didn't know about it. It turns out the show had no fliers and it's only advertising was on-line at myspace.com. I spend enough fucking time in front of the computer as it is and I refuse to bow down to that stupid trendy website. Promoters need to get off their asses and flier their shows. Relying completely on websites to promote your shows is total bullshit. PK (Lovitt Records/PO Box 100248/Arlington, VA 22210; lovitt.com)

NERVE GAS TRAGEDY • *Written In The Blood Of The...* CD More evil rifting mosh core. Features four of the original members of All Out War. Like the other band on this label, Lahar, some of the riffs were cool but overall bands with one sheets that have selling points and key markets listed on them I try to steer clear of. CD (Spook City Records/PO Box 34891/Philadelphia, PA 19101; spookecityusa.com)

NEWGENICS • *Eraser/Symbionists!* 7"

This record was released on four separate labels (Hyperrealist, Shock Value, Dangerously Small, and Stereonecrosis), each with it's own design. This cover (Shock Value) is white with black silk-screened of a business man and a red insert sticking out of his mouth. This band features folks from In/Humanity and Guyana Punch Line, but sounds nothing like them. I don't want to call this "dancey," but maybe post-punk/hard-core would be more appropriate. This has some At The Drive In feel to it. "Eraser" has a very out/paste structure to it, building up into a climactic group chant with "woahs" included. "Symbionists!" is similar, very artsy. I'm not so sure I like this, but I'm sure someone out there would. 2 songs. CB (Shock Value Records/7 Larkspur Dr./Smithtown, NY 11787; shockvalerecords.com)

NO IDOLS • 7"

This was okay. Hardcore inspired by the old school. Not too much off the beaten track, but still good. Personal lyrics and cool art (with all seeing eye pyramids falling all over the place). CD (Grave Mistake Records/PO Box 12482/Richmond, VA 23210; gravemistakerecords.com)

NO MORE FEAR • *A Matter Of Choice* CD

Italian edge core, old school style. This was good, despite being totally formulaic. Inspired by Youth Of Today, Bold, and Chain Of Strength, this does sound pretty cool. I'm a sucker for chant alongs and dual guitar work ala Gorilla Biscuits. Hardcore with passion for nature, animals, vegetarianism, and the edge (duh). CD (Handprint Records/C.P. 15319/00143 Rome/Italy; goodwillrecords.net)

NOISEAR • *Submit To The Subliminal* LP

These grinders are grinding on their brand new styles comin' atcha'. .And one of the singers has the most ear piercing pig squeal vocals. The drums are all over the place, and they drop the tech aspect of their death metal/grind in favor of sheer brutality. Two guitars, bass, and a vocalist all shredding and sharing vocals. Blast beats, fast beats, and breakbeats, topped off with apocalyptic lyrics of the political variety. Good stuff from these pissed New Mexicans. CD (Nuclear Ass Records; nuclearassrecords@hotmail.com)

THE OBSERVERS • *Walk Alone* 7"

I like this one a lot. It reminds me of the Avengers; late '70s style pre-hardcore punk rock and roll. This recording is raw and a bit dirty, and it fits this band perfect. I can imagine them practicing in a garage or playing in a smoky bar with a 6 inch stage. Yeeeahhh... and they're wearing glasses even though it's dark... I hear they have an LP out now that is real good, too. Lots of "whoas" and some harmonizing going on, too. Blue vinyl for my visual pleasure, but no lyric sheet. CD (Jonny Cat Records/PO Box 82428/Portland, OR 97282)

OLA'S BACKWARD WHISTLERS • *The Women Are Gone And We Are She* CD

Folky punk from the dirty south which comes with a booklet including photos, drawings, lyrics and even a history of the band. Twanging banjos played on covers and originals all compiled on this 20 track CD making this an interesting and thought provoking album and zine. MV (\$3 to Tim N Bugz Enterprises/787 Ellsworth/Memphis, TN 38111)

OTHER GHOST • *Manpine* CD

I was utterly amused by the mock/spoof promotional material that came for review. One band mentioned in it was Gang Of Four, and I'll say it's a pretty good reference. It is every bit as groovy, and though it doesn't use the hardcore nightmare-doom vocals, they are the kind of vocals that make you want to give the singer a throat lozenge. The music made me want to listen to what they had to say, and that's about as high a compliment as I can give to a band. DF (Radio Is Down/PMB #1436 - 120 State Ave./Olympia, WA 98501)

PASH • *Kingwood* CD

Sometimes I sit back and wonder if every town has a little band that everyone adored, but no one will really remember in about 5 years. For little Vacaville (yes, that is a town), Arrows To The Action was the band that everyone fell in love with and mourned when they broke up. Pash sounds like, and brings memories to mind of ATTA. With an indie style reminiscent of a sedated Pretty Girls Make Graves, female fronted Pash sounds pretty but uninteresting. There are many times on this full length that I nod my head, and hum a guitarline, but it just doesn't leave me wanting much more. The music falls between a jangly guitar driven garage rock, and traditional bouncy indie. They really start to shine when there is some extra shouting in the background, and the guitars start to go crazy and get a little mauling, but all the time in-between just isn't too exciting. While solid, the vocal stylings seem to be a bit too repetitive and leave a bit to be desired when the same few notes are held over and over. While this is an extremely solid, at times catchy and promising release, Pash still has a bit to go. CJ (Exotic Fever Records/PO Box 297/College Park, MD 20741; exoticfever.com)

THE PINE • *Don't Need Regret* LP

Some of the musical melodic parts of this album were pretty cool for lower energy emo rock. It has more of an old emo sound and is played well for what it is, but the vocals ruin it for me. The drifting, almost whiny vocals are often not well in tune with the music and just don't tie it all together like they should. Some of you out there might like this, but I don't. DUH (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126; alonerecords.com)

PINK LINCOLNS • *No Le Siesto* CD

I'm pretty sure this band has been around for a while. I used to have one of their 7"s, but I don't know what happened to it. This is their new full length, and its pretty rockin' snotty old school punk shit. Funny songs about wierdos, girls, alcohol and life—plus a Buzzcocks cover. This seems to get more catchy the more times I listen to it. CD (Hazard Records/1941 Harding St./Clearwater, FL 33765; hazzardrecords.net)

PISSED JEANS • *Shallow* CD

Welcome to a world of self-loathing and unbelievable angst. Pissed Jeans plays some angry and very much self-hating hardcore that's a lot like Flipper at times, but is more artistic. Songs about breaking your own heart and being ashamed of masturbation, with lyrics all screamed in agony over slow and tumultuous drums. The music is dark and filled with sickness and leaves me with a pit in the bottom of my stomach, but I like it. The bass plays very Flipper-esque bass lines while the guitar reverberates with shitloads of feedback and haunting riffs. The drums crash out painful and

agonizing beats while the singer belts out terror and depression simultaneously. Crazy! For anyone who's gone through teenage angst and self-disgust, this is for you. For anyone else, I'd say that this is a well-done album of fucking intense hard rocking punk. Excellent! DJ (Parts Unknown Records)

THE PISSHEAD BLUES BAND • CD

It's interesting to find this on Crimes Against Humanity. From the cover and title I was expecting something rockabillyish. I was surprised to hear acoustic guitars that are somewhere between Cat Stevens and Neil Young, with kind of roughly sung vocals. There are female vocals, too, as well as a collection of harmonicas and other what-nots. There are a handful of cool tracks on this CD, but they would probably be cooler to see live at a bar. DUH (Crimes Against Humanity Records/PO box 1421/Eau Claire, WI 54702; cahrecords.com)

PROSELICOEUR • *Demos Oneiron* CD

I'm not sure if it's a coincidence or a telling sign of a growing genre, but this definitely bears some resemblance to the Marah Mar CD that I just reviewed for this issue. Proselicoeur is also instrumental and melodic even though the instruments used may be slightly different than similar bands (Slint, Tortoise). Within the mood-instrumental genre their sound is more on the sparse and quiet side of things, somewhat like Labradford, though I'm not sure if that reference still has echoes. DF (Waiting For An Angel/45, Rue Rachais/69007 Lyon/France; waitingforanangel.com or purepainsugar.com)

PROVOKED • *Infant In The Womb Of Warfare* CD

The cover and title of this release had me thinking "crust." My first thought wasn't so far off. The music is crusty punky angry stuff. Most of the vocals are female and range from desperately sung to screaming. The insert layout is cool, too. Each song has its own collage including lyrics and photo clippings or drawings. A good amount of thought must have gone into song writing. The lyrical content is fairly standard, without being too asinine or unoriginal. Topics cover societal pressures, people pushing their politics on you, our fucked earth, and other such things. I would say this is a good release, something you might expect to find on Profane. DUH (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408; profaneexistence.com)

PROVOKED • *Prepare For The Cold* CD/LP

Female vocalized crust punk attack. This was okay, but it wasn't quite punchy or dramatic enough to make the epic crust category. The thing that I liked about it was the layout. Every song has its own page, art, and font. I also thought that the song "Night Of The Livid Punks" was funny because the song is like a big cheers to the drunk punks, but the music itself, with different vocal style was about the same aesthetic some edge anthems I've heard. Anyway, you might want this if your super into Profane/Minneapolis crust punk releases. CD (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408; profaneexistence.com)

RAJBOT • 7"

I have a feeling this 7" won't sit well with some of the people that are looking for more hardcore just like their favorite band, but with an open mind, you can always find a few good things. Rajbot is beat driven underground hip hop that sounds like it was made on a basement 4 track (as all good hip hop seems to be). It starts off with "Cubicle Theme Song," which starts off with a message reminiscent of a spaceship takeoff and transitions into a beat with bumping drums, a persistent horn, and a bit of Middle Eastern twang. Lyrics sound intelligent, and sardonically speak of the nature of the white collar workforce. The second song seems more like it was an afterthought tacked onto "Cubicle", when someone was messing around with a drum machine and a metronome. The final track is an instrumental that is catchier than all hell, with what sounds like a Mexican schoolyard chant in the beginning that leads into a bumping bassline and matching drums. This 7" is a good outing by Rajbot, and shows a lot of promise. An awesome break from the rest of the hardcore, and should be picked up by anyone who wants some more undie hip-hop, or mad fresh beats. CJ (Sedition Records/PO Box 4043/Bethlehem, PA 18018; seditionrecords.com)

RAMBO • *Bring It* LP

This is my favorite release by Rambo so far. I think they are really coming into their own. The music is a great combination of all different kinds of hardcore styles... combining aggressive straight ahead crust with a melodic underbelly and some mosh influences, but with an attitude that is part straight up anarcho-peace punk meets goofy prankster. I have yet to see them live but everyone says they are fun and kids go crazy weird. The only Rambo record that I have listened to over and over. Quite good, in my opinion. I didn't bother to check out the DVD that comes with this LP. I just don't give a rat's ass about music video on DVD. In fact I pretty much could care less for all music videos. Never been much interest to me. Though I am sure this DVD should be better than most. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

RESTLESSS YOUTH • *State Of Confusion* CD

I think this band is really good. Hardcore anthems inspired by early eighties hardcore worship, with a definite Bad Brains influence in the wailin' vocals hardcore style. This CD has 6 new songs, plus four from the demo. Solid hardcore from Holland with critical lyrics. CD (Dead & Gone Records/17 driver St./Sheffield/S13 9WP/UK; deadandgone.co.uk)

RAT BYTE • 7"

Nate Wilson here, once more going on the record to say that FNS records are the new Beer City records of the two thousands. These guys most definitely are influenced by the likes of bands like Bones Brigade. Eight songs about cops, the boss sucking, frustration, etc. Although the stuff on this 7" is almost to generic, I kind of dig it for its retro feel. The problem is that they seem to be trying to hard. Perhaps they will develop. NW (FNS Records/PO Box 1299/Boston, MA 02130; fnsboston.net)

REALIZED • CD-R demo + live CD-R

Seven heavy Japanese hardcore songs with dual male vocals. The vocals are guttural and remind me of bands like Tragedy, Damad, etc. Musically, this is mostly fast paced hardcore with a few slower parts here and there. Included with this CD were fliers of shows that Realized has played, as well as a second disc with a live show. All of this material should have easily fit on one CD-R, not two. No song titles or lyrics were included. PK (Kazumi Kamey/i/-52 Zjo 8 Chome/Miyanomori/Chuo-Ku Sapporo/Japan; realized.hp.infoseek.co.jp)

RECONCILE • July 20th CD

Wow, I really didn't think I was going to like this record as much as I did. Full of sing-alongs, sweet guitar licks, and a true sense of positive straightedge (like it should be). This band delivers 10 strong songs. No tough-guy hardcore or too many overdone vocals, just honest-to-goodness straightedge punk at its finest. You can hear their influences from sych bands as Champion or Chain Of Strength, so if you're a fan of either of these, think pick this up. AW (Varsity Records c/o Blanca Coffey/PO Box 234/Buenos Aires/C1000WAB/Argentina; varsityhq.com)

RED FORTY • discography CD

I hesitate to refer to Red Forty as pop punk in the fear that a new listener would imagine the explosion of mediocrity that now defines this genre. The Red Forty trio was way above average in this genre and gave a lot of definition to the greater Little Rock sound. These seventeen tracks include their 7" and compilation tracks. All lyrics are included. Very worth owning. DF (\$7 to Harlan Records/7205 Geronimo/N. Little Rock, AR 72116; seemybrotherdance.com)

REINDEER TIGER TEAM • 7"

Okay, I'll admit it, I'm a sucker for SOME mid '90s emo. Who isn't? If haven't listened to some early Promise Ring (a la 30* everywhere). The

Anniversary, or some Texas Is The Reason at least once in your life, you haven't lived. Reindeer Tiger Team will make you infinitely nostalgic of that one summer, with that one girl or guy, when you did that one crazy thing you'll remember for the rest of your life. I have to admit, it took me a few listens to really open up to it, but this is one of my favorite records in a while. RTT is a pair of guys playing early emo/indie that is just plain done right, with some pretty/mathy stuff thrown in for good measure. Reminds me of early Promise Ring, with lots of feeling and good jams. Four tracks of nice indie on a yellow piece of wax. Try it, you might like it. CJ (Gilgongo Records; gilgongorecords.com)

RAJBOT • An Ultra demo

Hip-hop of the spastic variety. Noise and rhymes that don't rhyme. But this really is an ultra demo. Both sides are full! Weirdness and noise, influenced by rap music. CD (tricycle.zerominuszero.net)

REMAINDER FOUR • On With The Experiment CD

This band plays really beautiful and sweet emotive rock. The powerfully human female vocals bring that extra something to give the overall driving rock moments the oomph to be quite good. These moments remind me of Dahlia Seed. Other, lighter moments highlight the personal stories told with much heart that make you reminisce about sweet summers and love affairs. This style can be quite bland but Remainder Four does it with style and energy to make this CD quite good. LO (Bombed Out Records/PO Box 17/Leeds/LS8 1UP/UK; bombedout.com)

RIISTETYT • Skitsofrenia LP

This is Havoc's re-release of the 1983 Propaganda Records classic from this long running Finnish band. What more needs to be said? Classic Finnish hardcore. Might be their best stuff, but I haven't heard all of 'em, and I missed their recent US tour, but this record is real good. And they look so cute and cuddly with all those studs on the cover. How could you resist? CD (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408; havocrex.com)

RIISTETYT • Tuomiopäivä 7"

What's to say about this classic Finnish punk reissue on Havoc? After over 20 years it still fucking rocks and can hold its own ground with music today! Though some of my fave stuff is old school, so I'm a shoe in for this one. Classic Finn styled hardcore punk with that '80s grit and oh so analog sound in the mix, this record is one for anyone into Scandinavian

punk. This is where some of the best underground punk started, and was raw back then and still is now. The guitars are distorted, the vocals pissed, and the drums are booming. The riffs are catchy and get stuck in my head, and all the music has a real liveliness to it. This is a great release to finally own, now that it's back in print. Get it! DJ (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408; havocrex.com)

RIISTETYT • Kahleet 7"

A fuggin' power house charging forth with reckless abandon. Five sonic blasts of Finnish punk that will have you jonesing for more. The playing is so tight, furious, and intense it boggles the mind. The guitar is one massive wall of sound with the drums punching though. The constant tension will have you listening intently from the first blast to the final crash. A bona fide classic here folks. MA (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408; havocrex.com)

RIISTETYT • Valtion Vankina LP

Originally released in Finland in 1983, Havoc has found it necessary to repress this awesome punk album in the states. The record comes with the original Finnish cover and translations for all of their songs. Starting off the first side with a Varukers cover, keeping similar style their sound just keeps building more and more momentum. This LP was re-released to go along with the 2005 US tour and comes on red vinyl which is limited to 500. MV (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408; havocrex.com)

ROID • Repilogo Dilla Fine CD

Breathtaking, heavy as fuck Italian hardcore. Intense and threatening but still intelligent in their lyrics which are also translated into English. This CD totally blew me away. MV (Equal Rites/Via Monda 62/47100 Forli/Italy)

ROSA • I Mississippi You CD

This CD is absolutely amazing. Rosa is comprised of four rad kids from Houston, teaming up to play the classic "DIY folk punk" genre, complete with banjo, snare, guitar, washtub bass, and strings, among other homemade instruments. The out-of-tune male/female vocals work well with this style. Songs about friends, bikes, and living life. The recording quality is 10x better than the 7", which makes me (and probably many other people) very happy. I heard this is coming out on vinyl on Open Kitchen Records, but I'm not sure. Either way, it's highly recommended; it's only \$5ppd



Chart Easy shows how to choose chords for almost any song. Full version has 23 example songs worked in detail, from Aah, Society to Billie Holiday. It's 1/2 chord in palm and piano, and more. \$9.95. 48-257-4. Short version: 16 example songs, 0 chords max. \$4.95. Doreline Publishing, P.O. Box 190, Cedar Rapids, IA 52401.

SPOONBOY • I Love You This Is A Robbery CD

This is great! I'm really bummed I missed Spoonboy playing here, I enjoy this CD very much. Spoonboy is a kid from Bloomington that plays solo songs on the acoustic guitar. Many of these songs are accompanied by back up vocals and instruments. Lyrics are pretty awesome commentary about life. His voice reminds me quite often of Atom & His Package, actually. If yer into any Plan-It-X or Harlan Records stuff, you should check this out. 12 songs, 25 minutes. CB (\$5 to Plan-It-X Records/PO Box 3521/Bloomington, IN 47402; plan-it-x.com)

STILYAGI • You Are A Fucking Liar 7"

Yet another bad fucking name. Bad emo is how I would describe this bands sound. Four songs that brought back memories of a painful hernia I once endured. I'll go on record as saying that Ian Mackay is almost solely to blame for creating two awful genres of music (emo and youth crew), that later went on to just be a bunch of clogs in toilets. This record is a total fucking turd. NW (\$4 to 4913 Cypress St./Pittsburgh, PA 15224)

STRAIGHT JACKET • Enemy 7"

Another bad idea... naming a band Straightjacket in the year 2005. Isn't there a straightjacket in every town? I know there was in mine. Well here is yet another straightjacket. Total wanna be '77-style punk stuff. Sorry I'd rather listen to the Buzzcocks. NW (Jonny Cat Records/PO Box 82428/Portland, OR 97282)

STRAIGHT TO HELL • '02-'04 Discography CD

In a nutshell: negative, pessimistic, aggressive, angry, hardcore crust punk with panicky vocals. They cover an Anti-Cimex and also a Corrosion Of Conformity song, which seems right up their alley. So, if you're into either of these bands, then you will definitely be into Straight To Hell. Unlike so many other crust punk bands that tend to loose my attention about 2 songs into the album, this band really delivers 24 ass-kicking songs. I highly recommend it. AW (Gloom Records/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212; gloomrecords.com)

STRUNG UP • Society Rot In Hell CD

This one is killer! Strung Up, from the Oakland/San Francisco area, play fast and pissed punk fucking rock. A great example of the current Bay Area sound, this one is among the ranks of Born/Dead, Desolation, and other phenomenal bands in the area. The music is short and to the point, the lyrics are angry and smart, and the mix of the album sounds great. The drums are super punchy in that old school '80s punk way, and the guitars and bass have really nice amp sounds and resonance to them and generally mingle with the drums in a way that's heavy but not a brick wall of sound. Overall a great release and I look forward to hearing more! DJ (Tank Crimes/PO Box 22641/San Francisco, CA 94122; tankcrimes.com)

SUBURBAN DEATH MACHINE • Fuck The Scene... 7"

Pittsburgian hardcore tearin' up the shit with raw hardcore styles. At first this didn't do much for me, but after a few listens I liked it more. Gruff vocaled hardcore punk. Solid. Catchy. Punk. CD (\$4 to Urban Death Records c/o Ian Ryan/4746 Friendship Ave./Pittsburgh, PA 15224)

TAKARU • 7"

Definitely one of the most brutal bands I've ever seen. This is my favorite recording of the now disbanded Bay Area group. These songs have less experimentation with dynamics and more focus on speed, harshness, and heaviness. I think there are a noticeable amount of more blast beats. Lyrics are staunchly radical & pissed off—often cynical, too. Most members now play in Burial Year, who have a similar sound. Seven songs for 7 inches. Very worth your few dollars. CB (\$4 to Sky Of Ill Rule Records c/o Joshua Stein/6330 Shattuck Ave./Oakland, CA 94609)

THUMB'S UP! • We're All Fucked 7"

That new hardcore/youth crew influenced punk is not so new anymore. I don't hear anything really original here, but at least there's energy. It's cool that this is a 7" because 7"s are over fast. DUH (Room 13 Records; room13records.com)

THUNDERLIP • CD

I don't appreciate the music because it's kind of late '80s hard rock, mostly rock beats on the outside, but with a noisobin influenced guitar leads, but the vocals... I have said... it for the... Seems like pretty much a bar band. CD (Clayard Records/665 Timber Hill Rd./Deerfield, IL 60015; thunderlip.com)

TO KILL • Wasting Your Life CD

Pretty much... I don't... straight edge... Nearly every cliché in the book makes an appearance here, including the classic "I'm still here" track. The two bands sing about their love and dedication to hardcore, straight edge; in particular, they sing as well sing about their prides to Jesus. Hardcore is just another crutch to some people. No need to boast of being "still here" while the rest of the world passes you by, or pointing out how you're so dedicated, when you're really afraid to stand on your own. MV (Catalyst Records/PO Box 30241/Indianapolis, IN 46230; ventalsrecords.com)

TO WHAT END? • Concealed Below The Surface CD

What do you get when you take a beat and add heavily melancholy riffs to an already intense genre? Not quite Tragedy, but more or less influenced by emo sound, you get To What End? The music is sincere and not ripping

off Tragedy; I have to make that clear. At first is almost seems like it, but the more I listen to it I realize that this really is more of a unique creation. It's just melodic and sad, almost giving a futile hope of anything in the world improving. This band is from Sweden and has members from Sunday Morning Einsteins and other well-known bands from that area. They've got their style down and play really tight, and have male/female vocals that sound good and sing thoughtful lyrics. If on here for everyone. Each band has one page of credits on the insert. Some chose to include lyrics, others did not. This CD is rather brief in duration, but I definitely enjoyed it. DUH (Blind Destruction Records/35 Bryntaf, Aberfan/Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glam/South Wales/CF48 4PN/UK; bdrccs.com)

V/A • Take Penicillin Now CD

In some ways this seems like a sampler for G7 Welcoming Committee Records rather than an actual compilation. All the bands have releases on G7 and the packaging for the CD is minimal at best. However, many of the bands have unreleased tracks rather just rehash from their other releases. A mixed bag of rock, rap, hardcore, and pop punk. Not exactly an earth shattering compilation, but not too shabby either. My favorite tracks were by Warsawpack and Submission Hold, while Clan Zu offers up the largest pile of turd. Unreleased tracks from Submission Hold, Propagandhi, Randy, Weakerthans, Greg MacPherson, Mico, Rhythm Activism, and Hirsutsan. Plus previously released tracks from Warsawpack, Clan Zu, Malefaction... and rehash from (International) Noise Conspiracy, Consolidated, But Alive, I Spy, Swallowing Shit, GFK, Bakunin's Bum, and Che: Chapter 127. KM (G7 Welcoming Committee Records; G7welcomingcommittee.com)

ACAO DIRETA/IN THE SHIT • split CD

Both of these bands play about the same style of heavy crusty punk rock stuff. Acao Direta was a bit more urgent sounding, but neither stood out from the pack too much. There are two songs from each band. Acao Direta is from Brazil and In The Shit is from UK (I think). CD (Blind Destruction Records/35 Bryntaf, Aberfan/Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glam/South Wales/CF48 4PN/UK; bdrccs.com)

AGANIHM/THE TASTE OF SILVER • split CD

The Taste Of Silver starts off with some weird soothing ambient sounds... they quickly move into what is their forte, blast beats and discordant guitar riffs that are influenced by Discordant Axis. Three brutal songs here. Aganihm are no longer with us, and broke up in 2004. They play what in my opinion is over produced type death metal. I think the type of sound that originally got me out of death metal in the early '90s. NW (no address)

AGHAST/1000 TRAVELS OF JAWAHARLAL • split CD

Aghast hails from France and sound, with a few small exceptions, like Hot Cross before they began their slippery slope into horrorbliss. High pitched vocals cawed overtop of upbeat french emoteur with some At The Drive-In influences. 1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal finishes things up with a more melodic variation of the style, and I just can't get into it. All around a pretty lackluster seven songs. MAH (Waiting For An Angel/45, rue Rachais/69007 Lyon/France; waitingforanangel.com)

AGHAST/SED NON SATIATE • split 7"

Epic French hardcore very well represented here. Emotive and heavy, both bands have songs in English and French and somehow are on 6 different labels. Definitely worth a listen. MV (Puzzle Records/10, Rue St. Yes/35000 Rennes/France; aghast.info)

ANFO/D.F.C. • La Conquista Continua 7"

Two sides on the record, one thrash band on each side. Both bands are tight and energetic, what more could you ask for in a thrash band. Neither band deviates from the thrash formula in any significant fashion. I thought DFC had a bit more of the manic energy but both are worthy of your attention if you are into the thrash. Not into the thrash? Then this will sound just like every other thrash band out there. BH (Odio Los Discos c/o Eduardo Acosta/U.V. Matute Block 3-A (5)/Lima 13/Perú)

BLOWN TO BITS/DEATHTOLL • split CD

Both bands play relatively standard thrash, though they are both good at it. Deathtoll is the faster and more energetic sounding of the two but both bands have a good amount of energy and intensity. Both bands have vocals that are on the verge of screaming. The Blown To Bits vocals are the heavier of the two. While both bands are good at what they do it probably won't be of too much interest outside of thrash circles. Though for those that are into it, it would be hard to go wrong with this record. BI (Despotec Records/PO Box 832/Long Beach, CA 90801; despotecrecords.tk)

CARPENTER ANT/HEADACHES • split 7"

Carpenter Ant is heavy emo. Lots of rock, punk, and life influences with forcibly, but not annoyingly screamed vocals. It's all played well, too. Headaches sound more like something from late '80s Dischord. There isn't a whole lot of energy to this but there is some cool songwriting. DUH (Square Of Opposition Records/2935 Fairview St./Bethlehem, PA 18020)

DDMMYYYY/PANSERBJØRNE • split 3" CD

Panserbjørne starts things off with some short and sick blasts of chaotic hardcore. There are parts that remind me alot of Usurp Synapse and the earlier Locust stuff (ie: splits with Man Is The Bastard, Jenny Preco,

etc...), but I think the most obvious comparison would be Daughter's *Canada* Songs material. Super fast beats with the occasional heavy breakdown. They might not welcome that association but it's the one I'm giving. This tiny CD (which is packaged quite nicely I might add) is shared with DDMMYYYY who spend six tracks confessing their love for The Blood Brothers, Solid Doves, and keyboard weirdness. Pretty good, but nothing to really write home about. MAH (The Culture Industry/PO Box 442/253 College St./T.O./M5T 1R5/Canada; cultureindustry.org)

DISSECT/LOS REZIOS • split 7"

Los Rezos (from Peru) plays some hard-hitting hardcore/punk. It is catchy as hell, with some rad guitar leads and echo vocals. Speedy d-beating and strained screams, with some damn good songwriting make this an excellent listen. Lyrics and explanations in Spanish. Dissect (from Finland) rounds out the other side with a healthy dose of crust, with a singer of each sex belting out the shouts and screams. Lyrics in Finnish. Both bands are tight, pissed and good at what they do, making me ever so stoked I picked this up. CD (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

DUMB HAIRCUTS/ETHAN MASTER OF THE HAWAIIAN UKULELE • split 7"

Dumb Haircuts plays snotty punk rock reminiscent of the Dead Milkmen with a more modern edge but also a bit of a sassy attitude that's hard to get past. Ethan claims he is the master of the ukulele and he very well may be right. Very upbeat and very catchy so I can guarantee these songs will float around in your head forever. MV (Yoyodyne Records/5901 Lonesome Valley Trail/Austin, TX 78731)

EYES OF VEROTIKA/RICKY FITTS • split 7"

Two bands that both play emo that tilts in the indie-rock direction but hasn't fallen entirely over the edge. Eyes Of Verotika are the screamer of the two bands but both have a fair amount of melody going on. Both bands could up the intensity level though, there were times on both sides of this record where things just felt a little flat. For the most part this is just okay; it's not terribly exciting but it's not bad either. BH (Init Records/PO Box 871/Sioux Falls, SD 57101; initrecords.com)

THE GAMMITS/OROKU • split 7"

First off I think these guys need to be informed that the same cover graphic has been used already, by a band that I put out on my label called Close Call. Close Call stole this old army poster graphic about 3 years prior to these here drops. Make War (or Oroku?) plays what they're hoping will fool you into thinking is crust or d-beat hardcore, when in reality it seems more influenced by that disgusting sound we know as emo. Nice job Tragedy... thanks again. Three songs recorded in exchange for a 12 pack of Red Stripe in thirty minutes. The Gammits are a little better (maybe if you're addicted to crack cocaine). Fast, melodic hardcore that's just on the verge of being poppy. Four songs on this 7". NW (805 Driggs Ave. #3/Brooklyn, NY 11211)

GRITOS DE ALERTA/SICK TERROR • split 7"

First up we have Gritos De Alerta blasting out full force grinding power violence. Complete with whirlwind guitar riffs, hectic blast beats, and manic dueling vocals. The songs are sung in Portuguese with English translations and are about the general fucked upness of this world. Sick Terror are along the same lines but the blast beats are much more seizure inducing fast. The lyrics are about the worthlessness of humanity and are pretty harsh. So if you are reading this and you like crazy spasmodic power violence thrash, then you know what to do... go help a grandma cross the street. CF (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

I SPOKE/BEAUMONT HAMEL • split 7"

Two bands playing three songs of rough sounding emo. Beaumont Hamel takes more of an old-school/Revolution Summer approach with a very distinct Rites Of Spring influence apparent. The vocals are rough and guitars hover on the edge of being jangly, but in a good way. The songs are mid-tempo and melodic but with a good amount of intensity. I Spoke takes a more modern approach with song structures that are more complicated. They make a lot of switches back and forth from a mellow melodic sound to a harder hitting chaotic feel. They pull it off most of the time but there's a few spots where things don't work as well as one would hope. The vocals are in the screaming vein of things. Both bands are definitely worth checking out though. BI (Som. Despotec Records/635 Mountain Rd./Wakefield, QC/08X 4G0/Canada; somdespotec.com)

I SPOKE/PANSERBJØRNE • split 7"

It feels lame to admit that I listened to this record a couple times while editing H&C and only just realized that it is actually a split. I Spoke, who you might remember from an interview in a recent issue of H&C, are a band from Canada and play fast and chaotic hardcore. Their sound is out of control, but the lyrics and content are hard and articulate. It has a great '90s hardcore feel though seems highly influenced by the post-screamo heaviness of the last few years as well. Panserbjørne are pretty similar but their sound delivers more highs and lows, and a few more dramatic slow bits before delving into chaos. Both bands tackle personal issues and social ills in their lyrics, delivering notes thereto along with them. I'm pretty sure both bands sing in English, though the lyrics are printed in French as well. LO (The Culture Industry/PO Box 442/253 College St./Toronto, ON/M5T 1Y7/Canada; thecultureindustry.org)

LA QUIETE/LOUISE CYPHRE • split CD/10"

Here we have a superb European match up done by America's favorite stoner label, Electric Human Project. La Quiete comes back with yet another set of brilliant emo/screamo songs, recording four for this split. Their sound is derived from a mix of French hardcore and earlier, mid '90s emo—dynamics is definitely in their cards. Louise Cyphre manages to up the intensity, playing four faster, more grindy tunes. They remind me of some Jerome's Dream or the, with time changes, short blast beats, and high-pitched vocals. Highly recommended. 8 songs, 16 minutes. CB (The Electric Human Project/500 S Union St./Wilmington, DE 19805; electrichumanproject.com)

LAST MINUTE/MORTAL COMBAT • split 7"

Both Mortal Combat and Last Minute play fast energetic thrash punk with strong frantic shouted female vocals. If you happen to be looking for something fresh and inspired from the thrash side of things I would highly recommend this release. Both bands are from Indonesia and have rad lyrics about Food Not Bombs, sexism, DIY, and the plight and reality of those most fucked over by hierarchies and capitalist politicians. These bands have a lot of spirit and play with pure passion and fun. These are real kids dealing with real shit and they let their anger explode through their energetic and positive music. CF (Thrash Steady Syndicate c/o Mohd. Fairuz Bin Taswadi/Blk. 204/Marsiling Drive/#07-208/Singapore 730204)

THE LAST PRIORITY/CLUSTERFUX • split 7"

Last Priority of Oxnard, CA and Clusterfux hailing from Golden, CO both play furious skate punk from back in the day. Both bands pump out 2 awesome songs about life on a skateboard and DIY ethics. DIY or die! MV (\$4 to Less Ary Records/PO Box 16328/Golden, CO 80401)

MESRINE/DEPRESSION • split LP

Mesrine: Grind, grind, grind. Plenty of headache inducing, tempo-changing, blast beat kick to the throat. Heavy and distorted with agony cries and a throaty growl. These guys have put out a number of EPs and two CDs. Depression: Guurgle. One dude plays all the instruments. Two others with garbage disposals for tracheas show you what the bottom of their stomachs sound like. It lacks the energy of a live band, but it throat scrapes its way by. And, a Turbonegro Cover? DUH (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

MINIBOSSES/PENNY WINBLOOD • split CD •

Three tracks from Minibosses, five from Penny Winblood. Minibosses, as the name suggests, cover songs from old Nintendo games. Now I know what you're thinking, you don't want to listen to midi keyboards twinkling out level 1 of Super Mario Bros. Well worry you not. Minibosses takes these 8 bit anthems (in this case Ninja Gaiden, Double Dragon, and Castle Vania) and make them all their own. In fact, no keyboards or synths are even used. Guitars and drums only, at least from what I can tell, recreate these tunes in true prog-rock fashion. God, I love it. Penny Winblood sounds like what Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation* album would of been if Lightning Bolt was around when it was written and recorded. Exactly how I know what that would sound like is beyond me, considering I must of only been 8 or 9 when that record came out, and don't really know to much about music. MAH (Forge Records; foregerecords.com)

REASON OF INSANITY/ RACE AGAINST TIME • split 7"

ROI play so fucking fast that it sounds as though the music has sped up in the studio. I'm sure this isn't the case. Five awesome, and sick songs from these Texas lads. Race Against Time are equally as fucking fast, and are from Texas as well. These beat out ROI though as they cover a Bastard song on the split. Four songs on this side. NW (Burrito Records c/o Sound Idea Distrib/PO Box 3264/Brandon, FL 33509; soundideadistribution.com)

SHACKLE ME NOT/ THE DEATHSKULLS • split CD

I thought this was going to be black metal from the viking on the cover and the medieval style font. What I got was this split featuring these two British hardcore bands, both of which I have never heard of before. Shackle Me Not comes off as your basic hardcore punk band edging toward the youth/crow sing along style, but lack on the mosh parts and when the few sing along come up they are pretty weak. Lyrically they seem politically driven, back two "Polyglobal Buzz" has a straightforward message that basically speaks of tearing down the system and building a new one. The other four are a bit more ambiguous, but still seem conscience. Musically they are pretty boring and I like my hardcore to be fun and catchy. The Deathskulls delivers it a bit more pissed off and have a heavier crust style

guitar tone. Every song more or less is that same driving punk beat with the raspy Rollins-esque bark vocals. They seem pretty pissed from their lyrics. No hidden message here, just fuck you, fuck you, fuck you and fuck you. I'm cool with the whole anger thing, but their choruses are weak and don't fuel the anger enough. It doesn't make me want to stop circle pitting and grab the mic. Both bands would be all right to see live, but the CD wouldn't make it more than one play in my stereo. CTB (Ghost City Records/12 Richmond Ave./London/N1 0NE/UK; ghost-city.net)

SIGHTINGS/HRVATSKI • Divorce Series 3 split 7"

Plaguing your ears is Sightings from Vancouver, Canada who plays noise similar to Wolf Eyes but with a little more intensity. I thought the Hrvatski side was skipping but it turns out to sound like some of the mellow Aphex Twin or Demetri. Definitely for fans of ambient techno. MV (Ache Records/PO Box 138/1001 West Briardway #101/Vancouver, BC/V6H 4E4/Canada; acherecords.com)

SOPHORA/UTARID • split 7"

This is quite good. Utarid are from Malaysia and I wouldn't be surprised if "uturid" means Orchid in Malaysian as this band sounds shit load like Orchid. Screamo emo-violence. I wouldn't have guessed this was from Malaysia. Sophora are from Australia and their music is also in the screamy style, but they don't remind me of anyone in particular. It is just real solid screamo hardcore. I don't have my glasses with me at the moment, so I can't read the insert as they are printed in tiny print with lots of distortion (yes, even the lyric sheet is in the style of screamy DIY hardcore). Hand screened covers on clear vinyl. It is pretty telling that this style of hardcore has gotten so universal that a split can come out between a band from Malaysia and a band from Australia. Screaming emo violence is now a world wide style, I reckon. Cool. KM (Gasping For Breath Records or Shriek Sounds Records; gaspingforbreath.com)

THE UNCURBED FAMILY/ MY COLD EMBRACE • split 7"

Uncurbed comes out swinging with some fast punchy d-beat hardcore ala Sweden. They offer up two tracks of their standard hardcore d-beat fare and show they have their sound down to a craft. The only complaint I have is that it says here on the insert that this EP was recorded on July 5th, 2004! Don't they know they should still be in bed, hung over from celebrating the birthday of the greatest country in the world, America! My Cold Embrace serves up a more grinding edge to their style of crazy German hardcore. The songs are layered and the recording makes it sound all over the place. The song structures are all crazy and the kick drums sound triggered. All in all, this is not a bad release. God bless America and SUV's. If only you Euro dudes knew the feeling of power from running down helpless animals and small children in my Ford Explorer and opening car doors on unsuspecting bicyclists! It's like a big red white and blue boner! CF (Power It Up Records/Postfach 1114/38456 Vechelde/Germany; power-it-up.de)

VIIMEINEN KOLONN/ KURWA APARTA • split 7"

Wow, this one is a raging and fucking good release. I'm a big fan of Viimeinen Kolonna, so I was stoked to get this. Their side of the record is raging and catchy Finnish punk in the vein of later Terveet Kadet. A little metallic and way fucking punk, but damn precise and tight. The vocals sound good and the guitars are sounding really good in this mix, and as well I can hear the bass well and the entire drum kit clearly. Great. Kurwa Aparata's side is similar to VK's side, but way faster and thrash influenced. The mix is really heavy, with a very pronounced low end in a good way. It sounds like a nice full mix, and a clear one at that. The music sounds good and is something

I want to listen to again. I think these bands are perfect to do a split together and overall this is a really good record. DJ (Kamaset Levyt, punkinfinland.net/kamaset)

WHAT IF GODS LIE/ ALL SYSTEMS FAIL • split CD

What If Gods Lie plays some heavy crust punk, with lyrics in Spanish and English. Six songs of solid d-beat punk. I think they might be from Mexico, but it doesn't say. Both labels that put this out are based in Mexico. All Systems Fail is from Salt Lake City, Utah and also have songs in both Spanish and English. They play the same style, but the vocals are really good and the guitar throws in some cool sounding leads. The song "Christian Punks" is rad: "charge your hair, pray on your knees, with skull tattoos and rosaries, pounding Bibles in the pit, Christian punks are full of shit." Solid shit from these folks. CD (Cryptas Records c/o Luis V. Cruz/ Apdo Postal #16-052/C.P. 02011/Mexico D.F./Mexico)

TOP 10 LISTS

Lisa Oglesby:

BULLETS IN—Conceive 12" • **SEEN RED—**We Need To Do More Than Just Music LP • **AMATEUR PARY—**Sounds And Halls To House Them CD • **OFF MINOR/MY DISCO—**split 7" • **LOOK BACK AND LAUGH—**By The Pound LP • **BOXED IN—**Too Many Dead LP • **TAKARU—**7"

Chandler Briggs:

DES ARK—Loose Lips Sink Ships CD • **ROSA—**I Mississippi You CD • **LA QUIETE/LOUISE CYPHRE—**split CD • **MENEGUAR—**I Was Born At Night LP & live • **TAKARU—**7" • **END ON END & DISCONNECT—**live • **ARABELLA—**live • **PIEDMONSTER—**live • riding my new bike a.k.a. Don Johnson • **Pink Mailbox Fest 2K5** • anticipation of my travels and seeing friends in Europe

Scott Torguson:

LUNGFISH—Feral Hymns LP • **BULLETS IN—**Conceive 12" • **R.A.M.B.O.—**Bring It! LP/DVD • **SAGE FRANCIS—**A Healthy Distrust LP • **BUCK 65—**This Right Here Is... CD • **THE POGUES—**If I Should Fall From Grace With God LP • **TED LEO/PHARMACISTS—**Shake The Sheets LP

Mike Haley:

EURASURE—A Little Respect • **AIR CONDITIONING—**live • **GROWING—**live • **scrabble** • **BIG BUSINESS—**LP • **SCRUBS** Season 1 DVD • **WORD WARS—**DVD • **PISSED JEANS—**live • **COMETS ON FIRE—**live • **V/A—**The Long Run Of Small Steps cassette • **NAVIES—**live

Chuck Franco:

LENNIE HBBERT—Creation LP • **UNCLE CHARLES—**In Crust We Trust 10" • **DEVIATED INSTINCT—**Guttural Breath LP • **Chariots Of The Gods** book • **ALL CRUSTIES SPENDING LOUD NIGHT—**DVD • **GIANTS OF GRIND—**DVD • flung open car doors+bikes=bad • **Greg Banks!** We are thinking about you and hope you heal up well! • the power of Kombucha! • the strength of CaCao!!

Paul Kane:

NAVIES—An Estate CD • **Oh Kim Campbell #6** • **TUBERS—**live at the Green Fuse house • **OFF MINOR/MY DISCO—**live at the Denver 'zine library • **Mysterious Skin** new Gregg Araki Film

Eric Meisberger:

THE DECEMBERISTS—Piearesque LP • **UNBROKEN—**Life Love Regret LP • **ANTIBALAS—**first and second LPs • **TURNING POINT—**discography • **REM—**Reckoning LP • **OPERATION IVY—**discography • **THE BUSINESS—**Hardcore Hooligan LP • **THE END OF THE LINE—**LP • **MAXIMILLIAN COLBY—**7" • **JULIA—**LP • **ELDRITCH ANISETTE—**7" • **Lord Of The Rings** trilogy • **Animal Liberation** by Peter Singer.



AW= AMY WRIGHT, CB=CHANDLER BRIGGS, CD=CHRIS DUPREY, CTB=COLE TYLER BARRINGTON, JM=JENNY MUNDY, KM=KENT MCCLARD, LO=LISA OGLESBY, PK=PAUL KANE & SJS=STEPHEN SNYDER

9 AND A HALF LEFT #10 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 36pgs.
This per 'zine is nothing fancy, but enjoyable nonetheless. The editor's style is easy to read (making it dry in spots), but his raw honesty wins in the end. It's cool to see someone who is a recent father continuing on with his 'zine even if there are large breaks in time between issues. There's stuff about quitting smoking, his father's death from cancer and a glimpse into their strained relationship, how to get coupons for free food, stuff on recent dinosaur discoveries, stories about being harassed from right wing conservatives while wearing liberal T-shirts, his experience with gum disease and subsequent efforts to receive cheap dental care with no insurance, etc. Good. PK (Mike Rodermann/13426 Merl Ave./Lakewood, OH 44107)

ABORT #17 5.5x8.5 \$2 44pgs.
Recovering from a bad breakup, Jonathan finds himself moving into the Casa Del Sol squat or community center (depending on who you ask), where he befriends his housemates, learns about the lengthy process of consensus decision making, and ultimately gets evicted. Sometimes living simply is the best living, even when your house is basically run by a schizophrenic "urban Indian" and overrun with stray cats. Together with his housemates, they fix up and decorate the building best they can, put on shows in the basement, and even attempt to set up an after school program. Overall, a well written 'zine with the appropriate amount of cynicism that balances out anarchist idealism. The 'zine ends with interviews with Hiresukan and 1905. JM (Jonathan/45 E 7th St. #106/ New York, NY 10003)

AT BOTH ENDS #6 8.5x11 \$2+postage 120pgs.
Located in Vancouver, Canada, this 'zine covers hardcore from around the continent and is chock full of interviews and opinions. The interviews are given plenty of space allowing participants to explore and describe their philosophies and motive. Intelligent and knowledgeable questions elicit thoughtful responses from band members. Many subjects are addressed, some are specific to band activities and histories and others explore the social and political context of the time. Bands interviewed include Die Young, Avail, From Ashes Rise, Physical Challenge, Agnostic Front, Backstabbers Inc., and Walls Of Jericho. There are shorter interviews consisting of 10 questions about band history and music. Folks afforded this treatment include Faith And Fire and Chuck Norris. Other contents include a series of short essays from various band members discussing what about the hardcore community is healthy and what areas could use some improvement. There is an essay that lists facts and myths about pay inequity for women and a collection of columnists write about various hardcore related issues. You also get two tasty sounding bread recipes. There are a few pages of brief, very personal music and 'zine reviews. There is much to read between the covers of *At Both Ends* and nearly all of it is intelligent and seasoned with in appropriate combination of sarcasm and humor. SJS (Stephen Lillis/261 555 1 6th Ave. Vancouver BC V5L 1K9 Canada)

BARTOK SUITE #3 4.5x5.5 \$1 34pgs.
Bartok Suite is a collection of short stories by a variety of writers for the state's largest and most diverse audience. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world.

BREAK THE CHAINS #21 8.5x11 \$1 20pgs.
Takes the 'zine form and describes it as a collection of stories for and about building a community of resistance. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world.

BRISK WALK #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 30pgs.
In this issue of the Brisk Walk 'zine, the editor, Jeff, takes us on a walk through the world of punk. He writes about politics and coming and understanding what divides people and how to bring them together. Two conversations are included in this issue. One with a guy who maintains a small but brutal crust core shop within a Sarasota head shop. The other with Travis Fristoe, editor of Gainesville's *America* 'zine. They discuss the changing landscape of Gainesville, it's punk rock festival, punk rock lineage, and the nature of Travis' 'zine and writing. Matt fills the pages with personal reactions to events in his life, from unhappy interactions with elders to recollections of a dead friend. *Brisk Walk* contains some good writing. The cut and paste layout seems slapdash and only detracts from what could become a better 'zine. SJS (Matt Underfoot/1000 South Shore Dr/Miami, FL 33141)

CHARGED HAIR, DISTORTED RIFFS... BULLET BELTS, AND CIRCLE PITS! #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 64pgs.
This is the first issue of this 'zine that I've read, and it was punk as punky fuck. Sixty-four pages of glued, typewritten, and cut 'n' paste text, rambling on about many punk related topics, including Vancouver house shows and band news, personal columns about life and travel, a Chuck Norris tour report, a Canadian band history lesson on the gentlemen of horror, plus music and 'zine reviews. A show review rounds out the rest, along with some photos. In the intro Jeff talks about learning computers and trying it out for the 'zine and ending up losing half the text and deciding to stick with the cut 'n' paste. I FEEL YOUR PAIN. Every quarter when I do reviews I have to borrow a computer to type this shit up, and I always end up pressing the wrong button or something and losing a chunk of text. Oh yeah, besides the fact that I SUCK at typing. So, I think the folks at *Charged Hair, Distorted Riffs... Bullet Belts, And Circle Pits!* would agree that DIY hardcore punk rules, computers suck, but ya gotta do what ya gotta do, right? Right. CD (Jeff/PO Box 21530/1424 Commercial Dr/Vancouver, BC/V5L 5G2/Canada)

CHUMPIRE #179 4.25x11 37¢ 8pgs.
This long running 'zine is packed with thoughts on the two different local DIY punk rock show spaces, punk and the ambiguity associated with kids in middle school who look punk, a trip to the gambling mecca of Atlantic City. There are also a grip of 'zine, record, and show reviews, as well as band photos (which make up the bulk of this particular issue). Besides the awkward size, this is a good, quick, insightful (although somewhat cryptic) read. PK (Greg Knowles/PO Box 27/Anneville, PA 17003)

CHUMPIRE #180 5.5x4.25 37¢ 8pgs.
This issue is mostly about the author's experience putting together the middle school yearbook and how he winds up having a more difficult time dealing with the yearbook company than he does directing 8th graders to make a 60-page book. He also writes about how working with kids keeps him feeling young, and he includes some music reviews as well. JM (Greg Knowles/PO Box 27/Anneville, PA 17003)

CHUMPIRE #181 5.5x4.25 37¢ 12pgs.
Thoughts on single arms versus stunts, dealing with macho 8th graders during field day, and why Talking Heads are good. Also includes a story about taking some students after school to a bike track, where he slows down a good ride to stay at the pace of one of the kids. He also describes watching his brother's barn cat chop a mouse. JM (Greg Knowles/PO Box 27/Anneville, PA 17003)

THE CIA MAKES SCIENCE-FICTION UNEXCITING #3 5.5x4.25 \$1.50 32pgs.
Ever get really paranoid that the government is watching you, bugging your phones, and reading your email? You might not be so nutty after all. This 'zine explains how the Patriot Act now allows the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court to conduct surveillance on American citizens, without a warrant or reason, and use any evidence collected (including anything they go into your house and take without ever informing you) against you in a trial without a jury. Even if you never involve yourself in "questionable activities," communicating with someone who does sets you up as a surveillance target. Steering clear of conspiracy theories, the author cites declassified government documents, court records, and reports from credible organizations to show how the Patriot Act violates the Constitution, primarily the 1st and 4th Amendments. This 'zine is a good summary of what the Patriot Act means to American citizens. JM (Microcosm Publishing/PO Box 14332/Portland, OR 97293; microcosmpublishing.com)

CLENCH #8 8.5x11 \$ASE 2pgs.
Clench is a one sheet flyer style 'zine from editor Philip Knowles. This issue is devoted solely to San Francisco early eighties hardcore band The Fuckups. Side one describes Philip's state of mind as he got into punk circa 1995, his discovery of a used copy of *The Fuckups* 7 inch and the role the record played in his life there after. Side two collects the MRR interview with singer Bob Noxious and various recollections from Bay Area punks of the time. SJS (Philip Knowles/PO Box 210/Williams Bay, WI 53191)

COMMUNICATING VESSELS #16 5.5x8.5 \$3 52pgs.
The tagline of this 'zine is: "A periodical of rebellious thought and poetry." Inside are a book review, a poem, and a lengthy article on the conditions that lead up to the current political situation in the Middle East. This 'zine is not for the casual reader, but as the 29 footnotes of the Middle East article indicate, it is a must read for anyone interested in the current political situation. The article is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world.

COUGH #3 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 20pgs.
This issue is a quick read with three interviews, artwork, comic, music reviews, and places and things from Bay Area hardcore bands. The interviews are with graphic designer Marco Osbourne, the composer of *Scars*, a CD based band 50 Years War, and Canadian artist Donam. Good. PK (Chad Long/PO Box 604 Moss Beach, CA 94051)

DWELLING PORTABLY Sept. 2005 5.5x8.5 \$1 30pgs.
Here is another issue from the Light Living Library. This issue is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world.

EMERGENCY #5 5.5x8.5 \$2 54pgs.
Ammi writes a nonlinear autobiography, stretching from her teenage years until present, pining the contrasts and contradictions in her life between "the ocean and the hills," a reminiscence seemingly brought on by the suicide of one of her friends from her home town. I particularly liked her stories about living above a revival church in New York with a charismatic, often drunk goth woman and about her thankless work as a bike deliverer. Ammi sums up the tone of her 'zine with the introspection: "We're trying to find a use for ourselves in a world that isn't particularly interested," but in the end she manages to keep her head above the water without feeling too sorry for herself. JM (Ammi Emergency/831 Elysian Fields/PO Box 259/New Orleans, LA 70117)

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO GHOSTS #3 7x8.5 \$2 16pgs.
This is a collection of black and white watercolors of band photos that have appeared in previous issues of *Heartattack*. I was hoping for better photocopy quality, since the watercolors are black and white. The quality of most are good enough for me to recognize, although I can tell a lot of detail has been washed out. The bands this time around include Angel Hair, Bob Tilton, Coleman, Copout, Drift, Ex-ignota, Ink & Dagger, Jenny Piccolo, Q Factor, and The Ko Losi. An art show with all of the original watercolors from the last three issues seems in order. PK (Terence Hannum/PO Box 220651/Chicago, IL 60622)

FRAIL ROOTS #4 4.25x5.5 \$2 60pgs.
All right, dude. I know this guy's a straightedge, vegan, bike-riding punk, but I can only hear it so many times throughout all of these stories. Towards the beginning of the 'zine, I felt like I was back in Ms. Berman's high school sophomore creative writing class. The "Sunrise" short stories really lacked an illustrative depth that I am constantly looking for in short stories. Also, it lacked a breadth of diction that made the stories feel one-dimensional. Trying to paint us a picture of him as a righteous punk and bike-rider definitely took away my focus from the potentially heartfelt and interesting stories. There was one story, "Leaving Longview," that I thought was the best one. This story had all the aspects that I thought the others lacked: a clear and vivid picture of the location, other interesting characters, personal reflections that entice the reader to want to know more, and even some good 'ol figurative language (similes, metaphors, etc.). With some help from a creative writing class or reading some good short stories and borrowing from them, I'd say this 'zine has a huge potential. This only the fourth issue, so it has a lot of time to grow. AW (Kyle/136 Tanglewood Dr./Longview, WA 98632)

GREEN ZINE #14 5.5x8.5 \$2.50 64pgs.
Cristy writes about her process of change and self-discovery as she moves away from her home in Florida to Philadelphia and then to New York, every move bringing both farewells and introductions. She is really a talented writer who has a knack for blending stories about drinking with friends with a confrontation in the midst of the FTAA protests with someone who had abused her. She also tactfully discusses complicated issues of being queer and Cuban-American and punk, growing up in what is mostly a white, hetero (and for that matter, male) scene. This is a dense 'zine, full of great stories and illustrations. JM (Microcosm Publishing/PO Box 14332/Portland, OR 97293; microcosmpublishing.com)

GRIOT #3 5.5x8.5 stamps 28pgs.
The author meets two women from out of town who are trying to track down one of their ex-boyfriends in a seemingly dead-end quest. He shows them around the city of Columbus, riding on the bike trails and swimming in a man-made lake, while they question local people about the ex-boyfriend and ultimately track him down. I found this 'zine a bit too romantic and unbelievable, even though I think this is a true (but embellished) story. I don't know, there's just something creepy about an ex crossing states to stalk you and posting missing person flyers around town with your picture on it. JM (Brian D./90 E 4th Ave./Columbus, OH 43201)

HEARTCHECK 5.5x8.5 \$7 44pgs.
This is a very inspirational 'zine composed by political prisoners Jeff "Free" Luers and Rob "Los Ricos" Thaxton, both of whom are doing time for what others only talk about. In prison culture, a heartcheck is what one says to someone who keeps talking and/or complaining about something, but fails to take action. Heartcheck is like do something or shut the fuck up. They chose that as the title of this 'zine because for years, various militant elements in the anarchist/insurrectionary movements in the US have been making empty threats and promises of revolution, smashing capitalism and the state and ending oppression. This 'zine is part critique of the anarchist movement in the US, and the apathy we can afford as citizens of wealthy first world consumer nations, and part a call to action for those who believe in something to stand up and fight for what they believe in before it's too late. Detailing tactics and ideas for activists to broaden the struggle with, this 'zine acts as a good kick in the ass to those sitting on the fence of "safe" activism and boring protest actions. This 'zine is awesome, inspiring, and down to earth, with practical wisdom and unpretentious and inclusive liberation politics. And it's also a benefit for Free's defense fund. So buy buy buy or die! I'll leave you with a quote from the back cover: "With millions of people dying, the environment being poisoned and destroyed by consumerism, there are really only three kinds of people: the victims, the problem, and the solution. This 'zine is dedicated to the latter. The time for rhetoric is over. The time for action has arrived. We hope that the writings contained within will begin a much needed discussion on solutions and alternatives to a lack of radical action. We hope these words will be the beginning of something larger." CD (Free's Defense Fund/PO Box 14332/Portland, OR 97240)

THE HILT Vol. 2 #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 30pgs.
This 'zine is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world.

THE HILT Vol. 2 #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 30pgs.
This 'zine is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world. The collection is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. The stories are written by a variety of writers, including some who are well known in the literary world.

HUSH UP #1 7x10 free 32pgs.
This NJ based fanzine includes short articles and/or interviews with Aileen Killa, Longspur, Armor For Sleep, Moraine, Blackout Skies, Tokyo Rose, Mindless Self Indulgence, and For Sorrow's End. The articles were cheesy fluff pieces and the interviews were just as bad. The basic gist of this whole thing is "check these bands out, they rock." This 'zine is fixated on myspace.com, Warp tour, bad pixilated photos, filler, etc. The editor needs to stop referring to himself in third person, realize that his monthly publishing schedule is too ambitious and quit while he's ahead. PK (PO Box 21/Belleview, NJ 07109)

I WAS WARPED 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 36pgs.
The Warped Tour is something most of us would like to put behind us...or at least try to brush off the whole thing as total crap. Unfortunately, as Emilie points out, to the average consumer and/or student, the Warped Tour IS everything that is punk. She found a way to incorporate this fact into her graduate research, which winds her up spending her summer following the Warped Tour from city to city, seeing the same bands over and over. She does, however, save the rest of us from spending 30 bucks to laugh at Anti Flag following up a dimly received "It doesn't matter what your sexual preference is!" with the nonsensical "It doesn't matter what the flag is!!!" Entertaining and funny. JM (Emilie/34 Stone Ave./Somerville, MA 02143)

This is an articulate and accomplished anarchist 'zine from northern Virginia. I enjoyed the content written from a personal perspective, but could have done without the long quoted passages from dead anarchists, regardless of how pertinent those quotes may seem today. It definitely dragged down an otherwise informative and interesting read. Much of the content of this issue centers around all forms of authoritarianism, with specific emphasis on the US military and its efforts to recruit. In addition, there's a lengthy section on current news (along with editorial comments), information on some effective ways to dissent to a police search, a review of *Hotel Rwanda* from an anarchist perspective, a review of the book *Dream World*, and much more. The strength of this 'zine definitely lies in it's personal insight into anarchist politics, especially with content like the editor's first hand experiences with being enlisted in the military, etc. Load up on that for the next issue and cut the dry factual stuff. Good. PK
Tarion Khan/2925 Lawrence Dr/Falls Church, VA 22042)

ROLLING THUNDER #1

8.5x11 \$16pgs.
Here is another publication from the CrimethInc. Worker's Collective. This one is subtitled "An Anarchist Journal Of Dangerous Living." It's project seems to encompass all aspects of making oneself whole, turning one's life into an adventure, and preparing for whatever your revolution may become. Contents of this missive include reports from and analysis of many of the large protest actions of the past few years, from Seattle to the 2004 RNC. These participant journals are numerous throughout the world of 'zines. The *Rolling Thunder* writers keep theirs lively by not focusing on negative feelings, staying at the vanguard of actions, and apparently enjoying themselves. In the realm of healing oneself is a wonderful essay that attempts valiantly to find and define boundaries within a continuum of sexual relations where consent diminishes and coercion increases. The result is a thoughtful evaluation of methods for finding equality among participants in intimacy. There are several pieces covering aspects of anarchist history including the story of Nestor Makhno and the role he played in freeing the peasants of Ukraine and their ultimate betrayal by Lenin and the Soviets. Other pieces include essays on finding a workplace suitable for squatting and some hazards once you do, the trouble saturated source of sugar, and how to be a pleasant and conscientious houseguest. Mixed in with these essays are all sorts of commentaries, briefs, games, poems, graphics, comics, and related informational items. A glossary of terms and a real reader survey open this publication and set the tone... right in that difficult to maintain spot where badinage and gravity, persiflage and eloquence cannot be distinguished. And so it goes with CrimethInc. publications. We read them and see the potent beauty of struggle and liberty in technicolor view. Yet... throughout the passion and poetry there flits, like silent birds, and intimation of an elaborate prank. Reading CrimethInc. publications seems not unlike reading *The Crying Of Lot 49* again. I suppose there is how one lives dangerously: What the CrimethInc. project does have in abundance is a positive outlook on possible futures. A collapse of civilization and a horrifying population die-off are on the way... but... some of us can survive and through cooperation and through struggle we can create beautiful lives. SJS (CrimethInc. Far East/PO Box 1963/Olympia, WA 98507; crimethinc.com)

ROOTS OF COMPASSION #3

8.5x11 \$7 38pgs.
This 'zine is of the vegan activist variety, featuring articles on animal rights in South America, nanotechnology, art, le Pogo Café (a workers' co-op), bands Undying and Purification, hip hop artist Chaoze One, activist security, a how-to on stencils, plus some columns and a few other articles. Pretty cool shit for the vegan activist types. And you can even order the ultimate soya whipped topping!! CD (rootsofcompassion.org)

SANITARY AND SHIP

5.5x8.5 free 28pgs.
This is a collection of writings from Chicago based authors. Apparently the folks included here frequently present their work at public readings in the windy city. Everything included is quite readable. Most works exhibit a flow of words that probably result in a comfortable reading cadence for the author. Subjects range throughout politics, poetry, comedy, personal stories, and CrimethInc. kids. A few stand out for me. Alicia Dorr ponders meaning in life and Andrew Mall's obituary for his longtime domestic partner Hyundai Sonata. Worth finding, and maybe there will be further issues? SJS (Diatrib Media; diatribemedia.com)

SLASH AND BURN #2

8.5x11 \$1 16pgs.
Issue #2 of this 'zine got me stoked. Another punk gem from the Punks Before Profits folks. This time featuring column by Claire about being a woman in punk, an interview with Shana of *Scandilyumphantous* 'zine, punk metal flyer artist Sin 666, and Watsonville, CA's Outraged, who I really want to check out now. There are also Ryan and Tristan's columns and "The Art Of Taping" by Karen. I like the way this 'zine has the total equality in punk of women, queers, and people of color vibe, but is also short, hardcore, DIY punk, and to the point. CD (537 Caroline St./Rochester NY 14620)

SLUG & LETTUCE #83

news 60¢ 20pgs.
S&L's mood always seem to follow the seasons. Many of the writers in this spring issue discuss growth, contemplating what we can do with ourselves in a seemingly daunting political atmosphere. Dave Trenga writes about the myth of the liberal media, Mike Straight about if violence is ever the answer, and Vegan Action strikes back with why being vegan can actually be cheaper. Plus all the usual 'zine and music reviews. JM (Christine/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261)

THE STUDENT INSURGENT #16.4

news \$7 28pgs.
Put out by University of Oregon students, this newspaper focuses on political and social issues both local and international. This issue includes articles on how Tillamook dairy farmers are standing up to Monsanto and how Bush's budget cuts are affecting social programs, a rant on how computers can make our lives more difficult rather than easier, and a reflection on the Burning Man festival. This newspaper is most relevant to UO students but has information that is interesting to non-local readers. JM (UO Student Insurgent/Suite 1/1228 Univ. Of Or/Erb Memorial Union/Eugene, OR 97403)

THE STUDENT INSURGENT #16.5

news \$7 28pgs.
This is a student newspaper from the University Of Oregon in Eugene. The focus of this issue is prisons. In addition to the letters from prisoners section (which makes up the bulk of this issue), there's a section on current world news, an article on the background of the new Pope, an article on Jeff Luers (high profile environmental political prisoner), and article on Shawn Fury (the founder of Oregon Green Cross, a medicinal marijuana group), and a couple of prison related articles. Besides the odd prison letter with pro-life sentiment and religious undertones, the content of *The Student Insurgent* is fairly radical, although not always new and/or original. PK (UO Student Insurgent/Suite 1/1228 Univ. Of Or/Erb Memorial Union/Eugene, OR 97403)

SURFACING #4

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
This 'zine is a mix of columns, a general survey, a show review, an interview with The Speedfreak (a show promoter in England), an article on how bands can prepare themselves before playing shows, a small article on Howard Dean, poetry, and weird literary writings. The self critique about inadequate artwork is a good start, and the mix of different content is a great idea, but unfortunately most of the material presented is dry and

boring. Instead of asking kids why they go to shows (which has several obvious answers repeated through the 35 printed responses), a better question for the survey could have been: What is your most memorable show experience? The responses would have been more diverse and actually interesting to read. PK (Jacquie Houtz/10 E Main St. #2/Mountville, PA 17554)

TABLE 9 FROM OUTER SPACE #1

5.5x8.5 \$2 44pgs.
A sassy space comic for the new generation of slackers and hipsters. *Table 9* features our three heroes, friends who hang out at the coffee shop late at night, work shitty jobs, smoke pot, and try to avoid the soul crushing leaders of this new space dictatorship. The characters are classic, easily associated with people in this time, just with more freaky clothes and the occasional antennae. I liked this comic. It has a good story and cool look to it. LO (Matt Verges; scumvugg@yahoo.com)

TAKE YOUR SHOT #2

8.5x11 50¢ 28pgs.
Sweet, a hardcore 'zine outta Greece! Interviews with Greece's own skate thrashers Vodka Juniors, F.P.O. from Macedonia, So Cal's Last Priest, Holland's Vitamin X, 100 Demons from the US, Dead & Gone Records from north England, and a short chat with Kurt Brecht of DRI. Some reviews of records and 'zines, plus a column round out the rest. Next issue might come with a comp CD, hopefully with some Greek hardcore for us to check out! This was a cool 'zine, and hopefully Fotis will stick with it and grow. CD (Fotis Patikas/Thessalias 43/Glyka Nera 15344/Athens/Greece)

TOINEN VAHTIETIHTI #185

5.5x8.5 \$7 28pgs.
This 'zine is all in Finnish with columns, reviews, interviews with Thrash Brigade and Dive, and show listings. I can't read Finnish, but this 'zine seems to have an anarcho-punk slant, and considering they're on their 185th issue, it can't be all that bad. Small type so there's lots to read. JM (Jantisa/PL1/65200 Vaasa/Finland)

TONES & NOTES #3

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
This issue of *Tones & Notes* carries on the critique and refinement of the Light Living Library publication *Chord Easy*. *Chord Easy* is these folk's go at a method for choosing chords when playing music and a simplified system of music notation for sight reading and composition. Much of this issue addresses technical aspects of playing and composing with chords as the root of melodies and songs. There are comments sent in by readers with suggestions for improving or changing the *Chord Easy* system, often matched with replies from editor Bert. Other commentaries touch on sameness or mediocrity in popular music, beats and rhythm in music, and a system for composing new sounding chord changes. Bert also provides some thoughts on copyrights. At the centerfold are examples of the two *Chord Easy* notation systems. Editors Bert and Holly solicit reader evaluations and comparisons to aid with evolution of their project. Throughout the pages are examples of songs written out as chord sequences for reader feedback and use. For some musicians this reader feedback must be a treasure. This issue includes brief reviews and contact information for many non-conformist publications plus a catalog of everything available in the Light Living Library. SJS (Light Living Library/PO Box 190-n/Philomath, OR 97370)

TRUST #112 8.5x11 Euro 2.50 68pgs.
Honestly, I'm not quite sure if this 'zine should even be reviewed. It has something that looks like a barcode on the cover but it seems like one that probably wouldn't work so it may be something that fits in our review guidelines. This 'zine is from Germany and while it is a big 'zine over there, the fact that it is in German pretty much prohibits it from making a big splash on our side of the pond. So the barcode point is sort of useless anyway.

Like I said, *Trust* is all in German. Kent and I disagreed about where or not it was ever in English. He thinks it was at one point, but going back to the native language once you've switched from a more international one—especially if this is a 'zine with a barcode that wants to get bigger and bigger—that just seemed odd to me. I think he has *Trust* mixed up with *Plot*, which was another large German music fanzine. I recall that *Plot* was in English, but it is just as likely that I have got the two confused and that *Trust* really was in English at some prior point. Anyway, enough of the trip down 'zine memory lane and pseudo-information giving. I don't think they do *Plot* anymore and *Trust* is clearly alive and kicking. So on with the review...

This new issue has tons and tons of content. If you read the review for *Mass Movement* you get a sense of the kind of jam packed nature of this read. The bulk of the content is interviews with bands and interesting/important people in bands. If you can read German, you are treated to interview with Escapado, Tepha, Bear Meets Shark, Fiend Force Records, Jello Biafra, Breather Resist, Le Tigre, Black Friday '29, and the people who run Combat Rock Records and are in Endstand. They also have columns, a few pages of news, an extensive list of tour dates, some advertising, some fanzine reviews, and an epic amount of music reviews. If you can't read German you're out of luck. Back issues going a far back as 1992 are still available as well. LO (Hermannstädter/Postfach 11 07 62/28087 Bremen/Germany)

WE DON'T CARE WE'RE TOO BUSY

5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.
This 'zine is comprised of writings by Nevin over the last six years. The bulk of the 'zine is an article on his trip to Costa Rica and Nicaragua as part of a sustainable development program at Eckerd college. They were studying why geographically close neighbors Nicaragua and Costa Rica were way apart in terms of standards of living, and working with local groups to build low income housing and distribute food. There was also an article about a Food Not Bombs chapter and a 5 year old vegan committed to compassion. There is also a paper on poverty and women in the third world, which was very informative. Overall this was a pretty good 'zine, and hopefully future issues won't be as academically oriented. CD (Nevin Marshall/4447 St. Clair Ave./Ft. Meyers, FL 33903; ifbrecords.com)

WE HAVE THE DEATHRAY! #2

4.25x5.5 \$1 24pgs.
In this issue, Skidge talks about his crusty headed travel adventures. He contracted impetigo, which is a skin infection caused by bacteria that results in round pus oozing crust spots, most commonly on the face and hands. Skidge had it on his head, after a hair dyeing adventure, he noticed itchy spots that just got worse with each shower. After a few visits to different doctors, he makes it back to Canada and actually finds out what his mystery disease is. Also, between some of the chapters are informational essays on herpes, staph infections, and impetigo, which I found useful and interesting. Though after reading this I feel a bit queasy thinking about all the scary shit out there. Him and his friend travel from SF down to SB, then to LA, and back towards Canada, all the while squatting and kicking it with friends with his pus dripping head. Gnarly! I really enjoyed this one, especially the part about SB (where I live). I remember hearing about that squat getting busted too, and being bummed out cuz we thought Benny was getting deported. Good 'zine, not for the weak of stomach. CD (Skidge/PO Box 21530/1424 Commercial Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5L 5G2/Canada)

ZONKED! #8

8.5x11 \$7 36pgs.
This 'zine contains a bunch of hardcore punk documentation from the UK. An interesting 'zine, where I learned about the death of John Peel (R.I.P.) and got to read about being on the road with Seein' Red. Plus a few other travel diaries, one about the US and one about Europe. Also there is an interview with Joey Shithead of DOA about his book, and an interview with Belgium's Sunpower, as well as music reviews and photos. Overall I thought this was good. CD (Pete Craven/46 Ashford Rd./Brighton/BN1 6LJ/UK)

FAKING DISTANCE/BIRTHDAYS & CHRISTMAS

7x4.25 \$2 48pgs.
Here we have a really good split 'zine by two bike-riding women from Portland. Alex Wreck (of *Brainscan* 'zine) does *Birthdays & Christmas*, a personal 'zine with some short stories about: (1) being stalked by a Polish waiter on a cruise, (2) dying fair, (3) wondering what happened to her mother's intention to live on a farm, (4) kids who think in black & white, (5) being a Gemini, (6) sexist bike jocks that may ride bikes but are still sexist and still jocks, and (7) getting drunk and kissing someone. Alex tells these stories wonderfully and has a nice layout. *Faking Distance* is done by Korinna Irwin. Her 'zine is very similar to Alex's; her stories are about: (1) zodiac signs, (2) a friend named Flip, a confident female co-worker who says, "It's not too tight, I think all girls should wear tight clothes. It just looks better," (3) a friend from high school named William, (4) a fear of couches, (5) white privilege, (6) a letter to her deceased cat, and (7) working in offices & weird relations with her boss. I enjoyed both sides of the split, and I recommend this to anyone into personal 'zines. CB (Microcosm Publishing/PO Box 14332/Portland, OR 97293; microcosmpublishing.com)

HEAD WOUND #17/BALD CACTUS #23

8.5x11 £1 48pgs.
A split 'zine from Leeds, England, full of interviews, rants, and reviews. The authors are older and have quite a bit of knowledge and perspective, which keeps their writing interesting and relevant. Both sides of the 'zine write about the recent ban on hunting with hounds, and how the tables were turned when the riot police came down on the hunters who went to protest the ban. The Bald Cactus side has a review of the Stig Memorial show... sounds like it was a good tribute, even if the security at the venue were bastards. Interviews include CDS, No Substance, Forced Entry, and Insurance Records. JM (Headwound c/o 145-149 Cardigan Rd./Leeds/LS6 1LJ/England)

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STENCIL PIRATES by Josh MacPhee

8x8 \$20 192pgs.
Josh MacPhee's book documents the street art of stencils. The book is filled with over 1,000 photos of street stencils from all over the world. The book also includes a how to section and even comes with some templates to make stencils. The photos are the meat of the book. Tons and tons to look at. But there is also plenty of text. Information about the history of stencils as well as discussion of the implications they have had for both cultural and political movements over the years. The text is well written and is quite interesting. A good deal of the book deals with stencils as political outcry but there are also sections dealing with stencils as primitive cave-art or as an "I was here" statement, and a lot of stencils as pure artistic expression. The photos are great as is the text. Anyone interested in urban street art will find *Stencil Pirates* to be extremely interesting. Very nice. KM (Soft Skull Press/71 Bond Street/Brooklyn, NY 11217; softskull.com or Publishers Group West; pgw.com)

WE LIKE: FAKING DISTANCE/BIRTHDAYS & CHRISTMAS, THE CIA MAKES SCIENCE-FICTION UNEXCITING #3, GREEN ZINE #14, LAST HOURS #10, PROFANE EXISTENCE #48, WE HAVE THE DEATHRAY! #2, HEARTCHECK, MASS MOVEMENT #18, STENCIL PIRATES, AT BOTH ENDS #6, DWELLING PORTABLY SEPT. 2005, AND 9 AND A HALF LEFT #10

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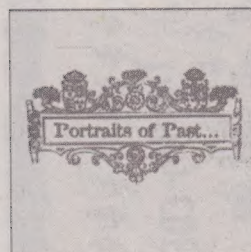
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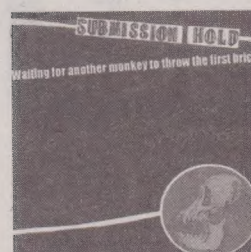
ECONOCHRIST - double CD
This discography CD features everything that Econochrist ever released. Forty one songs in total on two CDs! A classic hardcore band that will always be remembered! An awesome band! (Ebullition #37 CD)



END OF THE LINE - 12"
An amazing hardcore band from San Diego. Members of Heroin, Antioch Arrow, and John Henry West. An aggressive version of Heroin. One of the most vicious, raw, and wild records to come out on Ebullition! (Ebullition #10)



PORTRAITS OF PAST - LP
Extremely influential, Portraits Of Past has influenced an entire generation of emo and screamo bands with their powerfully moody and passionate blend of hardcore and emotive energy. (Ebullition #32)



SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For Another Monkey... LP/CD
A blend of political content, abrasive hardcore, memorable song writing and incredible vocal power. Truly fantastic material from this amazing band. (Ebullition #41)



SUBMISSION HOLD - Sackcloth and Ashes... LP/CD
Another great record from these cult favorites. Submission Hold creates an extremely unique sound that stands out as inspiring and life affirming. An awesome band. (Ebullition #50)



STRUGGLE - 7"
Influenced by Downcast and Rorschach. A powerful explosion of high energy hardcore. Furious and aggressive. Members went on to form Locust, Swing Kids, Crimson Curse, and Bread & Circuits. (Ebullition #5)



STRUGGLE - discography CD
This thirteen song discography CD includes their 7", LP, split 7" and compilation tracks. It also includes a QuickTime Movie for PC users. Angry political hardcore that never relents! (Ebullition #17 CD)

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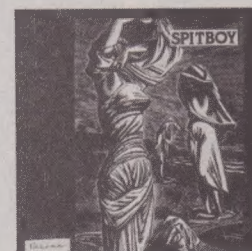
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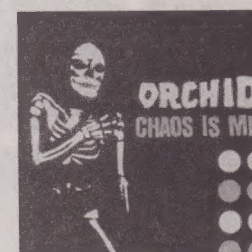
YAGE - Anders Leben LP/CD
Fantastic emotive hardcore from Germany. Comparable to Yaphet Kotto. Sincerity, passion, and enthusiasm combined together in the perfect mix of melody and hardcore. Their final release. (Ebullition #55)



MANUMISSION - Binary Lung 7"
This great hardcore band released a split 7" with Los Crudos and as well as two of their own 7"s. Angry fast hardcore that was political and vibrantly vicious. (Ebullition #12)



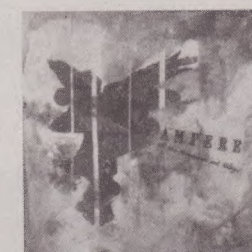
SPITBOY - Rasana 7"
An amazing band from San Francisco, CA that consisted of four women playing extremely powerful hardcore that was influenced by the fact that they were all women living in a male dominated world. (Ebullition #22)



ORCHID - Chaos Is Me LP
Eleven crazed songs of emotive chaos and combustible hardcore. Blending it together to create emo violence. Screaming vocals and harshly angry music to keep crusty Klingons and Romulan emo kids dancing. (Ebullition #45)



ORCHID - gatefold LP/CD
A diverse combination of arty sensibilities, heartfelt emotive song writing, Mohinder-esque drumming, frantic precision, controlled mayhem, and chaotic adrenaline. Orchid's final release. Nineteen tracks. (Ebullition #51)



AMPERE - All Our Tomorrows End Today CD/10"
Bursting with chaotic energy and dynamic sound variance; melodic yet harshly psychotic. Short bursts of emo-violence. Members of Orchid, Bucket Full Of Teeth, and Wolves. (Ebullition #57)



THIS MACHINE KILLS - Death In The... LP/CD
A mixture of classic early '90s hardcore influences such as Merel and Iconoclast combined with a more modern screaming vocal assault. Extremely political. (Ebullition #52)



SEEIN' RED - Marinus 7"

Eight angry, fast, and aggressive hardcore songs from this awesome political hardcore band! Great stuff from these hardcore veterans! Unrelenting fury and politics from one of hardcore's oldest bands! (Ebullition #33)



YAPHET KOTTO - We Bury Our Dead Alive LP/CD

A torrent of melodic power fashioned from a duel guitar attack, hammering drumming, and a passionate duel vocal approach. Yaphet Kotto's third full length LP on Ebullition. (Ebullition #56)



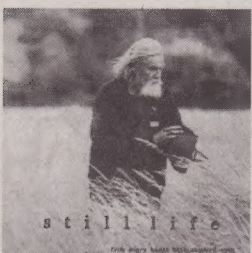
YAPHET KOTTO - Syncopated Synthetic Laments... LP/CD

Intensely melodic songs that will charm your body into a gyrating flurry of motion. The two guitar, duel vocal attack is relentless and pulsating with energy and emotion! (Ebullition #49)



V/A - Amnesia LP

Hardcore compilation featuring Failure Face, In/Humanity, Wellington, Three Studies For A Crucifixion, Ordination Of Aaron, Car Vs. Driver, Scout, Stephen Hero, Thumbnail, Ipecac, and Lybernum. (Ebullition #29)



STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... CD or LPx2

Pure emotion and honesty. One of the best hardcore emocore bands from the early 1990s. An amazing blend of melody, passion, and hardcore. Intensely passionate. (Ebullition #16)



SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - 1998 to 2001 CD

Members of Tragedy, His Hero Is Gone, Detestation, and World Burns To Death. Blazing hardcore punk delivered with venom and spite. Political and angry!! (Ebullition #47)



MANRAE - Pacata Hibernia 7"

From England. Like Bob Tilton. Fantastically moody music and inspired singing. The songs have an almost sad or melancholy feel to them and yet are alive with a very passionate energy. Emotive! (Ebullition #28)

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AMPERE - All Our Tomorrows Today 10"	H
AMPERE - All Our Tomorrows Today 3" CD	G
ECONOCHRIST - double CD discography	L
END OF THE LINE - 12"	F
MANRAE - Pacata Hibernia 7"	A
MANUMISSION - Binary Lung 7"	A
MANUMISSION - Diego Rivera 7"	A
ORCHID - Chaos Is Me 12"	J
ORCHID - Chaos Is Me/Dance Tonight! CD	J
ORCHID - Dance Tonight! 10"	J
ORCHID - Gatefold CD	G
ORCHID - Gatefold LP	J
PORTRAITS OF PAST - 01010101 LP	J
SEEIN' RED - Marinus 7"	B
SEEIN' RED - We Need To Do More Than Music LP	J
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - 1998 to 2001 CD	L
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - No Love Lost CD	A
SPITBOY - Rasana 7"	A
STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... CD	J
STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... double LP	L
STRUGGLE - 12"	H
STRUGGLE - 7"	A
STRUGGLE - discography CD	G
SUBMISSION HOLD - Sackcloth And Ashes... CD	G
SUBMISSION HOLD - Sackcloth And Ashes... LP	J
SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For Another... CD	G
SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For Another... LP	J
THIS MACHINE KILLS - Death In The... CD	G
THIS MACHINE KILLS - Death In The... LP	H
YAGE - Anders Leben!? CD	G
YAGE - Anders Leben!? LP	J
YAPHET KOTTO - Syncopated Synthetic... CD	G
YAPHET KOTTO - Syncopated Synthetic... LP	J
YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was In The... CD	F
YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was In The... LP	H
YAPHET KOTTO - We Bury Our Dead Alive CD	G
YAPHET KOTTO - We Bury Our Dead Alive LP	J
V/A - Amnesia compilation LP	H

California Residents must add 7.75% for sales tax
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SEEIN' RED - We Need To Do More... LP out now!!!

...Ebullition stuff...

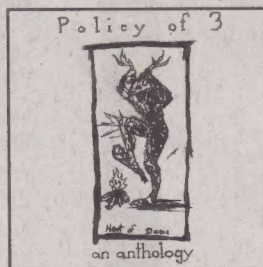
SEEIN' RED - We Need To Do More... LP J
 SEEIN' RED - Marinus 7" B
 POLICY OF 3 - Anthology CDx2 L
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - No Love... CD A
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - discography CD L
 BREAD & CIRCUITS - CD G
 BREAD & CIRCUITS - LP (orange wax) H
 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine LP H
 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine CD G
 LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY - split LP H
 ECONOCHRIST - Another Victim 7" B
 ECONOCHRIST - Skewed 7" B

...some other stuff we distribute...

AMATEUR PARTY - Sounds And Halls... CD G
 ANOTHER OPPRESSIVE SYSTEM - CD J
 ASSHOLE PARADE - Say Goodbye CD J
 BALLAST - Sound Asleep CD J
 BEHIND ENEMY LINES - Know Your... CD J
 BEHIND ENEMY LINES - Know Your... LP M
 BLOOD SPIT NIGHTS - Despot Butchery LP P
 BOXED IN - Too Many Dead LP L
 BUCKET FULL OF TEETH - I, II, and III CD L
 BURIAL - Never Give Up... CD L
 C.C.S.S - Commun Chfeu Sa Suope 7" C
 CAREER SUICIDE - Invisible Eyes LP M
 CAREER SUICIDE - Signals 7" C
 CHARLES BRONSON - CDx2 discography M
 CHARM - Shikami 7" B
 CRUCIAL SECTION - Catch The Future LP L
 CUT THROAT - LP M
 DETESTATION - CD (includes 10 bonus tracks!) J
 DISRESPECT - 2004 Recordings CD J
 DOG SOLDIER - Barking of The Dogs LP M
 DOOM - Police Bastards 7" C
 DYSTOPIA - Human=Garbage LP L
 EYES OF VEROTIKA/RICKYFITTS - split 7" C
 FICTION - Names CD L
 FLEAS & LICE - Prepare for Armageddon CD L
 FUNERAL DINER - Difference of Potential LP L
 FUNERAL DINER/DEAD CITY - split LP J



This LP features 22 new protest songs from this extremely relevant band. Angry, political, and pissed off... Seein' Red offers a wall of hardcore noise. Powerful music with a powerful message. First press on red vinyl.



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GARMONBOZIA - CD J
 GLASS & ASHES/SCIENCE OF YABRA - 7" B
 HELLSHOCK - Shadows of The Afterworld CD L
 HELLSHOCK - Warlord 7" C
 HELLSHOCK - Warlord CDep C
 HIRAX - Not Dead Yet CD J
 HIRAX - The New Age of Terror CD J
 IRON BOOTS - Weight Of The World CD L
 IRON LUNG/SHANK - split CD L
 KYLESA - To Walk A Middle Course LP M
 LA QUIETE/LOUISE CYPHRE - split CD G
 LIMP WRIST - discography CD L
 LOOK BACK AND LAUGH - By The Pound LP L
 LOOK BACK AND LAUGH - 1st CD G
 LORDS OF LIGHT - 7" B
 MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS - Everything CD J
 MELLAKKA - R.I.P. Recordings 1984-1986 LP M
 MISERY - Next Time/Who's The Fool CD J
 MY DISCO - Collapse Of An Erratic Lung... CD J
 NEGATIVE APPROACH - Ready To Fight CD P
 OBSERVERS - Lead Pill 7" C
 OFF MINOR/MY DISCO - split 7" C
 OHUZARU - Debut LP L
 ORCHID - Totality CD L
 OUT COLD - Goodbye Cruel World LP M
 OUT COLD - Planned Accidents 7" C
 PHOBIA - Get Up And Kill LP J
 PHOBIA - Grind Your Fucking Head In LP J
 PROVOKED - Prepare For The Cold LP M
 QUILL/I DON'T CARE - split CD J
 REGULATIONS - LP M
 REGULATIONS - CD L
 RIISTETTYT - Skitsofrenia LP P
 RIISTETTYT - Valtion Vankina LP P
 SSION - World's Worth 7" B
 STOP IT!! - Demo CD G
 SURF NAZIS MUST DIE - Anti Everything 7" C
 SWEETHEART - Art Is Dead Is Dead CD G
 TEAR IT UP - Just Can't Stand It LP M
 TORRINGTON - 7" B
 URANUS - To This Bearer Of Truth CD L
 VOETSEK - Kick It 7" (8 songs) B
 WOW, OWLS! - Pick Your Patterns CD L

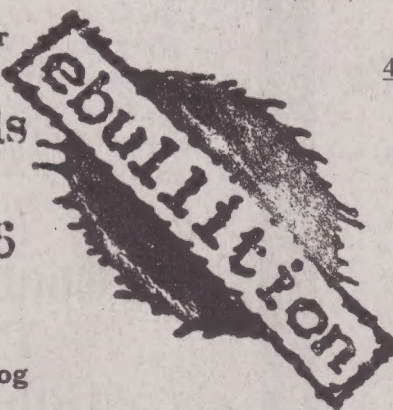
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